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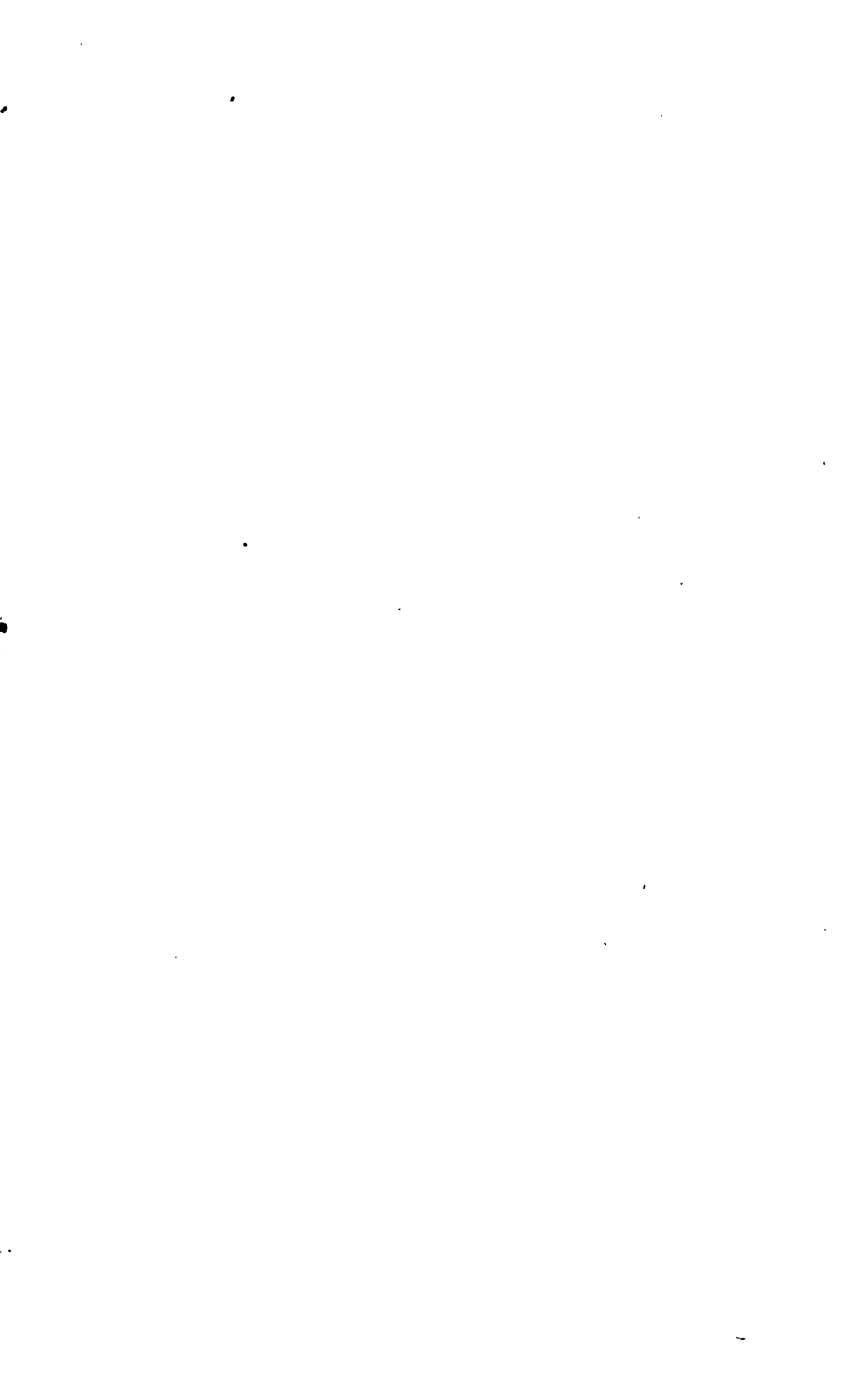
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1918





SKETCHES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND INCIDENTAL.

BY

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EDITED BY

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Preface.

THE writer of the following sketches has never set about making a book; he has never thought of doing so; his life has been one of activity rather than of contemplation; his mode of reaching those around him has been by the voice rather than the pen. And yet he finds himself set down as an author, by what circumstances it is needless to recount. The following sketches were written at different and distant times, during a period of eighteen years, and were called forth by the partiality of friends or the promptings of emotion. Some variety in the style may be expected, and it is apparent from the table of contents that there is variety in the subjects; and if, as says the poet, "variety is the spice of life," this will not be found objectionable by the great body of readers. With all this variety, however, there will be found unity of sentiment.

By some, the writer may be accused of extravagance in estimating the merits of some of the characters that he has essayed to depict; he hopes,

however, that none will thus accuse him if they had no personal acquaintance with those characters.

Many of the productions here offered to the public have been published in the periodicals of the day, but the more important of them have not.

The book goes forth with humble pretensions. If it shall serve to gratify a laudable curiosity, to beguile a tedious hour, to awaken aspirations for a more noble character, to awaken sympathy for the poor or the suffering, it will have accomplished its errand.

So far as it commemorates the virtues of distinguished characters of the west, it may be valued by the antiquarian. We are rapidly passing out of sight of the artless manners and stern virtues of the pioneers. We shall not look upon their like again. We have entered upon their labors, and we should not be ungrateful for their services. Soon the age that knew them will know them no more, and whatever is recorded of them must be written soon.

The author has written in a spirit of kindness, and he trusts that no line will inflict upon any one a needless pang. He has written with a religious spirit—a spirit which he delights to cultivate. Should the critic, or the cynic, or any one else find fault, he will endeavor to profit by their objections. He is very far from estimating highly his own produc-

tions; indeed, he is sensible that he has been somewhat presumptuous in consenting that his papers should assume the book form. His only apology is, that it is called for by many of his friends, particularly the youth who have at different times and in various ways stood to him in the endearing relations of pastor or teacher. This class, be it remembered, is the one for which we should be most concerned to provide reading matter; for it is the class most likely to be led astray by pernicious books. To the young, then, this volume is especially committed, in the hope that it may, in some humble degree, both please and profit them.

Delaware, July 9, 1856.

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Biographical Sketches.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

OTWAY CURRY.

OTWAY CURRY was born March 26, 1804, on a farm which has since given place to the village of Greenfield, Highland county, Ohio. His father—Col. James Curry—was a man of great bravery and patriotism. In his youth he was, with some Virginia troops, in a bloody engagement near the mouth of the Kanawha, on which occasion he was severely wounded. During the greater part of the Revolutionary war, he was an officer of the Virginia Continental Line; he was at the battles of Germantown and Monmouth, and was taken prisoner when the American army, under General Lincoln, surrendered to the British at Charleston, S. C. For fourteen months subsequently, he was on parole two miles distant from that city.

He must have been one of the earliest pioneers of Ohio. In 1811 he removed from Highland county, and settled on Darby creek, near the village of Pleasant Valley, in the county of Union, where he held many important civil offices, the duties of which he faithfully discharged. He devoted himself chiefly to agriculture, and he was doubtless a man of strong common sense, industrious habits, and honorable character. He died in 1834. The poet's mother was a lady of much intelligence, tender sensibilities, and every social and domestic virtue.

Otway was a child of the wilderness—a situation not unsuitable to awaken imagination, to cultivate taste, and to call forth the love of nature and the spirit of poesy.

The approach of the bear, the rattle of the snake, the whoop of the savage, were among the sources of his early fears. To observe the swallow build her nest in the barn, and to watch the deer bounding through the bushes, were among his early amusements; to mark when the dog-wood blossoms, and when the north winds blow, to observe how nature mingles storm with sunshine, and draws the rainbow on the cloud, were among his first lessons in philosophy.

He probably learned his alphabet in the old family Bible, as he leaned against the jamb of the cabin fireplace.

There was then no school law in Ohio; the school-house was built by common consent, usually in the center of the clearings, and on an eminence, reminding one of Beattie's lines,

"Ah who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar!"

It was constructed of unhewn logs, floored with puncheons, and roofed with clapboards; having at one end a fireplace capable of receiving a twelve-foot back-log, and at the other a door, with a latch and string; it was completed by sawing out a log at each side, inserting in the opening a light frame, and stretching over this frame some foolscap paper well oiled; this served for the transmission of light, which fell with mellowed beams upon a sloping board, on which the copy-books of advanced scholars were to be placed. In the center of the room were benches without backs, made of slabs, by inserting upright sticks at their extremities.

The season for instruction was called a quarter, and usually extended from November to March; though

short, it was long enough to enable the pupil to receive all the knowledge that the teacher could spare.

The subjects taught were reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic, as far as the rule of three. Grammar was ranked among the natural sciences, and geography among the classics.

At the appointed time the children proceed to the school-house, guided by the blazes of the trees. Here they come, young and old, male and female, each having text-books unlike those of all others. Anticipating amusement as well as instruction, one brings a violin, another a dog, a third a jews-harp, etc. They venture to suggest, at the outset, to the teacher, that in order to have a good school, it is necessary to have short recitations, long intermissions, and good entertainment.

Organization is out of the question; each scholar must recite in turn out of his own book, and bring up his slate as his sums are worked. Order is almost as impracticable as organization.

Happily there were other means of instruction and mental development; the debating club, the neighborhood meeting, the singing school, etc., but, above all, the home. Doubtless our young poet heard his father relate the tale of the Revolution, the wrongs of the colonists, their determined rebellion, their bloody battles, and their final triumphs; he also heard him describe the characters of the leading statesmen and warriors of that period, the organization of the state and national governments, the causes, and actors, and consequences of the war of 1812. These details would make others necessary; and we can imagine how Otway would ascend through the history of the United States to that of Great Britain, and from that of Great Britain to that of the middle ages, and so on, up to the great nations of antiquity. We can see how history would make geography and politics needful, and

how these would lead an inquiring mind by nearer or remoter routes to all the branches of education.

Moreover, the pious mother had her pleasant legends and fairy tales, with which she kept down the rising sigh, and kept up the leaden eyelids of the little ones as she sat plying her spinning-wheel, and waiting for the return of her husband from the mill when the driving snow-storm delayed him far into the hours of night. She seems, indeed, to have been no ordinary woman; she was accustomed to relate over and over, at her fireside, the whole story of *Paradise Lost*, as well as of many other classic poems, so that young Otway was familiar with their scenes and characters long before he could read. She would often beguile the weary hours of summer nights, as she sat in the cabin door with her young ones, watching for the return of the older from the perilous chase, by naming the constellations as they came up to the horizon, and explaining the ordinances of heaven.

The school education of Otway was impeded by the events of the war of 1812. When it broke out the father was summoned to Chillicothe, as a member of the Legislature; the eldest brother went out with the army; the rest of the family remained upon the farm under the superintendence of the prudent and patriotic mother. Alone in the wilderness, surrounded by hostile savages, they were never molested, though often alarmed. On one occasion their horses showed every indication of fear; their dogs barked furiously, now rushing into the cornfield, and then retreating with bristling hair, as if driven. The family, concluding that Indians were near, prepared to fight as well as pray. The old lady, in marshaling her forces, stationed young Otway at the bars, and placing a loaded gun upon a rest, charged him to take aim and fire as soon as he saw an Indian. Fortunately, there was no attack made upon the domestic fort.

As the young poet grew up he began to read the books of his father's library, which, though very small, was probably very choice, consisting of the writings of Milton, Locke, and many other great minds. Before he attained majority he had an opportunity of attending a school of improved character. There lived in the neighborhood of Pleasant Valley a Mr. C., who, though a farmer, had a good English education. He drafted deeds, wills, and articles of agreement, gave counsel, and settled controversies, and during the winter taught a select school in his own house. Of this opportunity Mr. Curry availed himself, and thus received instruction in grammar and geography. He, soon after, in company with a brother, made a trip to Cincinnati, traveling on foot through the woods. Whether he had any other object than improvement, I am not advised, but he soon returned with his appetite for travel unabated. But how shall it be gratified? To accumulate money by agricultural pursuits, at that time, was impossible; the clearings were small, the mode of farming laborious; merchandise was very high, and produce very low; while coffee was twenty-five cents a pound, tea a dollar and fifty, coarse muslin twenty-five cents a yard, indigo fifty cents an ounce, and camphor worth its weight in silver; butter and maple sugar were six cents a pound, corn fifteen cents a bushel, and wheat twenty-five cents. Ginseng and beeswax were the only articles that would bear transportation to the east.

Young Curry therefore determined to learn a trade. This could be done without much expense, and would enable him to travel where he pleased, and earn a living in any location. Accordingly, in 1823, he went to Lebanon and learned the art of carpentry; four or five months afterward he went to Cincinnati, and continued there, working at his trade, for nearly a year. We next hear of

him at the city of Detroit, where he spent a summer, busily plying his hammer and driving his plane, all the while, doubtless, reserving time for study, pondering the pages of science and poetry; sometimes by the light of shavings, at the lone hours of night, or the more propitious period that precedes the dawn. Returning to Ohio, he passed some time at work in the village of Marion.

Moved by romantic impulses, he, in company with a Mr. Henry Wilson, made a skiff, and launching it at Millville—a small village on the Scioto—when the waters were swelled with rains, descended that stream to its mouth, surmounting mill-dams, rocks, and all other obstructions. He then descended the Ohio to Cincinnati. Here he determined to visit the rice fields and orange groves of the south. Procuring a passage on a flat boat, for himself and a chest of tools, he proceeded down the Ohio and Mississippi, and spent a year at Port Gibson before he returned.

About this time he summoned courage to offer anonymously some verses to the newspapers, among which were his sweet poems "My Mother," and "Kingdom Come." It is probable that he had written poetry long before, but we are not able to trace the progress of his mind from the first rude attempts at versification up to his best original composition. How many pages were consigned to the flames after having been corrected, recited, committed to memory, and coned during the sleepless nights when nothing distracted his mind but the rustling of the forest leaves, or the music of the katydid! The poet of the "Seasons" used to commit his early productions to the fire every New-Year's day, not, however, without composing a poetical requiem over their ashes. Ah! how little do the readers of poetry know how much the pleasure they derive from it costs! Could we get the genesis of even one living poetical creation, how much upheaving

and down-throwing; how much fiery and watery agitation; how many depositions in darkness, should we see, before even a stand-point was gained; and then, how long after this before light comes, and the spirit moves on the face of the waters!

Mr. C.'s first published poetry was so full of fine sentiment and pleasing imagery, and was withal so melodious in versification, that it attracted attention and won admiration at once.

On his return to Cincinnati, he contributed more freely to the press over the signature of Abdallah. It was at this time that he formed the acquaintance of Mr. W. D. Gallagher, who was induced to seek for him by reading his stanzas, "The Minstrel's Home." This acquaintance, we trust, was improved by time, and unbroken by jealousy, envy, or serious misunderstanding. On one occasion, during this visit of Mr. Curry to Cincinnati, he was in great danger of his life. The river had frozen rapidly, but was capable of supporting a considerable weight, except at a point opposite the mouth of the Licking river, where the ice was thin. Mr. C. was skating with a party of friends, when, attempting to traverse the thin ice, he sank beneath it. With great presence of mind he turned his face down stream, and as he went into the water, he caught hold of the edge of the ice; when that to which he held broke, he caught farther forward, and in this way sustained himself till assistance was brought to him from the shore.

On leaving the city, he returned to Union county, where, in December, 1828, he was married to Mary Noteman, a lady well worthy of him, and who became a prudent and devoted wife.

In 1829 he again visited the south, and spent four or five months at Baton Rouge, contributing, meanwhile, poetical productions both to the Cincinnati Mirror and

the Cincinnati Chronicle. Upon his return, he settled in Union county, and engaged anew in agricultural pursuits, which he prosecuted with industry till 1839. While on his farm he courted the muses as opportunity offered, and issued some of his best verses from his rural home.

He first appeared in public life in 1836, when he was elected a member of the house of representatives, in the state Legislature of Ohio. In this capacity he won the respect of his colleagues, and the confidence and approbation of his constituents, who re-elected him in 1837. In 1838 he became united with Mr. Gallagher in the editorship of the *Hesperian*—a monthly literary journal of high order, which, not being adequately sustained, was discontinued at the close of the year. In 1839 he removed to Marysville, and commenced the study of the law. In 1842 he was again returned to the Legislature; during his term of service on this occasion he purchased the "*Green County Torch Light*," a weekly paper published at Xenia, whither he removed in the spring of 1843. He conducted his paper—the style of which he changed to "*Xenia Torch Light*"—in a very creditable manner, for two successive years, when he sold it, and removing to Marysville, thenceforward devoted himself to his profession.

Although he entered the law late in life, and practiced it scarcely ten years, yet, as we are assured by one of his ablest competitors, he had no superior as a sound lawyer, within the range of his practice, and bade fair, if his life had been spared a few years longer, to become an eminent legal mind.

In 1850 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention, and with manly firmness and dignity he resisted some of the principles of the instrument which that able body elaborated.

In 1853 he purchased the *Scioto Gazette*—a daily pub-

lished in Chillicothe—which he edited with characteristic ability for about a year, when, his wife's health failing, he sold out, and returning to Marysville, resumed his legal practice.

In 1842, when in attendance as a member of the Legislature, he suffered an attack of bilious pneumonia, which had such an effect upon his mind, that on recovering he made a profession of faith in that Gospel which had guided his steps and comforted his heart, by uniting with the Methodist Episcopal Church, in whose fellowship he continued till he died.

He had an open countenance, impaired, however, by strabismus, a broad and lofty brow, a noble form, tall and well proportioned, which might have borne with ease the armor of a knight of the middle ages. His spirit was that of southern chivalry mingled with the Puritan. He was a man of fine taste. This he exhibited in his dress, his language, his reading, in fine, in every thing. Though he never wore any thing gaudy or extravagant, he had none of Dr. Johnson's indifference to fine linen; satisfied with garments neat, good, and clean, he was unhappy if they were soiled, badly fitted, or of unsuitable material. Under such circumstances, he felt depreciated, and could not be enticed into company. In selecting cloth for his own use, he has been known to examine the same piece ten times before he could make up his mind concerning it.

He indulged in only one habit violative of good taste. Like Campbell, Gray, and many other poets, he worshiped the "great plant," a habit which he had probably formed in early life, to which he finally became a slave, and which it is supposed impaired his health, and undermined his constitution. Although I was often his guest, I never saw him burn incense to his idol, nor did I ever find the blackened and empty censer among his literary

ware, or detect the smoke either in his garments or habitation. His good taste led him to perform his devotions to the Indian weed under such circumstances as neither to defile his person nor offend the senses of others.

When I first visited him he dwelt in a humble cottage, but it bore, both outside and inside, the marks of neatness and delicacy; flowers bordered the walks, and vines climbed the trellis; modest carpets covered the floors, and choice books, with elegant bindings, spread the table. Later in life, he occupied a house more spacious, but it bore the indications of neatness, free from ostentation. Upon his porch a magnificent weeping willow threw its shade and beautifully symbolized the owner's mind.

His words, whether written or spoken, were few and well chosen. This is the more remarkable considering that his early education was so limited. The study of languages renders words transparent, so that we can discern their most delicate shades of meaning, and adapt them to the most delicate shades of thought. One who is not a linguist is not expected to use language with preciseness. Mr. Curry did; he would allow no thought of his to go abroad in an unsuitable garment, however protracted might be the process of fitting it. When he wrote for the press his first drafts were scanned, laid aside, examined again, altered, and rewritten, sometimes often, before they were published. Every word was scrutinized. Hence, we may suppose that his poems will bear criticism, and will be best appreciated by those who most closely examine them.

Of his opinions he was as careful as of his words. Cautious and skeptical to a fault, he never expressed or formed an opinion without revolving the matter in his mind, long and carefully, and reviewing it in all its bearings. Labor, according to the Latin maxim, overcomes

all things; it frequently distances genius, and indeed often wins the crown which genius wears.

Mr. Curry's reading was remarkably tasteful and impressive. Of this Mr. Gallagher uses the following terms: "Mr. Curry's voice and manner of reading gave to his poems a peculiar charm. And when this was heightened, as it often was, at that period, by the quiet of night, the rustling of leaves, the fitful echoes of far-off sounds, the witchery of murmuring winds and waters, and other accompaniments of a moonlight ramble, prolonged into the morning hours, the fascination was irresistible. On one of these occasions, as we sat overlooking the expanse of the beautiful Ohio, the midnight moon and an autumnal haze enveloping the whole scene in robes of softened radiance, and peculiar dreaminess, the whole of some provincial romance was recited with a power whose weird influence rests upon my memory yet."

He had a cultivated moral *taste*. Not even the fascinations of Byron or Sir Walter Scott, to whose magic power his heart was peculiarly susceptible, could reconcile him to wrong or throw a charm over the wrong-doer. The following is one of his earliest productions:

"Pray cease to laud the novels and hymns
Of Byron and Walter Scott,
I'll show you a long, dark list of crimes
In judgment against them brought.

Shall Flora M'Ivor go down to death,
O'erwhelmed with numberless woes,
While Waverly, false as the mystic wreath,
Is wedded to lowland Rose?

Shall Minna, the flower of Norman pride,
In sadness and gloom sink down,
While Brenda, beloved, by Mertoun's side
Is weaving the bridal crown?

Shall the guerdon of faultless love attend
Miss Edith, the fair and frail ;
And destiny with that guerdon blend
The life-blood of Evandale?

Shall Leila be laid in death's cold bed,
Where the sea-weed garlands grow,
With the deep broad waters o'er her head,
And the shining sands below?

Shall Selim be torn from 'love's young dream,'
And his peerless Moslem bride ;
While his life's warm waning crimson stream
Is tinging the surging tide?

Shall the pirate over old ocean rove,
In his proud and reckless glee ;
And smile in scorn at the blighted love
Of Ivan and fair Haidee?

I say, shall these dark issues be wrought
Where chivalric loves abound ;
And yet, shall the brows of Byron and Scott
With myrtle leaves be crowned?

If so, farewell—go lauding along,
Our journey together is o'er ;
Leave me with the hope of Campbell's song,
And the angel loves of Moore."

To one capable of appreciating moral beauty, sin is discord, disorder, deformity—horrible is a boy growing into a villain, or a full-grown villain maturing into a devil; beautiful, a youth rising up to virtuous manhood, or a man ripening into an angel of God. As a mansion forsaken of men, and occupied with serpents and wild beasts, so, to a pure eye, is a sinful soul.

Mr. Curry's life was answerable to his taste; his name is without a spot. In early life he labored with his hands, in later years with his mind; always rendering either moral or material benefit for all that he received. Had he been avaricious, he might have been rich; with his capacities, education, experience, and profession, amid

the opportunities for speculation afforded in a new country, it were easy to accumulate a fortune; but though frugal, prudent, and free from pecuniary misfortunes, he died poor. Had he been ambitious he might have been eminent. When called to office, it was by unsolicited suffrages, and when placed in power, he was no tool of party. No speeches for sinister ends, no motion for factious purposes, no empty declamations, or busy demonstrations, or crafty schemes disgraced his political career. Guided by a sense of duty to his country, he walked heedless alike of private threats and popular clamor.

As a lawyer, he was equally upright. Many can not understand how any lawyer can be honest. Men may, indeed, practice law *dishonestly*, as they may any other profession; but that there are proportionately more rascals among lawyers than among other classes of society, it would be difficult to show. It may be admitted that, in legal practice, there are peculiar facilities to chicanery, and temptations to pervert truth and justice, but they are counteracted by peculiar incentives to integrity; for in no other profession is it so clearly demonstrated, that "the way of the transgressor is hard;" in none is it more apparent that honesty is the best policy; in none is a reputation for uprightness more valuable, or its absence more blasting. If the legal profession were incompatible with honesty, it would not be a legitimate pursuit, and no lawyer could be a worthy member of society. Human law is founded upon divine, and, imperfect as it is, it is the expression of the world's best ideas of justice; its object is to shield the right and punish the wrong; it is necessary to society, and society is necessary to man. To say that it can not be practiced honestly is a libel upon the providence of God.

Mr. Curry, at the bar, was the shield of innocence, the terror of guilt, and the moderator of justice. Though

liable, like other men, to be deceived by his client and influenced by his passions, he would not enforce what he deemed an unjust claim or prosecute a just one in an unjust mode. His intercourse alike with his clients, his professional associates, and the court, and his motions, argumentation, and pleading, were all marked by dignity and fairness. He spent immense labor in the preparation of important cases. Taking nothing upon trust, never relying upon hasty or superficial investigation, when he made up his mind he was almost always right. When right, he was pretty sure of success; for, though unadapted to the off-hand conflicts of the bar, he kept his eye steadily upon the legal principle upon which his case turned, and possessed a searching scrutiny and a logical skill by which he could detect and expose the most ingenious fallacy that sophistry could invent to obscure it.

As an editor, he manifested the same integrity, though sorely tried. To stand firm in the tempest of politics requires the virtue of an Aristides; to conduct a newspaper amid the prejudices of the populace, the clamors of the candidates, the assertions of the misinformed, the threats of misguided friends, and the vituperations of excited enemies, and yet preserve accuracy in statement, dignity in comments, and a sacred regard to the decencies of private life, and the requirements of public morals, demands a degree of virtue that few have attained. A Themistocles might sail his fleet to Salamis, and a Miltiades march his platoons to Marathon, and yet not have courage enough to be an honest political editor.

It was remarked by one of Mr. Curry's friends that he was inactive in schemes of reform and hopeless of human progress; the remark applies only to his youth. In the county in which he resided he was the master spirit of the temperance enterprise, and he contributed in no small degree to change the public sentiment of Ohio in

relation to slavery. In early life he mourned in silence over that evil, hoping that the southern states would devise some safe and speedy means for its abolition; but after the annexation of Texas, he became strongly anti-slavery, and after the passage of the Nebraska-Kansas bill, he openly advocated the girdling of slavery. He was no abstractionist; he considered consequences and tendencies, and balanced, nicely, opposing duties. Once determined on his course, he stopped at no obstacles, heeded no persecution, and declined no conflict. He was, however, too modest, unambitious, and averse to public life for a leader.

He was a man of great social and domestic virtue. As a neighbor, he was considerate, peaceful, obliging, and hospitable; looking with patience upon the weakness, and with silence upon the wrongs of others, he cherished no malignity, fomented no disputes, flattered no patron, and pierced no victim. Though not insensible to ingratitude, meanness, and injury, he was too respectful of himself and too charitable toward others to indulge in any utterances that would give pain, unless they were necessary to a prudent maintenance of right. He was as far from being a cynic as a parasite.

He was not polite, in the ordinary sense of the word. He looked austere, and was generally regarded by the stranger as proud, distant, and affected. A great mistake. General society, indeed, he shrank from; the thoughtless multitude he studiously avoided; the busy marts of commerce, with their deafening din and over-reaching plots, he eyed with coldness and disdain; the cabals and intrigues of politics he shunned with mingled pity and indignation; the whole sinful world he was wont to regard as unjust, harsh, and hollow-hearted; to the prattler, he was shy; to the sensualist, studiously repellant; to the skeptic, painfully reserved. There was

something, at times, even terrible in his distance; but to those whom he admitted to his acquaintance he was gentle as the south wind—his heart glowed with love and yearned for friendship. So subtile was his imagination, so profound his philosophy, so mystical his expressions, so strong, so pure, so unwasting his affections that few could appreciate him. He knew this, and hence before the gazers in the outer court of his spirit he lifted not the vail; but with an intelligent, confiding, imaginative friend, whose spirit was in harmony with his own, he was communicative, fervent, at times even vehement, occasionally witty, sometimes humorous, but always genial, always reverent.

In his home he found a paradise. The heart can be well trained in the woods. You may often find, in the cabin of the new settler, the most lovely forms of the social, domestic, and religious affections. Conjugal love, maternal tenderness, brotherly affection, and filial duty are perhaps *best* cultivated in that family, which, cut off from general society, feels its dependence upon itself. Mr. Curry's domestic attachments are breathed in his poetry. In his early wanderings he sang,

"The image of a happier home,
Whence far my feet have strayed,
Still flits around me, as I roam,
Like joy's departed shade;
Though childhood's light of joy has set,
Its home is dear to memory yet."

How touching are his lines to his mother:

"I saw thy fleeting life decay,
Even as a frail and withering flower,
And vainly strove to wile away
Its swiftly-closing hour.
It came with many a thronging thought
Of anguish ne'er again forgot.
In life's proud dream I have no part—
No share in its resounding glee;

The musings of my weary heart
Are in the grave with thee;
There have been bitter tears of mine
Above that lowly bed of thine.

It seems to my fond memory now,
As it had been but yesterday
When I was but a child, and thou
Didst cheer me in my play;
And in the evenings dull and lone
Didst lull me with thy music-tone.

And when the twilight hours began,
And shining constellations came,
Thou badst me know each nightly sun,
And con its ancient name;
For thou hadst learned their lore and light
With watchings in the tranquil night.

And then, when leaning on thy knee,
I saw them in their grandeur rise,
It was a joy in sooth to me;
But now the starry skies
Seem holier grown, and doubly fair,
Since thou art with the angels there.

The stream of life, with hurrying flow,
Its course may bear me swiftly through;
I grieve not, for I soon shall go,
And by thy side renew
The love which here for thee I bore,
And never leave thy presence more."

To such a heart home must be sweet. Thither his steps tended when the toils of the day were over; there, among his little ones, he talked as a child, he thought as a child, he played as a child; there, too, he rejoiced with the wife of his youth, and found in her smiles a recompense for his labors and a refuge from his cares. It were not surprising, however, if, occasionally borne down by anxiety, disappointed in men, and racked with pain, he should be irritable; but if he ever drew a tear from the eye of a loved one, methinks he must have wiped it

away. We may presume that if he erred as the head of a household, it was by excessive indulgence.

He was a man of fervent and unostentatious piety, though it was not till he reached the prime of life that he publicly professed religion. He delighted in simplicity of worship. He rejoiced to see the house of God, like a graveyard, bring all to a level, and the whole congregation on earth, as the whole assembly in heaven, bow knee to knee before the throne, and the ministry of mercy, like wisdom in the Proverbs, cry upon the highest places, "Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither!"

He had a fine imagination, which was not, perhaps, always properly restrained. In youth he indulged in castle building, delighted in tales and romances, and dwelt much in fairy-land; so much so that he was deemed, by those who did not know him well, to be moody in his temper and dreamy in his views. Mr. Gallagher, speaking of him in early life, says: "The peculiar characteristics of Mr. Curry, since freely developed, were then distinctly lined. He cultivated music with literature, and performed well upon the flute. The strains of his instrument were touchingly sweet, as were those of his pen. Both lacked vigor of expression, and were dreamy in the extreme. His flute drew its airs from a feudal and castled age, when melancholy minstrels wooed romantic maidens by stealth, and chivalrous knights dared death and dishonor for the favor of high-born dames. His pen found a feast, also, in his imaginative soul, and from that drew pensive airs which melted his own heart to tears, and touched the hearts of others. But of the music of the battle-field, or that of the stage, or of the fashionable saloon, his flute rarely discoursed; so of the conflict of opinion, the struggles of the muses, the aspirations of the soul after a higher and nobler free-

dom here upon earth, the clamor, and clash, and upheaving, and down-throwing that are of the elements of progress, his pen took no note."

Mr. Curry's imaginative power is seen in his fictitious narratives, such as "The Wolf Hunter," and in the beautiful imagery with which his poetry is adorned. His writings seem wanting in some of the fruits of imagination. They exhibit no wit or humor—not, however, because of his incapacity, but because they were unsuitable to his themes. He was of too serious and reverent a spirit to mingle, like Hood, grotesque images and unexpected associations with the subjects of religious faith. He had but little oratorical genius. He could not arouse and amuse a popular assembly; he could not trace resemblances and analogies without study; he could not, therefore, point arguments with epigrams, antitheses, and puns, or apply illustrative anecdotes so as to "bring down the house;" or, if he could, he was restrained from it by his fine taste and dignified spirit. His prose is remarkably free from tropes and metaphors. Even his poetry lacks too much the charm of figurative language. He never presents us with the terrible, rarely with the grand, never with the sublime. It must be admitted, therefore, that his imagination was not of the highest order; still it was superior, and being active in his youth, it directed his reading, selected his comparisons, shaped his course in life, and contributed greatly to his sorrows and his joys. His early tendency to reverie, fondness for books, and disinclination for labor, induced his parents to mark him for the law, which, they supposed, would, by its severer studies, check his poetic musings, and, by cultivating the logical faculty, repress the imaginative. In mature life, however, works of imagination seem to have been his favorite studies, and solitary meditation and communion with poetic friends his chief pleasures. He

dwelt much in the inner world, which he made more beautiful and enchanting than the outer. Here were fountains that never failed, grass that concealed no snakes, forests traversed by no savage foe, angels whom he could see face to face. This weakened his attention to the real world, and rendered him averse to its struggles, frivolities, and pursuits, and even reluctant to enter upon the duties of life and the enterprises of science and virtue.

Mrs. Nichols, herself a child of song, and a friend of Mr. Curry, thus beautifully describes his soul-life:

"Within, the holy fire of poesy burned clear and bright, refining the material man, and lifting the more ethereal element of our twofold nature up to the realms of love, and faith, and peace, where the indwelling soul preludes the feast of immortal joys. No petty ambitions, no goading desires for name and fame among the great of earth, ever soiled the bosom of our friend. To move quietly in his accustomed round of prescribed duties—to enjoy the communion of chosen and congenial minds—to yield himself up to the manifold enchantments of inspiring nature—to utter in verse, smooth and musical as his favorite streams, the live thoughts of the passing moments, made up the sum of his daily happiness; and if a shade of sadness, as of some secret and acknowledged sorrow, bordered the placid beauty of existence, it only added tenderness to the hearts of those who knew and loved him, and made them more eager to minister to his simple and unadulterated pleasures."

This fine imagination and meditative habit exposed him to misconceptions, especially of human character. These, however, were unlike those of Rousseau, who brooded over imaginary offenses till he learned to despise his friends. Mr. Curry was, doubtless, prone to set in too strong a light the infirmities and wrongs which he

observed, and to feel too intensely the passions they were fitted to excite, though he resisted the tendency to *brood* over them. But he studiously set the excellences of those whom he admired before him, and magnified them from day to day, while he steadily obscured the errors and weaknesses associated with them, till he placed the objects of his admiration before him in angelic brightness and beauty. He was, therefore, a man of Platonic love; a passion breathed in the following lines to a poetess :

“It was a calmer day,
A happier time than now,
When first I saw the morning light
Come down upon thy brow;
As came the light, so long divine,
In which the palmer sought the shrine
To pay his holy vow.

Up to the realm of song
I saw thee go and stand,
With woven garlands on thy head
And offerings in thy hand;
And then it was my trust and hope
To climb at length the mountain slope
Unto that lofty land.

I do but dimly now
Behold that light serene,
As glimpses of the cooling streams
In dying dreams are seen;
And, toiling up the tides of thought,
I seek in every haunted spot
The vision that hath been.

There is a place where none
But happy sounds are heard,
Where never yet by evil wing
The aërial winds were stirred;
It grandly lies beyond my soul,
As islands of the seas unroll
Before the morning bird.

It lies in lightest morn
And starriest eyes immersed ;
And there my steadfast hope shall be
To greet thee as at first,
And in the waves of song that break
Upon its golden brink, to slake
My soul's consuming thirst."

To one formed to admire all that is beautiful in humanity, to love with intense fervor, and to contemplate the objects of his affections in their best attitude, and with the brilliant hues of a fervid imagination, it must be dreadful to lose a friend.

Mr. Curry's losses gave a somber tint to his thoughts, and a dirge-like solemnity to his strains. There was a sacred cause of grief which he rarely revealed—a secret stop which broke the harmony of his spiritual life. Perhaps Mr. Gallagher alludes to it in the following quotation :

"On another occasion of the kind, after the evident sympathy and more intimate acquaintance had begotten confidence—with the fragrance of spring flowers around us, and gentle night breezes fanning our brows, and the calm stars looking down upon us and silence—the young poet drew aside the outer curtains of his love's past, and through the gauze hangings of an indistinct utterance, made a revelation of love and bereavement which was never alluded to afterward."

A transatlantic poetess has uttered the sentiments of many a fine soul in the words :

" 'Let us return,' said the broken heart
Of the mountain hermit's tale,
When he saw the morning mists depart
From the summits gray and pale ;
For he knew that the fan-palm cast the shade
Of its ever-glorious green,
Where the love of his blasted youth was laid
And the light of her steps had been."

Ah ! thus forever the heart looks back
 To its young hope's funeral urn :
 To the tender green of that early track,
 To its light let us return."

Some of us can sympathize with such a soul.

" We have paused, perchance, by the quiet grave
 Of our young who early slept,
 And since they left us many a wave
 O'er our weary bark hath swept ;
 But far in the morning light enshrined,
 They gladden our backward gaze,
 Or wake, like the breath of the summer's wind,
 The soul of our better days.
 Back—back to the living wave we drew
 With them from a purer urn—
 To the path of the promise lost to view,
 And its peace—let us return."

Mr. Curry's sorrow was softened by sublime faith. He traced the departed good in all the charms of "saints made perfect," into the heavenly world. He believed, with Milton, that

" Millions of spirits walk the earth unseen,
 Both when we wake and when we sleep,"

and that those who loved us in life bear their love into heaven, and often come down from their blissful seats to be our "ministering spirits on earth." It is a beautiful faith, which we would not disturb, and which Mr. Curry has expressed in touching lines

"TO A LOST ONE.

I know thou art gone to a clime of light,
 To a world of joy and love,
 Beyond the reach of the sunbeam's flight,
 In the shadowless above.

Thy spirit, they say, can not feel regret.
 In that land of rest and bliss,
 But free from sorrow will there forget
 The hearts that grieve in this.

I heed them not; I will not deem
So lightly of love like thine;
Though far from others thy spirit may seem,
I know thou art present with mine.

Thou art here again, where oft thou hast stood
To list to the lulling chime
Of gentle gales in the waving wood,
And song of the ancient time.

Thou art watching the images that play
And blend on the quiet streams,
As silently as the forms that stray
Adown the river of dreams.

Thou wilt assuage my wearying fears,
And, with thine influence sweet,
Along the darkening vale of tears
Conduct my lonely feet.

And I will rejoice in thy smiles again,
And haply thy whisper shall hear,
Dispelling the gloom of sorrow and pain
When the twilight of death is near."

He looked forward with strong confidence to a reunion with friends in the "better land," and sympathized strongly with Southey in the words:

"They sin who say that love can die!
With life all other passions fly—
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition can not dwell,
Nor avarice in the depths of hell.
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they had their birth;
But love is indestructible—
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress'd,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest."

He felt the light of an endless morning, and dwelt in the vicinity of heaven. He was like one in a cavern, speaking up the shaft to loved ones listening in the light above. With all his imagination he was a man of sense and sober judgment; his mind was never beclouded as was that of the sweet bard of Olney; he never confounded the fictions of the brain with the indications of the senses; he never, like poor "Goldy," provoked laughter by his "simplicity." Campbell, having been fascinated by a little child that he saw in the park, advertised for her in the "Morning Chronicle," stating his age to be sixty-two. It is needless to say that the advertisement caused the London wags to play several hoaxes upon the poet, and that he was sent to some maids who, to his credit, knew neither him nor his poetry. Mr. Curry had common sense enough to save himself from all such mortification; if he had child-sweethearts or celestial visions he took care not to throw his "pearls before swine." His life shows that he could unite the practical with the poetical. As an agriculturist, a mechanic, a legislator, an editor, and a lawyer, he was respectable; as a critic and a poet, he was more. When we consider that, although he entered upon life without property, education, or the interest of leading friends, and never enjoyed a lucrative office or made a fortunate speculation, yet sustained and educated his family respectably, and responded to the calls of charity and religion, we must concede that his mind was well balanced.

There is nothing eccentric in his character, nothing wonderful in his deeds or sufferings; he moved in obedience to the ordinary laws of the human mind, and experienced the common lot of good men. His life began in melody, progressed in conflict, but closed in peace; we know nothing in it that might not be written in an epic. His writings also are pure; they contain

nothing which might not safely be read by all men. They may not present us with any thing sublime, neither do they with any thing absurd or trifling; their chief fault, perhaps, is their want of variety. As the London Times pronounced John B. Gough the Paganini of orators, so we may pronounce Otway Curry the Paganini of poets; but though he played only one string, all must admit that it was a sweet one, and most skillfully swept. Most of his poems were the productions of his youth, written in the intervals of daily toil; many of them are fragmentary, and among these is the only one of any considerable size—Mokanna. What will be their fate we know not; it is not the most pretending author that secures the most enduring fame. Goldsmith was the least star of that brilliant literary constellation into which he was graciously admitted, yet he is likely, in the lapse of ages, to eclipse all the rest. If a few stanzas shall sink into the hearts of the people or dwell upon their lips, the poet will not have lived for naught. The songs of a people outlive their philosophy and have a far greater influence in molding their character.

Mr. Curry's chief characteristic was his taste. His mind was in harmony with nature; he had a relish for all beauty. To him it was not in vain that God painted the landscape green, cast the channels of the streams in graceful curves, lighted up the arch of night, and turned the gates of the day on golden hinges amid the anthems of a grateful world.

No thirst for wealth, no conflict for honor, no lust of meaner pleasures destroyed his sensibility to the harmonies and proportions of the universe. "No profit in this," cries the utilitarian. Neither is there in the quiet lake reposing in the bosom of the mountains and bearing no keel upon its waters; but is it nothing that it reflects every leaf that quivers over its margin and

every star that looks down into its crystal breast? It was not, however, the *superficial* beauty that chiefly charmed him, but the interior—that *higher* beauty which the vulgar eye can not see. Beneath outer forms he traced inner and more vital ones; beneath all forms he sought design, and from design he advanced to the *affection* which prompted it. Thus was he in constant communion with the "Great Spirit." Beauty in its heavenly forms chiefly attracted him. The world to come, where the harmonies and proportions are perfect; where there is no night, no sorrow, no falsehood; the fellowship of angels, whose love is interrupted by no misunderstanding and corrupted by no impurity; the bowers of Eden, and its gentle streams before sin had defiled them; the mind of man in its recovered state; the cradle and the cross of the Redeemer; the grace and the glory of the Infinite one, were the favorite subjects of his meditations: when objects of a different kind forced themselves on his attention, they grieved his gentle spirit or moved his righteous indignation. And is it not great and good to behold God's nobler works, to be even a silent witness of the grandeur hidden from common observers! so shall it not be in vain that God reveals himself within the veil; so shall there not be wanting a high-priest in the interior of the Divine temple.

From a child Mr. Curry was fond of nature and solitude; as he grew up poets were his companions; with them he sympathized; with them he sat, side by side, in the enchanted land of song; to see, to enjoy what the idle, the worldly, and the profane can not; this was not merely his pastime but his living. A luxurious melancholy chastened his spirit and mellowed the light which it reflected.

There is an intimate connection between beauty and

goodness—the latter is to the former what the soul is to the body; the beauty that beams upon us from the face of nature is but the expression of Divine goodness—the smile by which God would attract us to his arms. If so, he who is truly enamored of beauty must aspire after God, and as goodness is necessary to bring us into communion with him he must pant after that. Nothing but depravity can prevent this natural result. Were men angels every new form of beauty would be a lesson of holiness, would raise a new song of praise, and impel us nearer to “Our Father.” Even in our fallen race the love of beauty is of moral tendency; there is an æsthetic virtue; he who has a cultivated taste must admire moral excellence, which is beauty in its highest expression, and hate sin, which is deformity in its most hideous form; he may have a heart hostile to God, for taste can not regenerate, but he is restrained from the grosser though not more damning form of sin. Like Shelly he may have a pernicious faith, and thus be betrayed into wickedness, but he can not but love holiness when he beholds it. Mr. Curry’s faith was enlightened and evangelical.

The love of beauty is usually associated with the capacity to reproduce it; that is taste, this is art. Mr. Curry’s art was not proportionate to his taste; it manifested itself in the sweet music of his flute and the sweeter strains of his verse; the former is lost in the empty air, the latter will float down the river of time. His poetry will not be relished by the mass; it has no peans of battle, no provocatives of mirth, no mockery of misery, no strokes of malice. It is the song of a religious soul; faith is the bond which links its stanzas, a faith that brings heaven near to earth and man into fellowship with angels. Like wine it will be pronounced better as it grows older, not because it will improve but because the world’s *taste* will. What he uttered we may

suppose was little compared with what he bore with him into heaven, where he will take up the harp that he laid down too early on earth.

It may be matter of astonishment that he was not more original—more national—that he did not give American ideas in American forms—that he did not have more vigor of thought, more fire of passion, making his pentameters ring on the soul, like the blows of his ax on the elm—that he did not give voice to the forgotten generations over whose graves he walked, and immortality to the heraldry that he turned up with his plow—that he did not rive pride to the heart as the northern blast oft rives the oaks of the hill-top, and girdle sensuality as the prairie on fire girdles the flying traveler—that he did not, with the inspiration of a heaven-born poet, make Niagara silence Atheism and the floods of the Alleghanies clap their hands to God—that he did not commission the thunder to pronounce the doom of slavery and the lightning to melt the chains of the captured fugitive that was borne by his door—that he did not make the mountains that God lifted around him proclaim liberty and the broad streams that he poured at their feet preach bounty. But this is the complaint against all American poetry—that it is not American. We look for wild grass, and lo! clover; for the mastodon, laving his sides in the Mississippi, and lo! behemoth, “trusting he can draw up Jordan into his mouth.”

The songs of our lakes and plains are yet to be sung; the hopes and aspirations of the new world are yet to be voiced; and sure as the noblest lands and inland waters that the sun ever saw lie spread out between our ocean coasts, and the best races of men have gathered to them, so sure is the noblest poetry that shall ever entrance delighted mortals to rise up from our valleys.

The *common* apology for the past is that American

poetry has never had a free development; we are too poor and too practical; our bird of song has been caught during its first flutters around its native mountain and tied to some money-making machinery, so that it could never soar with mature and unbroken wing, or it had soared to the morning sun.

The *special* apology in this case is, that Mr. Curry's spirit was that meek and quiet one which, though unattractive to man, is in the sight of God of great price; his eye was turned to the eternal world, his poetry was the song of the bruised heart.

The crowning art of our poet was his life. That he had the infirmities of man we do not deny; that he sinned and wept; that he wandered and grieved; that oftentimes when he would do good evil was present with him; that he saw in retrospect his life many lost opportunities of usefulness; many wounds in kind hearts long stilled in death that he would gladly heal; many cold ears into which he would fain pour the prayer of forgiveness; many acts over which he would fain weep tears of blood, and many emotions toward the Giver of all good, under the pressure of which he would not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven without a mediator. But in this world of sin, amid this incessant conflict with error, how few have passed so pure a life or breathed so modest, so gentle a spirit! Herein is art! the best man is the highest artist. It is inspiring to see goodness, meekness, long-suffering, even amid occasional petulances and wrongs, beaming from the face of man, just as it is to see Divine wisdom, and power, and goodness, though amid storms and earthquakes, shadowed from the face of the universe. It were grand to stand in some venerable temple, all unimpaired by time, reflecting the light from its diaphanous walls, and presenting on all sides the memorials of ancient faith; but

grander, far, to survey the divine temple of a good life, hung round with trophies won from earth and hell, hallowed all over with the blood of Christ, and vocal with songs echoed from the upper world.

Mr. Curry taught the lesson of dying well no less than of living well. May we not hope that he closed his eyes on earth in full view of heaven and its angels!

On the 17th of February, 1855, he was laid in a humble grave, which, perhaps, may be sought for after the monuments raised to our heroes shall have been forgotten.

Jugh Latimer and his Times.

HUGH LATIMER was born in 1470, and died in 1555. He lived, therefore, under the reigns of Edward IV, Edward V, Richard III, Henry VII, Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Queen Mary. His period was a remarkable one. Mohammed II was in the midst of his career of conquest; he had crossed the Bosphorus, sword in hand, battered down the walls of Constantinople, and terminated, with the life of its last sovereign, the eastern empire of the Romans; he had also subdued Greece and Epirus, and would have subjugated Italy but for the Venetian fleet. His successors carried their arms eastward to Persia, westward to Venice and Hungary, and conquered Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, and Tunis. One of them took Buda and besieged Vienna, and was ranked with the devil and the comet as one of the three great enemies of Christendom.

Russia was a rude region under the dominion of the Mongols. Although a British ship occasionally visited Archangel, the north-east of Europe was scarcely known as a nation till John the Great—when Latimer was eleven years old (1481)—broke the Mongol yoke, and becoming the first Czar, started Russia in the career of civilization and aggrandizement. The republic of Florence was in its highest splendor. Swayed by the opulent and cultivated family of Medici, it became the paradise of science and art. Genoa and Venice commanded respect by their wealth, commercial enterprise, and naval power; Naples

was a declining kingdom, and the states of the Church were the scenes of disorder, misrule, and crime. Spain still felt the sway of the Moors, but (1479) while Latimer was at school, Ferdinand and Isabella united the crowns of Castile and Arragon, and soon after, by the conquest of Grenada, drove those daring intruders into Africa. The Low Countries, about this time, were annexed to the German Empire, but soon after transferred to Spain, and at Latimer's death were dyed with the blood of the Inquisition. Germany was under the sway of Maximilian, who, having married the heiress of Burgundy and the Netherlands, became the greatest monarch of his day. During Latimer's life, he was succeeded successively by his son and grandson, the former of whom emancipated Germany from the shackles of the feudal system, and reduced to order its separate sovereignties; the latter uniting the crowns of Spain and Germany, and embracing in his dominions the Netherlands and a part of Italy, signalized himself both in the cabinet and the field. France, at Latimer's birth, was ruled by the sanguinary Louis XI, and at his death by the renowned Francis I, Charles VIII and Louis XII having successively intervened. Denmark, Sweden, and Norway were united under the treaty of Calmar, though in 1521 Sweden declared her independence. Poland, now blotted from the list of nations, was a growing power, which, at the close of the fifteenth century, held dominion from the Baltic to the Euxine. Switzerland, which had already struck a powerful blow for liberty, established her independence while Latimer was at Cambridge. Northern Asia was little known, China was molding under the dynasty of Ming, and India under the successors of Timur. Australia and America were undiscovered continents. The literary condition of Europe was no less interesting than its political. Raphael came forth, and spreading

forms of unwonted beauty and grace upon the canvas, became prince of painters. Michael Angelo, great as sculptor, poet, philosopher, and warrior, became unsurpassed as an architect, and greatest of his race in design. Erasmus was a restorer of learning, a model of modern elegance, and a cunning artificer, who picked the lock that Luther opened. Camoens breathed the fire of ancient muses into the *Lusiad*. Tasso won immortality by the "*Jerusalem Delivered*;" and Spencer filled his iron stanzas with golden thought. It was an age of wonderful discovery. The mariner's compass having been brought into use, Spain and Portugal, anxious to take the trade of the Indies from the Venetians, were sending out voyagers to discover a southern route to the Indian sea. When Latimer was in his cradle, Bartholomew Dias was doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and Columbus was at Lisbon, prosecuting his studies and plans for the discovery of a westward route to India; when he arrived at age, that immortal navigator set sail for the new world. While Latimer was a student, Copernicus was born, and when the former was discharging the duties of a parish priest, the latter was studying the theory of astronomers. Late in life, the one was lifting the vail of Popish error from the face of the Scriptures, the other was lifting the vail of cycles and epicycles from the philosophy of the universe.

About twenty years before Latimer saw the light, movable types were invented, but the art of printing had hardly come into practice before he learned his alphabet; when he was thirty years old there were two hundred and twenty printing offices scattered over Europe, and scarcely any important town in any European country that had not its printers engaged in multiplying knowledge. A greater discovery is to be named; namely, that men are capable of thinking for themselves.

As early as 1260 Peter Waldus called in question the Pope's right to think for every body; he read the Scriptures, translated them into French, and distributed them among the people of Lyons. The clergy becoming alarmed, he and his followers were expelled from the city, deprived of their property, denounced as heretics, and compelled to pick up a subsistence, as best they could, upon the mountains of Savoy. Thus impoverished, persecuted, and isolated, they could, of course, exert but little influence; they, however, emancipated themselves from the errors and needless forms of Popery, embraced the pure faith of the Gospel, and illustrated it by holy lives. Just one hundred years before the birth of Latimer, Wickliffe was expelled from Canterbury by the Pope. A few years after this he translated the Bible into English. He was anathematized, but, a quarrel arising between the King and the Pope, concerning the tribute promised by King John, he found refuge in a strong political party. After his death both secular and religious authority were combined to put down the Lollards, who soon disappeared from the field of history, though their principles were silently spreading over Europe, and were maintained by Huss and Jerome even unto fire. When Latimer was born the Church in England seemed to be quietly reposing in its darkness, but when he was a mature man—forty-seven—Luther struck his first, strong, open blow at the Papacy.

A few general reflections before we pass :

1. The age in which Latimer lived was very eventful. We are too much inclined to magnify our own age, and to depreciate preceding ones. The reason is obvious. What is before us and addresses itself to our senses affects us deeply; what is behind us and is brought to us by report, moves us but superficially. A reflecting mind must, however, perceive that the epoch which closed the

night of the dark ages, changed the law of descent, broke the power of the feudal barons, consolidated the great monarchies of Europe, and introduced the balance wheel which limits the ambition of princes; which invented the press, revived letters, and reformed religion; which produced Maximilian, and Charles V, and Francis I, and Henry VIII, and Copernicus, and Michael Angelo, and Columbus, and Martin Luther; which energized the old world and discovered the new, and brought the dawn of a universal moral day over both, is a brilliant one.

The great characters that passed before the eye of Latimer were Henry VIII, Francis I, and Charles V. A group of greater monarchs the world never saw; the two latter contended for the prize of Europe, and the first held the balance of power between them. Meanwhile, Copernicus was a timid student, who for thirty years concealed his astronomical discoveries, and when at last he published them, died of excitement and fear. Columbus was, for the most of his life, in poverty, sometimes in beggary; Luther was at first an obscure monk, afterward a preacher, dependent on charity for support, and on a petty German prince for protection. Three hundred years have passed since Latimer died, and what a change in the relative position of the figures in the historic picture! The sovereigns have been steadily moving toward the background, while the great astronomer, the great navigator, the great reformer have been as steadily moving to the foreground. Ask almost any man to give you the history of Francis I, and he will be at a loss, but where is the schoolboy within the limits of civilization that can not tell you who Columbus was? Behold the vast superiority of intellectual over political fame! Far behind the mental giants we find such men as Latimer—humble souls following their convictions of duty even unto death. They, too, are coming forward steadily,

rapidly, and ere long will be found in advance of such men as Columbus and Angelo Buonoroti. Goodness is greater than wisdom, and will shine brighter and brighter as the world grows better and better. The name of Latimer now shines over two hemispheres, and will blaze more and more till the last day.

2. He was of humble parentage. His father was a farmer, but not an owner of the soil. It may serve to show some of the changes which three centuries and a half have wrought, to remark, that Mr. L. paid but twenty dollars a year rent for his farm, although he kept upon it thirty cows, one hundred sheep, and six men, raised a large family comfortably, exercised generosity to his neighbors, hospitality to strangers, liberality to the poor, and furnished the king with a man and horse. The fact may be accounted for in part by the patriarchal manners of the times. We may fairly presume that old Mr. Latimer's house had no windows, but had a roof of thatch with a hole in the center to let the smoke out and the light in. His parlor was nicely carpeted with clean straw and his bedroom curtained with the skins of sheep. His sideboard was ornamented with a pewter tankard, and his door-yard with poultry, but not of the Shanghai variety; his treasures were chiefly cattle and grain, which he sold at good prices to drovers and merchants; his ornaments probably were a copper ring and a dumb watch; his luxuries it is difficult to name, except that one of the greatest, and not to be enjoyed but on great occasions, was a linen shirt. His five daughters—buxom girls—were good at stitching and spinning, cooking meat and making puddings; their chief pets were not canaries and larks, but pigs and lambs. His only son found his chief relaxation, during vacation, in hunting and fishing. Wine, in those days, was bought, as castor oil, in ounce vials, and only in seasons of sickness; paper was a

curiosity, and libraries were of course small—that of Oxford scarce had five hundred volumes. Mr. Latimer might have had two books, though this is doubtful. As to travel, there was scarce any of it. No danger of the fire-chariot running over his cows. The mail-coach perhaps drove by his residence once a month, due notice of the starting of which was given at the corners of the streets of Thurstaston by the town crier a week beforehand; but it is not likely that Mr. Latimer ever went in the vehicle as far as London. As to foreign travel, a man who had visited the continent was probably as great a curiosity then as one who had circumnavigated the globe would be now. How the old gentleman ever got through the world without either a newspaper or a telegraphic dispatch; or the old ladies who visited Madam Latimer ever got through their gossip without a cup of tea; or the young gentlemen who married her daughters ever accomplished their courting without the inspiration of coffee; or how young Latimer got through college without puffing a cigar or rolling the quid as a sweet morsel under the tongue; or how any of his fellows attained to the rank of aristocracy when brandy was prescribed only in *extreme cases*, are mysteries which I shall not undertake to explain; but certain it is that neither tea, coffee, tobacco, or brandy had found their way to English homesteads at that period.

But the change in the rate of living can not be accounted for altogether by the difference of manners—it is due chiefly to the diminished value of the precious metals occasioned by the discovery of extensive mines of silver and gold in both hemispheres. The circumstance affords a caution to those who are endowing eleemosynary, or literary institutions, or indeed making any kind of permanent investment. Forty pounds a year in Mr. Latimer's time would have been an ample foundation for a

professorship in Cambridge; now £600 would not be sufficient. The probability is that this depreciation of money will continue for centuries to come, especially in this country, in which capital will be always gaining upon labor.

The allusion to the man and horse furnished to the king, shows that the feudal system was passing away, but still remained. They were sent to the standard, not of a baron, or dependent of a baron, but of the king. The country was defended, not by hirelings, but forces furnished as the tribute of the soil. There remained, therefore, much of chivalry—a system fitted to raise up giant bodies and generous minds.

The middle class of society is most fruitful in great men. It brings forth the most vigorous bodies, and these are apt to possess the most energetic minds. It furnishes the fewest temptations to vice, the strongest motives to virtue. Its habits—industry, economy, temperance—are the nurses of talent as well as of thrift. In all ages, the rulers in the sphere of mind have generally come from the cottages, where, inheriting vigorous constitutions, they have strengthened their natal powers by the healthful occupations of husbandry and the invigorating pastimes of the forest.

An error is rife in these days, that the sickly or crippled child should be reserved for the muses. If there is any occupation demanding a constitution of iron, it is that of literature. If a child be infirm, send him a field where he will be likely to recuperate his energies—do not crucify him in the study.

3. He was an educated man. He was regularly advanced from the common school to the grammar school, and from the grammar school to the university, which he entered in his fourteenth year. You may sneer when we talk of learning in the fifteenth century. Grammars, arithmetics, geographies, were indeed small things then.

Superstition and bigotry beclouded even Cambridge. Chemistry, mineralogy, meteorology, geology, botany, were unknown; anatomy and physiology little known. Those who paid any attention to the natural sciences were searching for the philosopher's stone, the immortal catholicon, or the science of predicting fortunes by the stars. Foreigners were rarely met with in England, and both they and their language were usually depreciated, not to say despised. Nevertheless, the chief purpose of education—development of mind—was achieved. Mathematics and ancient languages—the chief instruments of mental discipline—were studied more then, perhaps, than they are now, and, in addition to these, the physics and metaphysics of Aristotle. The practice of dialectics conferred logical acuteness, and the knowledge of Latin and Greek gave access to the great masters, Homer, Virgil, Demosthenes, and Cicero, which had all reached western Europe at this period.

The extent to which the Latin was taught is evident from the fact that Mr. Latimer, without having attained to any eminence in scholarship, both wrote and spoke in that language with propriety and facility. That he could extemporize in it as well as in the English, we have satisfactory evidence. I know that in his last disputation he said: "I pray, good master prolocutor, do not exact that of me which is not in me. I have not, these twenty years, much used the Latin tongue." But this was in extreme age, after he had been long denied the use of books, had been worn out with confinement in prison, and had concluded that the disputation was of little use. In its progress Tresham cried out, "Speak Latin, I pray you, for ye can do it, if ye list, promptly enough," thus intimating, what was probably the fact, that the Bishop's declining to speak Latin arose from reluctance rather than inability. However this might be, it is certain that

earlier in life he was at no loss for Latin. An incident will illustrate this remark.

After he had embraced the doctrine of the Reformation, and complaints of his heresy had reached the Bishop of Ely—his diocesan—that dignitary determined to hear him for himself, but in an unexpected moment. So when, on a certain occasion, Mr. Latimer was preaching in the university a *concio ad clerum*, and when the discourse was half finished, the Bishop, with an imposing retinue, came suddenly and secretly into the university church. Latimer, not the least embarrassed, waited till his worshipful hearers were seated, and then said: "It is of congruence meet, that a new auditory namely, being more honorable, requireth a new theme, being a new argument to entreat of. Wherefore it behooveth me to divert from mine intended purpose, and somewhat to entreat of the honorable estate of a Bishop; therefore let this be my theme: *Christus existens pontifex futurum bonorum*." Although he spoke unprepared, and in a dead language, yet he acquitted himself to the admiration and astonishment of all his hearers. The Bishop must have seen that he was not one who, according to Latimer's exposition, was worthy to succeed Christ; yet, being a politic man, he sent for the preacher, and said, "I thank you heartily for your good sermon, assuring you that if you will do one thing at my request, I will kneel down and kiss your foot for the good admonition I have received of your sermon. I never heard my office so well and so substantially declared before this time."

Mr. Latimer was well educated *professionally*. You may inquire, with a sneer, "What *theological* science was there in that day?" There was no professor of sacred rhetoric, or systematic divinity, or Biblical criticism, or pastoral duty at Cambridge then. Studies in divinity consisted chiefly in scholastic theology, the mention of

which provokes derision, especially among those who know nothing about it. Many who profess to admire the ancient classics, treat scholasticism with contempt; yet it was founded upon Grecian classics, being originally but a fusion of the philosophy of Aristotle with the New Platonism. Thus it contained the leading ideas of the two greatest uninspired intellects of ancient times, the one distinguished for its comprehensiveness, the other for its acuteness. Subsequently, this philosophy was applied to explain and support the fundamental facts of the Christian faith, and thus originated scholastic theology. Although it abounded in false premises, it cultivated subtilty, ingenuity, and the habit of analysis—introduced the student to the leading minds of antiquity, and rendered him familiar, at once, with the leading principles of Grecian philosophy, and the cardinal doctrines of the Church.

The school doctors most studied at that time were Duns Scotus, Nicholas Dorbell, and Thos. Aquinas. How well Mr. Latimer mastered them, a single incident will show:

Complaints having been made against him, Cardinal Woolsey sent for him. Promptly he resorted to York Place, and patiently waited till the Cardinal's little bell summoned him into the inner chamber. The Cardinal said: "You seem that you are of good age, nor no babe, but one that should wisely and soberly use yourself in all your doings, and yet it is reported to me of you, that you are much infected with the new fantastical doctrine of Luther, and such like heretics; that you do very much harm among the youth, and other light heads, with your doctrine." "Your Grace," Mr. Latimer replied, "is misinformed, for I ought to have some more knowledge than to be so simply reported of, by reason that I have studied in my time both the ancient doctors of the Church and also the school doctors." "Marry, that is

well said," quoth the Cardinal, who, turning to the prosecutors, Doctors Capon and Marshall, said: "Gentlemen, examine Mr. Latimer upon Duns Scotus." The doctors were not so fresh in study as the pupil, who first helped them to cite their own interrogations, and then answered them promptly and perfectly. Thereupon the Cardinal, turning to the discomfited accusers, said: "What mean you, my masters, to bring such a man before me into accusation?"

Allow a collateral remark or two. Mr. Macaulay represents the English clergy of the seventeenth century as, in general, extremely ignorant. If they were, those of the century preceding would have been no less so. But we find among the reformers a good degree of knowledge and cultivation. Mr. Latimer, learned as he was, ranked below such cotemporaries as Cranmer and Ridley. Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Bucer, Hooper, Fagius, etc., minds of the highest order and finest scholarship, were educated in the Catholic Church. It is both false and impolitic to accuse her of universal ignorance. Even in the dark ages she preserved light.

How important is education! Man is a cultivable animal. There are natural differences among minds, as there are among crab-apples; but these differences are far less than the differences resulting from cultivation. As culture converts the sour sloe into the luscious green gage, so it converts the Black Hawk into the General Washington. As patient and well-directed labor turns the leaf of the mulberry into silk, so steady and judicious study turns crude thoughts into richest philosophy. While we appreciate self-education, let us deem him fortunate who can have his studies directed, and his mind encouraged and assisted by competent masters. It is given to few strictly self-educated men to work out large results in the world.

The education which a man needs is that which will best prepare him for the duties of life. Of no education can you pronounce without considering the party for whom it is designed, and the circumstances in which he is likely to be placed. Our education is better for our times than would be that of Mr. Latimer; but would it have served his purpose as well?

4. He was a gifted man. He was characterized by talent, tact, and genius. Talent denotes both the capacity to acquire knowledge and the ability to apply our powers and acquisitions to practical purposes. A man may be accurate in his apprehensions, sober in his judgments, correct in his reasonings; he may possess vast stores of knowledge, a persuasive tongue, a virtuous disposition, and the divine flame of genius, and yet lack the ability to turn to good account the powers at his command. I know more than one honest, gifted graduate, who earns his living by menial services. Mr. Latimer was never at a loss. He knew when to draw forth and when to husband his resources, when to retreat and when to advance; how to turn his mistakes into arguments, and make his very defeats the means of subsequent victory. Cranmer knew when to yield, but not where to stop; Hooper knew when to stop, but not where to yield.

He was a man of tact. Many a man has talent without tact; he can turn his powers and accomplishments to good account, but not *ingeniously*. He is neither quick in his apprehensions, nor swift in his judgments, nor happy in his replies, nor skillful in his drafts, nor dexterous in his maneuvers, nor expert in aiming his blows, nor adroit in escaping those of his adversary. Yet all this a man of tact is, and with small talent he may achieve large results. Much less strength is required with a sharp ax than with a dull one. Some say tact is the resource of weak minds only, but who had

more of it than Wellington, and Napoleon, and Washington?

Of Mr. Latimer's tact we have many illustrations. After he became satisfied that the doctrines of the Reformation are true, he resolved to propagate them at Cambridge, the center of theological influence—not, however, in such a way as to hazard his life or lower his character. With the learned he continued to preach in Latin, but with the common people he used the vulgar tongue. It will exhibit, at once, his tact, and a peculiarity of his times, to remark, that on Christmas day, in conformity with the usage of the times and the season, he gave to his congregations Christmas cards, inscribed with passages taken from our Savior's Sermon on the Mount, taking care to make the heart the *trump* card, thus striking a blow at the foundation of Popish superstitions. He drew, as a corollary, that the Scriptures should be given to the people in their own language, that they might know their duties to God and their neighbors. In subsequent sermons he was enabled to strike blow after blow at error, by simply alluding to the cards already in possession of the hearers. The effect of this pleasant and skillful management brought against him a host of adversaries, among whom was a certain Friar Buckingham, who was particularly charged with the duty of counter-acting him. To offset Mr. Latimer's Christmas cards, he brought out some Christmas *dies*, and cast to his congregation *cinque* and *quatre*—meaning by the *cinque*, four certain verses of the New Testament, and by the *quatre* four doctors. He then proceeded to disprove the proposition that the Bible should be given to the common people from the passages alluded to; namely, "No man putting his hand to the plow and looking back," etc.; "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump;" "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out;" "If thy hand offend thee, cut it

off;" "Take no thought for the morrow;" from which he argued that if the Scriptures were in the hands of the people, the plowman would cease to plow, the baker would leave his meal unleavened, and the highways would be crowded with beggars who had cut their eyes out and their hands off. Mr. Latimer arose after the discourse was ended, and, with a smile, promised to balance accounts with the friar on the following Sunday. The news spread abroad during the week, and on the appointed day a crowd assembled in the University Church—old men and maidens, from country and town, professors and students, freshmen and sophs, juniors and seniors. Just before sermon, in came Friar Buckingham, demure as a sepulcher, with his cowl about his shoulders, and, with an air of the utmost importance, seated himself before the pulpit. Mr. Latimer recapitulated his adversary's arguments, and when he had put them in the strongest light, he let off his wit and humor till his antagonist was rendered ridiculous to the last degree. Then turning to the people, with an address that nothing could surpass, he descanted upon the low esteem in which their holy guides held their understandings, and remarked that he would be satisfied if the people were allowed the Scriptures till the results anticipated by the Friar should be realized. He closed his discourse with some observations upon Scripture metaphors. "A figurative manner of speech," said he, "is common in all languages. Thus, for instance, [addressing himself to that part of the audience where the Friar sat,] when we see a fox painted, preaching in a friar's hood, nobody imagines that a fox is meant, but that craft and hypocrisy are described, which are so often found in that garb." The result was electric and permanent, for it shut up poor Friar Buckingham in his monastery for the rest of his life.

The effect which he produced upon individuals was as happy as that which he produced upon masses. The Bishop of Ely promised to kiss his foot if he would preach a sermon against Luther. "My Lord," said Latimer, "we are not permitted to read his works here."

At the close of his conference with Woolsey, the Cardinal said: "If the Bishop of Ely can not abide such doctrine as you have repeated, you shall have my license, and shall preach it unto his beard, let him say what he will." It was not possible, however, for him to escape persecution. He, with Bilney and others, was sent for to London, to appear before a court for the trial of heresies, where Latimer managed so ingeniously that, without sacrificing any principle, he escaped punishment. When, at length, his diocesan silenced him, he applied to Doctor Barnes, of the Augustine Friars, whose monastery was exempt from Episcopal jurisdiction, and so won upon him that he procured from him a license to preach. He therefore ascended the pulpit of the friar's chapel, Sabbath after Sabbath, and preached to more crowded audiences than before, his persecution having awakened general curiosity to hear him. Among his auditors he often had the Bishop of Ely, who never could catch him, but always went away impressed with his tact. About this time Henry VIII was seeking a divorce from his first wife, Catherine of Aragon. The facts are familiar. Catherine was older than himself, but retained her power over him for years, during which she had three children, one of whom became Queen Mary. The King fell in love with Anne Boleyn, and was determined to make her his spouse; he accordingly applied to the Pope to grant a divorce, on the ground that Catherine, being his brother's widow, was within the prohibited degrees of affinity. The Pope, though anxious to accommodate the "Defender of the Faith," was unable to do so without

offending Charles V, the greatest monarch in Christendom and the nephew of Catherine. He therefore contrived occasions of delay, hoping that Henry's passion would cool: it was on account of an alleged promotion of these delays that Cardinal Woolsey lost the royal favor. As soon as Henry saw the Pope's dilemma, he turned to the universities of England and France for a decision against the validity of his first marriage. By his influence in his own realm and that of Francis, on the other side of the channel, he succeeded.

When Dr. Butts visited Cambridge on this business he first applied to Latimer, who, at once siding with the King, not only gave his own opinion, but, supposing it a suitable opportunity to strengthen himself and the whole Protestant party, proceeded to collect the views of all those in the university over whom he had influence; indeed, so useful did he render himself, that Dr. Butts took him to London in order that he might aid in reconciling the populace to the step which the King had resolved on, of declaring his own supremacy. Mr. Latimer, disgusted with the profligacy and irreligion of the court, which he had little hope of amending, became uneasy, and Lord Cromwell, who had come into power to carry out the new policy of Henry, gave him the benefice of West Kingston, supposing that its revenues would reconcile him to the city; but the wise reformer, knowing how little Henry could be relied on to carry forward a reformation of principle, and suspecting for what purposes the ministry wished to retain him, resolved to remove to his country parish and devote himself to the salvation of souls. We hardly know which to admire more, the wisdom or the piety of his resolution. His industry and faithfulness in his new situation, and his zeal in propagating the truth in other parishes which he found neglected, alarmed the Popish party,

and provoked opposition in forms and degrees which called into requisition all his tact. Accused of immorality, he demanded an investigation, which resulted in his triumphant acquittal. Beset by a host of inferior accusers, he lashed them into silence. His style was highly figurative, and hence liable to be misunderstood by stupid hearers and wrested by malicious ones. His sermons contain allusions to both. Numerous examples might be furnished, but it is unnecessary in a paper such as the present. The following paragraph, though brief, may be taken as a characteristic specimen of his manner of delivery :

"I am content to bear the title of sedition with Isaiah; thanks be to God, I am not alone, I am in no singularity. The same man that thus laid sedition to my charge was asked another time whether he were at the sermon at Paul's cross; he answered that he was there; and being asked what news there, 'Marry,' quoth he, 'wonderful news; we were there clean absolved, my mule and all had full absolution.' You may see by this that he was such a one as rode on a mule, and that he was a gentleman. Indeed, his mule was wiser than he; for I dare say, the mule never slandered the preacher. O what an unhappy chance had this mule to carry such an ass on his back!"

His enemies perceived that, before the magistrates or the public, they could not prosecute him to any advantage; they therefore prepared charges of heresy against him, and procured an Arohepiscopal citation requiring him to repair to London. Here he found a court of bishops and canons, who, instead of bringing charges against him, put a paper in his hand declaring the efficacy of masses for souls in purgatory, etc., and required him to sign it. Upon his refusing to do so they dismissed him, but afterward sent for him thrice

a week, to use all their arts upon him for the purpose of either teasing him to sign it or provoking him to use language that would authorize them to burn him. Of one of these occasions he says: "I was brought to be examined in the same chamber as before, but at this time it was somewhat altered. For whereas there was a fire in the chimney, now the fire was taken away and a piece of tapestry hanged over the chimney, and a table stood near the chimney's end. There was among these bishops one with whom I have been very familiar, and whom I took for my great friend, an aged man, and he sat next to the table's end. Then, among other questions, he put a very subtle and crafty one; and when I should make answer, 'I pray you, Mr. Latimer,' said he, 'speak out, I am very thick of hearing, and there be many that sit far off.' I marveled at this that I was bidden to speak out, and began to misdeem, and gave an ear to the chimney, and then I heard a pen plainly scratching behind the arras; they had appointed one to write my answers, that I should not start from them." All their ingenuity failed. While he was in this perplexity it seems that he contrived to get word to Lord Cromwell, who, applying to the King, procured his rescue. Latimer being sent for to the royal palace, made such an impression upon the Queen—Anne Boleyn—that she procured him the see of Worcester. In his new vocation he proved himself a master—in supervising his clergy, presiding in his courts, visiting his parishes, preaching the Gospel, and executing discipline, he was wise as a serpent, while in his disposition and intentions he was harmless as a dove. His tact was now put to new tests. Popish ceremonies were observed throughout his diocese; to suspend them would be to suspend himself, to allow them would be to violate his conscience. He traces them to their innocent origin and rescues them from

their perversion. For example, he directs the priest to say, in giving holy water,

"Remember your promise in baptism,
Christ, his mercy and bloodshedding,
By whose most precious sprinkling
Of all your sins you have free pardoning."

Thus he teaches the people that the elements have no talismanic power, but are mere remembrances of important truths. Instead of suppressing convents, he gives instructions which strike at their foundation, such as item first: "The prior shall provide a whole Bible in English, to be fast chained in some secure place, either in the Church or cloister."

King Henry, whose reformation was merely political, determined to prevent a theological one. Having made himself Pope in England he determined to make his Church as orthodox as his rival's. He therefore procured the passage of the six articles ordaining transubstantiation, the observance of vows of chastity, the use of private masses, communion in only one kind, the celibacy of the priesthood, and auricular confession. Latimer, foreseeing a storm, which he could neither allay nor conscientiously yield to, resigned his bishopric and retired to the country, where he desired to spend the rest of his life in seclusion; but, having received a dangerous bruise by the fall of a tree, he repaired to London for surgical assistance. Here his enemies found him out, and, on an allegation that he had spoken against the six articles, had him imprisoned in the Tower for the remaining six years of Henry's reign. When Edward VI came to the throne he was liberated, and offered his bishopric again, but, declining it, he spent the years of Edward's reign in humbler duties. When Queen Mary took the scepter he retired to the country, whence he was soon summoned to London to answer for

heresy, as the Queen, supposing an heir was withheld from her because she had not sufficiently persecuted the Protestants, had determined to free her conscience. He was again cast into the Tower, where he found the congenial spirits of Cranmer and Ridley. In the spring of 1554 all three were removed to Oxford to represent the Protestant cause in a great disputation, which was to precede their martyrdom. While they were in prison at Oxford, Ridley said to Latimer, "Let us practice for the disputation; let me propose Papal arguments, and do you refute them!" "Ah!" replied the old man, "you treat me as Mr. Bilney used to do; who, when he wanted to teach me, always did it under color of being taught himself; but in the present case, my lord, I shall give a plain account of my faith and say very little more." When the disputation took place Cranmer and Ridley had a pitched logical battle with the commissioners, and defended their principles according to ancient fathers and modern doctors. Latimer planted himself upon the word of God. "Then you are not of St. Chrysostom's faith nor of St. Austin's," said his antagonist. "I have told you," he replied, "I am not; except they bring Scripture for what they say." Which took the right ground is at *this* day apparent.

To talent and tact Mr. Latimer added genius. This is a peculiar bent of the intellect bestowed by nature upon particular individuals, which gives them a superiority over their fellows, and displays itself in a mode independent of cultivation and circumstances. Thus we speak of a genius for poetry, for painting, for architecture. Mr. Latimer had a genius for oratory. Genius may generally be distinguished from talent in that it makes its happiest efforts impromptu, and is seen in private life as well as public, gushing forth like a perennial fountain.

Latimer at times, like most native orators, spoke in

his looks, his attitudes, his gestures; he had a genial spirit and a serene, unfailing humor, which often displayed itself under the most unpropitious circumstances. While confined to the Tower he called to a servant one severe wintery day, and bade him tell his master that unless he took better care of him he would lose him. The lieutenant in a great flurry hastened to the Bishop's cell to ask an explanation. "Why, you expect," said Mr. Latimer, "that I should be burned, but if you do not allow me a little fire I shall freeze."

At his final trial there sat among the commissioners an upstart Bishop of Gloucester. He had written a foolish book which Latimer had met with. In his reply the old man eloquent alluded to one of its arguments; namely, that the clergy of the new dispensation should exercise civil jurisdiction, because, according to Deuteronomy, the priests under the old dispensation did. The author, in quoting the proof-text, left out the important qualification, "according to the law of God." Pointing to the quotation Mr. Latimer holds it up and says: "What gelding of Scripture is this! what clipping of God's coin!" His manner set the whole audience in laughter. The Bishop of Lincoln said: "I have not seen the book which you blame so much." "Here it is, my lord," said Latimer, "and it is ascribed to the Bishop of Gloucester, whom I never knew or to my knowledge saw." The whole audience again laughed, for there on the bench was the new-fledged bishop, who had not sense enough to keep still, but rose and said the book was his. "Indeed," said Latimer, "I did not know you, neither did I ever see you before, neither yet do I see you now through the brightness of the sun shining between you and me." At which beautiful symbol the audience again laughed. There are many who can not understand how humor and piety can be combined. For

myself, I hate sour godliness; there is often great rascality under a demure look, and sometimes great devotion under a humorous one. But we must refer to the impression of his pulpit labors to form a just idea of his eloquence. 'Tis Sabbath, and the court carriages are wheeling in every direction to Whitehall. The public is all on tiptoe; the city is crowded; the bishops have been summoned to Parliament; one party has prevailed upon the King to seize upon the monasteries and distribute their revenues among themselves; another has persuaded him to establish more firmly the old religion. Some new revelations have been made concerning the corruptions of the court; the immense sums received by Cardinal Woolsey from Charles V and Francis I, as payment for moving his English majesty in opposite directions at the same time, and some cases of bribery on the part of county judges and of the Lord Chancellor, cases in which both the litigant parties have been impoverished, but for which, owing to the general corruption, there is no remedy. The people know that there is one man who dares speak out, and he is to preach to the court. Here he comes, walking up the strand, and now the whole multitude flow to him; as he slowly moves along the men raise their hats, the women their handkerchiefs, the windows and doors fly open, and from pavement to roof the whole street shouts the old man onward. But, lo! they press upon him, one and another gets near enough to touch the hem of his garment, another kisses his shadow, another smiles in his face and is content. And now the aged Bishop has reached the steps of Whitehall, and the whole multitude, well knowing what is to be expected, bawls out, as he ascends, "Have at them, father Latimer!" And now he is in the midst of his sermon. Hear him:

"They follow gifts. A good fellow on a time bade

another to a breakfast, and said: 'If you will come you shall be welcome; but I tell you beforehand you shall have but slender fare—one dish, and that is all.' 'What is that?' said he. 'A pudding, and nothing else.' 'Marry,' said he, 'you can not please me better; of all meats that is for mine own tooth; you may draw me round town with a pudding.' These bribing magistrates and judges follow gifts faster than the fellow would follow the pudding." Now, turning around to the lords, he delivers them an address in words and fashion as follows:

"There was a patron in England who had a benefice fallen into his hands, and one brought thirty apples in a dish and gave them to his man to carry them to his master. He cometh to his master and presented him with the dish of apples, saying, 'Sir, such a man hath sent you a dish of fruit, and desires you to be good unto him for such a benefice.' 'Tush, tush,' quoth he, 'this is no apple matter; I will have none of his apples. I have as good as these in my orchard.' The man came to the priest again and told him what his master had said. 'Then,' said the priest, 'desire him yet to prove one for my sake; he shall find them much better than they look for.' He cut one of them and found ten pieces of gold in it. 'Marry,' quoth he, 'this is a good apple.' The priest, standing not far off, cried out, 'They are all one apple, I warrant you; they all grew on one tree.' 'Well, he is a good fellow, let him have it,' quoth the patron. Get you a graft of this tree and I warrant you it will stand you in better stead than all St. Paul's learning."

And now, looking full at the men in ermine and gold collars, he cries, "Bribery! this is the *scali inferni*, the right way to hell, to be covetous, to take bribes, and pervert justice. If a judge should ask me the way to hell I should show him this way. First, let him be a

covetous man, then let him take bribes, lastly pervert judgment. There lacks a fourth thing to make up the mess, which, so help me God, if I were judge, should be *hangum tuum*—a Tyburn tippet to take with him; an it were the judge of the King's Bench, my Lord Chief Judge of England, yea, an it were my Lord Chancellor himself, to Tyburn with him.

"He that took the silver basin and ewer for a bribe thinketh that it will never come out. But he may know that I know it, and I know it not alone—there be more besides me that know it. O, bribery! bribery! He was never a good man that so took bribes; nor can I believe that he that is a briber will be a good justice. It will never be merry in England till we have the skins of such."

This was close preaching, and the King and the Bishops had their full share of it. It is Monday noon. The King has called the Bishops together to consult them on religious affairs. The business being closed, the Bishop of Winchester kneels down and accuses Latimer of having preached a seditious sermon. The tyrant sternly calls upon the accused to vindicate himself. He respectfully but calmly pleads justification, and concludes thus: "I never thought myself worthy, nor did I ever sue to be a preacher before your grace; but I was called to it, and would be willing, if you mislike it, to give place to my betters, for I grant that there may be a great many more worthy of the room than I am. And if it be your grace's pleasure to allow them for preachers, I could be content to carry their books after them. But if your grace allow me to be a preacher, I would desire you to give me leave to discharge my conscience, and to frame my doctrine according to my audience. I had been a very dolt to preach so at the borders of your realm as I preach before your grace." We rarely find a man who has no virtues.

Henry, with all his vices, loved frankness and honesty. He forgave his faithful Bishop.*

Latimer was benevolent, devout, and honest. His benevolence was active, busy in devising and executing deeds of mercy; he visited the fatherless and widows in their affliction; he gave food to the hungry, water to the thirsty, consolation to the sorrowing, relief to the oppressed. He rendered his benevolence doubly valuable by the modes in which he dispensed it; for with all his severity toward sin, he was humane to the sufferer, kind to the penitent, and full of tenderness to the broken heart. While yet at Cambridge in one of his circuits of mercy, he found a woman in prison under sentence of death; inquiring into her case, he satisfied himself that she was not guilty of the crime for which she was condemned, and going up to London, he had an interview with the King, and on his knees procured her pardon.

While he was Bishop, hearing of a case of flagrant wrong on the part of a rich landlord toward a poor tenant, he sent the former word that he must do the latter justice. The esquire, accustomed to overawe the country for miles around, and feeling strong in his wealth and connection, replied, that having done nothing illegal, he would stand by his acts. The Bishop responded that he would bring the case before the sovereign if it was not immediately rectified—a message which was effectual.

Upon the accession of Edward VI, having declined to resume his Bishopric, he lived in retirement at Lambeth, where he spent his time in the congenial occupations of hearing the complaints, relieving the necessities, and redressing the injuries of the poor. So conspicuous became his benignity, that the suffering and oppressed from all

*There is a liberty taken here in grouping—the extracts are taken from sermons preached before Edward VI. The sermon for which he was accused is not extant.

quarters crowded to him, making for him a daily and glorious levee.

Of his devotion we have abundant evidence; he was frequently occupied in fervent prayer, often continuing so long upon his knees that he could not rise without help; he seemed so to supplicate as if he had seen God before him and spoken with him face to face. The burden of his prayer was that God would give him grace to stand to the truth even unto death; that he would restore again the Gospel to England; and that he would bless the Queen, and make her a comfort to her realm.

He was upright. Many men who have been kind and have gone through all the forms of devotion, have been wanting in honesty. Of Latimer's integrity there is no question. His conversion was from the force of truth. Luther was an Augustine monk; the Augustines and Dominicans were jealous rivals. Staupitius, the friend and patron of Luther, was vicar general of the Augustines. The Archbishop of Mentz employed the Dominicans in peddling indulgences for Leo instead of the Augustines, who claimed that they ought to sell them, as they had done more than any other religious order to make them pass. If they had been, Luther might never have been a reformer. Bucer was called, even by his friends, "the fox." Wickliffe quarreled with the Pope for unjustly turning him out of his rectorship. Cranmer, Fagius, Rogers, Calvin, etc., all married after they broke from their bonds, and there is ground to suppose that a desire for domestic life had a great influence upon their theology. Some rose to power and emolument after the Reformation. Nothing of this kind can be alleged against Latimer. He was specially favored by the Romanists till he changed his principles; he never married; he avoided the court; he resigned a bishopric; he refused to be reinstated in the Episcopacy, saying from

the heart, *nolo Episcopari*; he always acted with earnestness; he rebuked sin in high places; he knew not how to flatter. After he had acquired influence over Henry, he put it all to hazard by writing a letter to him against a proclamation forbidding the use of the English Bible, which he closes in these words: "Wherefore, gracious King, remember yourself, have pity upon your own soul, and think that the day is at hand when you shall give account of your office, and of the blood that hath been shed by your sword."

It was the custom for bishops and other dignitaries to make calls upon the King on New-Year's day, when they presented him with gold and silver in quantities generally proportioned to the favors they expected at his hands. The old Bishop on one of these occasions presented his Majesty with a New Testament having a leaf turned down at the passage, "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge."

But the crowning proof of his sincerity is his martyrdom. It was not in a moment of excitement, as with the soldier on the battle-field, that he made up his mind to die. During the last six years of Henry's reign, while imprisoned in the Tower, he was in daily expectation of the fire, as there were then frequent sessions at Newgate and executions as often. At Oxford, while his fellow-prisoners were preparing their arguments, he was exhorting them to prepare for the flames. It was not stubbornness, passion, or disgust of life that influenced him. He says at his trial, "I declare to the majesty of God that I die for the truth; for I assure you that if I could grant to the Queen's proceedings and endure by the word of God, I would rather live than die; but seeing they be directly against God's word, I will obey God rather than man, and so embrace the stake." See him as he is placed for trial—an old man bowed with the weight of eighty-four

years and the damps and confinements of a prison, he asks permission to sit, as he is weary, and has been nearly crushed by the crowd through which he has been brought into the court-room. Though faint he durst not drink for fear of vomiting. He is dressed in an old frieze gown girded around with a leather girdle, having the New Testament hanging to it; around his neck is a pair of spectacles, and on his bald crown an old felt hat. Taking off his hat he drops it on the table, that he may place his bony elbows upon it, and rest his head upon his hands as he looks up at his judges. Those judges would gladly be excused from condemning him; he is near his grave, and can do little more in this world; he has no ambition, but is gentle as a lamb; he has no revenge, but renders charity and prayer for every injury. His enemies suppose that, worn out as he is, in body and spirit, they can induce him to recant, but he is inflexible, and is consigned to degradation, curse, and death. The night comes, and the old patriarch sleeps sweetly; the morning comes, and its note of preparation wakes him at early dawn. The Lord Williams has arrived, and posted his troops in double column from the Mayor's house to Baliol ditch, where the fagots are piled. The martyrs are called forth. Ridley goes first, dressed in a black gown, with a velvet cap on his head and slippers on his feet, so that he could readily undress for the stake. On his right and left march the Mayor and Aldermen. Latimer follows in his old frieze gown, with a buttoned cap and a handkerchief on his head all ready for the fire; underneath his gown, as he walks along, can be seen his shroud. As the procession moves the crowd sheds tears like rain. Ridley arrived first at the stake and cheered on his aged brother's slower footsteps; as the old man came up Ridley threw himself on his neck and said, "Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame,

or enable us to abide it." They then kneeled down, kissed the stake, prayed earnestly, and arose to hear the sermon preached according to custom. Ridley, attempting to reply, is gagged. The chains are made fast, the staples are driven; some one brings a fagot and lays it, flaming, at Ridley's feet. May be, at this moment, nature shrank; but Latimer turned to his fellow-martyr saying, "Be of good cheer, master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle in England, as, by God's grace, shall never be put out." As the flames rose, some bags of gunpowder that had been placed in the fire exploded, and tearing away the walls of Latimer's chest, exposed his throbbing heart, which poured its blood upon the ground. The fire died away, the ashes were scattered, the multitude dispersed; but the CANDLE still burns. It is well that we observe it. The great truth to which it guides is this, that we should not persecute another for an opinion. I do not say that one religion is as good as another, or that the differences in creeds are not of *vast importance*, but that one man has no right to compel another man to profess his faith, and that no class has a right to monopolize secular or civil privileges because of its faith. A government may use the sword for evil *acts*, but not for heretical *thoughts*. Many good men have maintained the contrary by such arguments as these: the people are the children of the state, the state is bound to preserve them from harm; false views of religion involve the greatest harm. Such a doctrine, however, is at war with human progress. You may say, "In revelation there is no progress:" granted; but there may be a progress in *discovering* its truth. The Pope once pronounced that, according to Scripture, the sun goes round the earth. When the proof of the converse became irresistible, men found, upon a closer examination, that they had misinterpreted the Bible on that subject. The fact

is instructive. If it is right to enforce religion by the sword, the Jewish rulers and Roman emperors were right in crucifying Christ, slaying his apostles, and flooding his sanctuary in blood; and if they had discharged this pretended duty fully, Christianity would never have been established in the earth.

It is a sacred duty incumbent upon every man to propagate any important truth which he may discover or may think he has discovered; and the more important the truth, the more important that duty. What sin would he commit who should discover a prophylactic for cholera, and keep it to himself! but moral and religious truth is as superior to natural as the soul is superior to the body, or eternity to time. If, therefore, it is a duty of government to enforce received opinions in religion, and the duty of an individual to make known what he deems to be truth, although it may be at war with the received opinions, then two duties are in conflict with each other, and the moral universe is out of joint.

But it is impossible to shut out truth by persecution. The attempt has always failed. The Roman emperors persecuted the Christians unto death—the result was, that Christianity rapidly overspread the empire. The Netherlands were deluged in blood to prevent the spread of Protestantism, yet Protestantism arose and flourished over the ashes of one hundred thousand martyrs. France determined to make all subjects of one religion by force, but the bloody night of Saint Bartholomew tolled not the knell of Protestant opinions, nor was there peace in that country till Protestant Churches were tolerated and endowed by the state. The experiment succeeded better in Italy and Spain; but even there it has failed, as recent events show.

There is no danger of free discussion. Milton has well said, "Though all the winds of doctrine be let loose

to play upon the earth, so *Truth* be in the field we do injudiciously to doubt her strength. Let her and *Falsehood* grapple. Whoever knew *Truth* put to the worse by a free and open encounter?"

Russel Bigelow.

RUSSEL BIGELOW was an extraordinary man, and his merits were never fully appreciated even by the Church. Of his early history the writer has no knowledge further than that he emigrated, at an early age, from New England to the west, and that, from his youth, being accustomed to read the Bible upon his knees, he soon became remarkable for piety. It is probable that he was favored with no more than a good common school education, before he entered the itinerancy, of which he was so conspicuous an ornament. I was a student in the beautiful village of W. when I first heard of him. Opposite our office was a coppersmith, a man of remarkable mind and character. He had been reared without any education, and had been unfortunate in his business relations; but having spent his leisure in reading and in conversation with persons of better attainments, he had acquired a stock of valuable knowledge which his grappling intellect well knew how to use. He was an active politician. In times of excitement he gathered the multitude around him, and often arrested our studies by his stentorian voice, which could drown the clatter of his hammers and the confusion even of Bedlam. I think I may safely say that for many years he wielded the political destinies of his county. Never in office himself, his will determined who should be. This man had imbibed skeptical opinions, which he often inculcated with terrific energy. He rarely went to the house of

God, and when he did, I supposed he might as well stay at home; for I should have thought it as easy to melt a rock with a fagot, as to subdue his heart by the "foolishness of preaching."

One Saturday evening he came into our office with a peculiar expression of countenance—the tear started from his eye as he said, "I have been to meeting, and by the grace of God I will continue as long as it lasts. Come, young gentlemen, come and hear Bigelow. He will show you the world, and the human heart, and the Bible, and the cross, in such a light as you have never before seen them." I trembled beneath the announcement; for if the preacher had prostrated a fainting multitude at his feet, he would not have given me as convincing a proof of his power as that which stood before me. This was the first account I ever heard of Bigelow; and from that time I avoided the Methodist church, till he left the village.

One morning of the ensuing summer, my preceptor came in and said, "T., come, mount old black, and go with me to camp meeting."

T. "Excuse me, sir, I have no desire to go to such a nursery of vice and enthusiasm."

P. "O, you are too bigoted. Presbyterian as I am, I confess I like camp meetings. There man can forget the business of life, and listen to the truth without distraction, and then ponder on it, and pray over it, and feel it. Good impressions are made every Sabbath; but they rarely bring forth fruit; they are worn away by the business of the week. At camp meeting the heart can first be heated, and then, while yet warm, placed upon the anvil and beaten into shape."

T. "I was once at a camp meeting two hours, and that satisfied me. The heart may be warmed there, but I doubt the purity of the fire which heats it."

P. "A truce to argument. I have a patient there I want you to see. You have no objection to go professionally."

T. "No, sir, I will go any where to see a patient."

It was a lovely morning. The sun was shining from a cloudless sky, and the fresh breezes fanned us, as we rode by well-cultivated and fertile fields, waving with their rich and ripening harvests. After a short journey, we came to the encampment. A broad beam of daylight showed things to advantage; and I could but think, as I gazed from an elevated point, and drank in the sweet songs that reverberated through the grove, of some of the scenes of Scripture. My rebel heart was constrained to cry within me, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth—as gardens by the river's side."

Having visited the sick whom we had come to see, we were invited, with great kindness and cordiality, to partake of refreshments. The warmth of our reception excited my gratitude, and instead of starting home when the horn blew for preaching, I sat down respectfully to hear the sermon. Bigelow was to preach. I dreaded the occasion; but had always been taught to venerate religion, and had never seen the day when I could ridicule or disturb even the Mohammedan at his prayers or the pagan at his idol. In the pulpit were many clergymen, two of whom I knew and esteemed—the one a tall, majestic man, whose vigorous frame symbolized his noble mind and generous heart—the other a small, delicate, graceful gentleman, whom nature had fitted for a universal favorite. Had I been consulted, one of them should have occupied the pulpit at that time. All was stillness and attention when the presiding elder stepped forward. Never was I so disappointed in a man's personal appearance. He was below the middle

stature, and clad in coarse, ill-made garments. His un-combed hair hung loosely over his forehead. His attitudes and motions were exceedingly ungraceful, and every feature of his countenance was unprepossessing. Upon minutely examining him, however, I became better pleased. The long hair that came down to his cheeks, concealed a broad and prominent forehead; the keen eye that peered from beneath his heavy and overjutting eyebrows, beamed with deep and penetrating intelligence; the prominent cheek-bones, projecting chin, and large nose, indicated any thing but intellectual feebleness; while the wide mouth, depressed at its corners, the slightly-expanded nostril, and the *tout ensemble*, indicated sorrow and love, and well assorted with the message, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." As he commenced I determined to watch for his faults; but before he had closed his introduction I concluded that his words were pure and well chosen, his accents never misplaced, his sentences grammatical, artistically constructed, and well arranged, both for harmony and effect; and when he entered fully upon his subject I was disposed to resign myself to the argument, and leave the speaker in the hands of more skillful critics. Having stated and illustrated his position clearly, he laid broad the foundation of his argument, and piled stone upon stone, hewed and polished, till he stood upon a majestic pyramid, with heaven's own light around him, pointing the astonished multitude to a brighter home beyond the sun, and bidding defiance to the enemy to move one fragment of the rock on which his feet were planted. His argument being completed, his peroration commenced. This was grand beyond description. The whole universe seemed animated by its Creator to aid him in persuading the sinner to return to God, and the angels commissioned to

open heaven and come down to strengthen him. Now he opens the mouth of the pit, and takes us through its gloomy avenues, while the bolts retreat, and the doors of damnation burst open, and the wail of the lost enters our ears; and now he opens heaven, transports us to the flowery plains, stands us amid the armies of the blest, to sweep, with celestial fingers, angelic harps, and join the eternal chorus, "Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!" As he closed his discourse every energy of his body and mind was stretched to the utmost point of tension. His soul appeared to be too great for its tenement, and every moment ready to burst through and soar away as an eagle toward heaven. His lungs labored, his arms rose, the perspiration flowed in a steady stream upon the floor, and every thing about him seemed to say, "O that my head were waters!" But the audience thought not of the struggling body, nor even of the giant mind within; for they were paralyzed beneath the avalanche of thought that descended upon them.

I lost the man, but the subject was all in all. I returned from the ground dissatisfied with myself, saying within me, "O that I were a Christian!"

It was two or three years after this that, being introduced into the Church, I became acquainted personally with this excellent man, of whose character I propose to record what I recollect.

1. He was modest. To receive the plaudits of thousands, without forming a high estimate of one's talents, requires much grace. Hence, the orator is generally proud. Bigelow preached to audiences as large, and with results as astonishing as we have ever witnessed. Though he could not have been insensible of his power, yet he appeared to set no high estimate on his superior qualifications or endowments; for he rarely alluded to them, or suffered any one else, unrebuked, to do so in

his presence. He was a perfect gentleman in his deportment—to his inferiors kind—to his equals courteous—to those who had the rule over him submissive—toward those of elevated station independent, yet duly respectful—toward the civil magistrate *conscientiously* regardful, rendering unto “Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s.” Though he scorned not the palace, he courted not its inmates; and while the circles of fashion delighted to honor him, he “condescended to men of low estate.” Capable of standing like the cedar on Lebanon, he loved the place

“Where purple violets lurk,
With all the *lowly* children of the shade.”

Though modest, he was not bashful. Without any thing assuming in look, word, or action, he was a fine illustration of the truth, “The righteous is bold as a lion.” He was as far from *diffidence* as presumption. Never pushing himself beyond his post, he was always ready to maintain it. His eye knew not to quail, nor his knee to tremble before mortal man. He asked no one to stand in his place in the hour of trial or of duty. Yet after the sharpest conflict, and most glorious mental conquest, he was ready to wash the feet of the humblest saint. The lark is his emblem, which, after pouring its heavenly strains upon the upper skies, descends to build its nest upon the ground. It may be matter of surprise to some that such a man should be so modest; but the explanation is at hand. He knew that he had nothing but what he had received. When his wondering audience seemed to say, “He can do all things,” his spirit and manner breathed the addition, “through Christ strengthening me.” Moreover, he seemed to have a method of hiding and diminishing his own excellences, while he sought out and magnified those of every one else. He was, however, far from every thing mean or

low; indeed, there was an exquisite delicacy about all his thoughts, illustrations, and manners.

2. He was humble. If any man could boast of graces he could. In him they all abounded—faith that works by love, and purifies the heart—hope, the anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast—love that burns with an even, intense flame, consuming all that “opposeth or exalteth itself against the knowledge of God”—zeal, ardent and uncompromising, bringing body and soul to the altar; and yet he was

“Of boasting more than of a tomb afraid.”

He worked out his salvation “*with fear and trembling* ;” he was meek and *lowly* in heart; he inserted the petition “forgive us *our trespasses*” in all his prayers, and felt that his best actions needed the “sprinkling of the blood of Jesus.”

3. He was affable. His natural sweetness of temper, refined by the spirit of Christianity, gave him an unaffected politeness, which rendered every person perfectly easy in his presence. The young approached him as a father, the aged as a friend, and both felt encouraged, by his engaging air, to express their wants or inquiries without reserve. There are some whose affability invites familiarity, and leads to contempt; but he mingled with his urbanity a dignity which imposed respect, and a solemnity which banished levity. In his public addresses he would go before you as a pillar of fire, but in private he would suffer you to lead wherever you desired, taking care to follow you like the smitten rock which followed Israel, to pour blessings at your feet. His mind, like that of Christ, seemed filled with beautiful analogies, by which he could rise from the material to the spiritual, and make an easy path to heaven from any point of earth. He could charm even the worldly heart that

would hold communion with him; for, although he would direct it outward from its own defiled chambers, and upward to God, he would make the ascent so smooth and green, and would throw so much light and loveliness on all the paths of piety, that his retiring footsteps would call forth the assurance, "At a more convenient season I will send for thee."

When he spent the night with a religious family, he was in the habit of conversing in a religious manner, without seeming to aim at it; and when his host lighted him to his chamber, he would take him by the hand when they were alone, and, alluding to the kindness bestowed upon him, would make his own gratitude an apology for inquiring into the highest welfare of his hospitable friend. He would speak of God's goodness, man's accountability, a parent's influence, a Savior's love, an approaching judgment; and when, with streaming eyes, he bowed down to plead with God for his friend, it would seem as though the heart of stone must melt. Wherever he went he was hailed as a messenger of God; and whenever he departed, it seemed as though an angel was taking leave. His name still sheds fragrance from a thousand family altars. It is impossible to describe the estimate in which he is held by those with whom he was frequently called to hold communion in the discharge of his official duty. He was the man whom his brethren in the ministry delighted to honor. At the conference, at the quarterly meeting, you might see them gather around him to hear his counsel, receive his blessing, and present some token of their love. In such seasons he had no reason to envy the crowned or the mitred head. No incense offered to the conqueror of a hundred of earth's battle-fields, like the incense offered to him at such periods. But he was not vain; and when he was the object of kind attention his heart was overwhelmed,

and he wept as a father in the midst of his children. The stranger who witnessed such a scene could not refrain from saying in his heart, "Behold, how they love him!"

4. He was cheerful, notwithstanding his habitual seriousness. Bearing in his bosom a load which might make an apostle cry out, "I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart," he nevertheless stood aloof from melancholy or despair. The shades of his brow were generally like the flying clouds of a serene day, which, chasing each other, "now hide and now reveal the sun." Meridian faith beamed from his countenance even in the storm, and threw the bow of promise over the darkest cloud. He illustrated the paradox, "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

5. He was frank. Perhaps this is the first characteristic which a stranger would notice on being introduced to him. He was far from every thing like reserve, hypocrisy, or concealment. His thought, words, and feelings were at ease, his natural language under no restraint, and his lips ready to utter the uppermost thoughts of his soul. Indeed, his countenance seemed so transparent, that you could see his heart as plainly as his features. At the same time, he had none of the impertinence of freedom, nor the indiscretion of openness. He was more ready to confess his own faults than correct another's. If he opened his heart, it was not from conceit, but from natural warmth; and when he poured forth its treasures, it was not that they might flow any where, but only over those fields which thirsted for refreshment. When he saw a friend in danger, he did not hesitate to proffer counsel; but this he did in such a manner as to inspire respect, if not to secure salvation. There was no superciliousness or display of superiority—no aggravation of the offender's faults—no tone of authority in his reproof;

but he came upon you with such "meekness of wisdom," such a kind estimate of your virtues, such a voice of tenderness, that you could not but bless him, even though he probed you to the quick.

There is a frank man who is not to be depended on. He will smile upon you, and promise you a favor, and the next moment, if he meet with your enemy, can promise him the same; not that he would be false—he is only changeable. But his inconsistencies often involve his honor, and place his ingenuity upon the rack to rescue it. Bigelow's promises were to be relied on. Of him we might say:

"His words are bonds—his oaths are oracles—
His love sincere."

There is a character that can not be understood—a perfect mystery. The more you explore it, the more you are confounded. It is a Proteus—you know not whether to love or hate—whether to regard it as foe or friend, saint or devil. One moment you are allured by an excellence, and the next repelled by a blemish. But the greatest of all difficulties is, that it communicates with the world *entirely* by artificial language. You can not trace it: it seems to adopt its motives by stealth, and drag them to its heart as Cacus did the cattle of Hercules to his cave—by the tail instead of the horns; so that, if you follow their track, you are sure to go the wrong way. It can hardly "take tea without a stratagem;" and, like the ancient warrior, if it thought its coat could tell what it was about, it would burn it. Its whole business seems to be to elude the world, which it draws, like a pack of grayhounds, in its scent. Now, the very reverse of all this was Russel Bigelow.

I shall never forget the childlike simplicity with which, on one occasion, in conversation about the com-

parative advantages of extempore and written sermons, he having dropped the remark, "My happiest efforts," added, "O, pardon me for having used that term in speaking of any effort of mine." A stranger having taken him aside, and presented him with a suit of clothes, which he much needed, he seized his hand, and looking up to him with tearful eyes, said, "O, doctor, I will pray for you as long as I live." If about to make a speech, he would tell you so, and perhaps explain to you the ground he was about to take, and the arguments he would employ; so that, if you chose, you might digest a reply before his effort was heard. Had he been in Joseph's place, he, too, would have told his dreams, and looked for his brethren in Shechem or in Dotham.

6. He was benevolent and beneficent. Like his Master, he was touched with a feeling of human infirmities. He had learned how to weep with them that weep, and to rejoice with them that rejoice. One needed but to see him in the asylum, or the prison, or standing before an object of distress by the road-side, or uttering the sympathies of his broad heart at the pillow of the sick, to be convinced, without argument, that there is such a thing as disinterested benevolence.

His faith did not overlook the present world in its concerns for the future; and while he struggled, and wept, and prayed for the sinful soul, he did not forget the suffering body. Nor was he content with knowing the sorrows of those who came in his way: "The cause he knew not he searched out." He was, emphatically, the good Samaritan. His expansive benevolence embraced the whole human family; not that he cherished the wild speculation that all mankind should be regarded alike, but warming his charity at the fireside of his sweet home, he bade it expand till it overleaped all national boundaries,

and natural and artificial distinctions. He was not of those who content themselves with elevated views and warm sympathies, and who say to the shivering brother, "Be thou warmed and clothed." His beneficence knew no limits but his ability. As he received presents wherever he went—and his brethren, knowing his worth, would not suffer him to be deficient in his allowance—if he had husbanded what he received, he would have accumulated money. But his resources were expended as fast as they were received, and he died poor. Indeed, to those who walk by sight he did not seem to have a proper regard for the wants of his family; and when he approached the borders of the grave, the sight of his helpless children, whom he was soon to leave fatherless, sometimes induced *self-reproaches*, which, however, were instantly banished by the recollection of some sweet promise of Scripture, and a view of God's tender relation to the fatherless and the widow.

7. He was liberal in his views. Never compromising or disguising the truth, warmly attached to his own Discipline, and firmly persuaded of his own doctrine, he was, nevertheless, as far from narrowness and bigotry as the east is from the west. He delighted to hail every Church that bore the banner of the Savior, under whatever uniform or name; and to the image of Christ his heart and hand turned as the needle to the pole. He looked with joy upon the prosperity of sister Churches; and notwithstanding he felt a deep interest in the welfare of his own department of Zion, he never could be accused of proselyting. His great aim was to bring honor to Christ, souls to heaven, and glory to God. But, although he felt so little concern to attract converts into his own Church, the people *would* follow him in flocks, as sheep follow a shepherd.

8. His character was harmonious. We have heard of

many a good man whose home was no paradise. Bigelow was to his family what he was to his congregation. Indeed, his spirit is said to have been, if possible, even more sweet and fragrant at the fireside than in the pulpit; and his prayers at the family altar were as fervent as those which were audible to the multitude. In short, his words and his works, his inner and his outer life, his public and his private character, were alike lovely and accordant.

"Did you know Bigelow?" said the writer to Chief Justice L. "Yes," he replied; "and it is one of the greatest regrets of my life that I did not know him better. Had I never known him, I should have loved him for the effects of his apostolic labors and holy example. We were a rude people when he was among us, and we never appreciated his worth." That he had his faults and his imperfections we do not deny, but they were almost lost amid his excellences. Let the poet look out upon the plain or the mountain, the gorgeous sunset or the thundering cataract, but let *me* look upon a good man. The artist may mold matter into forms of enrapturing beauty, and make us feel their elevating and purifying influences; but what is the marble Moses of a Michael Angelo, or the cold statue of his living Christ, compared to the embodiment of the Hebrew law and the spirit of Jesus in the sculpture of a holy life? Goethe said that he was not half himself who had never seen the Juno in the Rondanini palace at Rome. Well, then, may we say, that he knows not to what race he belongs who has never gazed upon such a man as Bigelow. If an angel were to move among us in celestial sheen, with what sublimity would he inspire us! But how much more is it to see moral majesty and beauty beaming from human clay!

Bigelow as a Preacher.

WE have spoken of Russel Bigelow as a man: in this article we describe him as a preacher. Correct taste, strong thought, and powerful emotion were his characteristics.

I. Correct taste. This was evidenced

In his language. It is the fault of young and partially-educated speakers to be ever seeking showy words; as if to make up in sound what is wanting in sense. There is an opposite extreme. Many in their desire to be intelligible, become vulgar. The practice of Tillotson, who read his discourses prior to their delivery, to an illiterate but sensible woman, is a good one. Bigelow's language appeared to have been sifted by a similar process. A large proportion of his words were Saxon, which, because they can be traced by most hearers directly to their roots, are more lively and effective than those from foreign sources. His acquaintance with men, rather than tongues, gave him advantage in selecting words; but had he been a ripe scholar, we have no reason to suppose that his expressions would have been less forcible. A knowledge of the original fountains of our language enables us readily to lay aside words of foreign derivation, at the same time giving taste to do so. While the ignorant is pedantic, the man best able to write with elegance generally chooses chaste and simple terms. In the pulpit, especially, good taste requires that the garment of our thoughts should be simple and transparent. While

chaste in his language, Bigelow was free from that conversational style, and those commonplace remarks which, though unsuitable to grave subjects, are often found in the pulpit of the day.

In the management of his figures. He avoided the apostrophe and other bold figures peculiarly adapted to poetry. His comparisons, whether for illustration, argument, or embellishment, were neither too obvious on the one hand, nor unnatural on the other. His metaphors were generally original, striking, radiant, free from confusion, reserved for the moment of emotion, and dropped while yet warm. Sometimes his figurative language would convey and point an argument, which, though concealed by the luster of its vehicle, lost none of its force. He rarely introduced anecdotes in his discourses. It is not to be denied that Christian experience is a rich fountain of spiritual knowledge, and that the preacher may often draw thence for edification, instruction, and comfort. But the frequent use of anecdote, not only for illustration, but even for argument, to which there is so strong a tendency in our times, finds no countenance in the dignified models of golden ages, and vitiates the oratory of our country. Moreover, by presenting temptations to embellish a story not sufficiently attractive, and to mend one not precisely suitable, it has pernicious tendencies upon morals. Bigelow's allusions were frequently historical or classical—such, for instance, as the story of Damon and Pythias, to illustrate a passage of the apostle, "Greater love hath no man than that a man lay down his life for his friend"—but generally they were Scriptural. Scarce a point to be illustrated, for which history or the Bible does not afford the means of illustration—scarce an anecdote to be related, for which holy Scripture doth not proffer a substitute; and in this age, when the Bible is so well studied in Sabbath schools, allusions even to its

less striking and familiar incidents can be understood by mere children.

In the sources of his arguments. These were chiefly the human heart, well-known facts, strong, sound, comprehensive common sense, and the Bible. He plunged not into the region of metaphysics, or barren philosophy, and never resorted to any proof but in subordination to the Scriptures. If he preached truth, or justice, or gratitude, it was not as a heathen; and though he might use the same means of conviction as Seneca, he made all his arguments lie in Christ Jesus. He was content to employ his reason in ascertaining what the Bible teaches, and explaining its lessons to others. Generally his departures from this great luminary were short, and only to blast some refuge of lies behind which the sinner was endeavoring to hide. Like Moses in Midian he lingered not in the desert, but led his flock to the mount of God.

His style was easy. His phrases, and the construction of his sentences were English; not the English of the crowd, nor the English of the king, but the king's English, as it is spoken in the dignified conversation of intelligent men—no inversions, or circumlocution, or involutions of clauses. His sentences, as to length, were not sufficiently varied; as to structure, though loose, yet clear. Advancing in his argument, his mind moves with a firmer, directer footstep. He seems to believe what he says, and to be determined to make others know that he is right. He uses arguments as if perfectly acquainted with their force. In his peroration he was usually vehement; not like a mighty river marching steadily to the ocean, but like Niagara dashing, foaming, rushing, filling the heavens with its echoes. But his vehemence was not rant—it was the outgushing of energy from a great mind, of ardent temperament, strongly excited by an important object—a vehemence which can not be imitated, which

presupposes a mind so intensely interested in its subject as to be incapable of surveying its own movements.

II. He was a man of strong thought. He held an iron will over his powers—taught imagination the length of her chain—made memory a watchful and submissive servant, and compelled reason to sit for hours in one spot, like the patient weaver at his loom, producing his beautiful fabric slowly by the movements of his shuttle. He who would have a soul thus trained must labor. The mind, like the infant, is, though active, yet restless—always busy, but never laborious—constantly at work, but never accomplishing any thing, not because its powers are feeble, but because its thoughts are fickle. Hence, in all civilized countries, systems of education are devised with a view to train mind to consecutive thinking. Whatever aids Bigelow had employed in mental training, he had the power to concatenate thought. Though mindful of books, industrious in study, observant of the progress of science, and deferential to authority, yet he used assistance at a proper time—not before, but after he had investigated his subject. His patient thought was evident

From the choice of his subjects. As he had a versatility of genius which enabled him to adapt himself to any occasion, and a purity of intention which never allowed him to put his inclinations in competition with convictions of duty, there was a fitness in his discourses, which constituted one of their chief charms and made them shine. Though he did not often preach discourses exclusively hortatory, yet he often charmed his audience with a historical or practical sermon; and his efforts of this description were always masterly. Some of them, had they been written out, might have ranked among the finest models of glowing description and impressive persuasion the English language affords. But it was not in

description, or declamation, or exhortation, that he chiefly delighted. It was mere pastime to him to point out Zion's spicy hills, or hurl the terrors of the law; he preferred the theme that could task his reason. Hence, doctrinal subjects were his favorite ones.

His mode of treating his themes. In entering on an argumentative discourse, he advanced slowly through a beautiful and appropriate introduction; but when he fully encountered the argument, he underwent a sudden transformation. As *Æneas*, in the temple of Juno, when he sees *Ilioneus*, bursts the cloud with which his goddess mother had inwrought him, so he, when he meets his argument, seems "to shuffle off his mortal coil;" and now divine odors breathe from his lips, and the light of heaven flashes from his eye. Having shown the importance of his theme, and its bearings and consequences, he lays down his position in simple terms, shows his line of argument, and challenges the closest scrutiny. There is a rule of rhetoric which directs the speaker, if his audience be fortified by invincible prejudice, to suppress his position till his argument be completed—to attack the enemy before he suspects your approach—to post all your arguments ere he is aware of your design; and, while he looks, unarmed, upon your movements, to close your lines around him and take him captive. We inquire not whether this rule is appropriate to the bar, the hall of legislation, or the arena for intellectual gladiators; but we deny its applicability to the pulpit. The subjects, relations, and circumstances of the minister are too solemn and important to need or allow rhetorical guile; nor is it to be presumed that, upon a general scale, it will tend to secure the object of the pulpit. Prejudice is not much to be feared; it may prevent immediate conviction; but it can not restrain the reason, nor silence the conscience; and it will fall off like the

chrysalis from the fledged insect, if you convince the understanding. Were concealment allowable, Bigelow could not have resorted to it. The panther may spring from the bushes upon his prey—the lion needs no advantages. Had he been Agamemnon, Troy might not have been taken; he could not have employed the “wooden horse.”

In the commencement of his argument, he was accustomed to meet objections; and here his candor was as apparent in the fairness of his statements as was his ability in the completeness of his refutations. At this point the hearer began to perceive that nicety of discrimination, that felicity of illustration, that searching power of analysis, and that grasp of comprehension, which, at the height of his argument, were little less than amazing.

His penetration knew error despite its disguises; and, as a sagacious warrior knows where is the ambush, and when will be the *coup de main*, so he fixed his eye on the spot where the enemy lurked, and anticipated his movements. Many sagacious minds which can *find* error, are unable to *bring it out* to the gaze of others. But he was as expert in exposure as in detection. One false premise—inconsiderable in itself—often vitiates a whole volume of valid reasoning. Such a book may be compared to a long and strong chain, rolled up, having, however, one broken link. There are two ways of finding the fracture—the usual one is to examine each link till you come to it. Bigelow fixed a weight to one end, and walked off with the other, thus separating the fragments so far that his audience could stand between them. Sometimes, when not hurried, he would do as the king of the forest does when not hungry—play with his prey. It was interesting to see him amuse himself and his congregation with an ingenious sophism. He was wont to question it in the Socratic method, till he made it confess not only its falseness, but its folly, and slink away, while

a good-natured smile played upon the eager countenances of his hearers. Error, like Pharaoh, though convinced, is obstinate. Under the lash of resistless argument, it calls upon every species of delusion to throw discredit upon the means which have wrought conviction. Bigelow, aware of this, combated objection after objection, and heaped argument upon argument. Fancy the convinced infidel in his audience. The preacher turns his eye upon him, watches him, turns every stream from which his soul dips into blood, animates the dust he raises before his eyes into torturing insects, sends locusts before him to eat up every green thing, adds plague to plague. Presently the thunder peals, the lightning flashes; the infidel feels the darkness on his eyeballs, and is compelled to let the truth he holds a prisoner "have free course and be glorified." A pause ensues, and the congregation, on their feet, look with sympathy and prayer for a converted man.

Bigelow, like an accomplished orator, observed the processes going on in the minds of his hearers. If one argument did not succeed, he used another—if an illustration did not answer, he seized one that would. He seemed to be as familiar with the hearts of his hearers as the musician with the keys of his instrument, knowing when, and where, and how to touch, detecting the least discord, and even restraining his magic finger—if, perchance, it grazed the wrong key—before the false note was formed. This nice discernment in a mind concentrated on its theme, and engaged in the most complicated processes of which human intellect is capable, presupposes strong and patient exercise of the reason.

His mode of amplification was, generally, to commence with his weakest argument, and, proceeding to the better in the order of their strength, to close with the strongest—a mode which could not, perhaps, always be safely

followed, since a weak argument may so prejudice the hearers against the speaker as to prevent the force of such as may follow. His plan was, however, adapted to his talents. He used no argument too weak to make an impression. Perhaps in the weight of his argument lay the greatest objection to his discourses. A man may be willing to give up his error, if you allow some reason in it, whereas he would cling to it to the last if surrender were to be shame. The injurious tendency of Bigelow's surplus power was, however, corrected by the sweetness and solemnity of his manner. He indulged in no reproaches—made due allowance for the sinner—often—like St. Paul—by using the first person plural, coupled himself with the object of reproof—avoided personalities and harsh language; and after exposing folly and guilt, pointed not to himself, but to “the Shepherd and Bishop of souls.” His strength was not the rude and fitful blast, which binds the traveler's cloak tighter and tighter around him, but the steady, increasing, noiseless power of the rising sun, which, while it illumines, softens and subdues. His capacity for argument did not betray him into *fruitless* discussion. He used it not as a boy his pen-knife, but as a warrior his sword. He assailed no mushroom heresy—he warred with no frog-pond adversary. There is in the Church a capillary ambition, the stronger in proportion to the narrowness of its tube, which is constantly rising into notice on some spongy theology. You may urge it down by the slightest pressure; but the instant you remove your fingers, it swells up again from its watery foundation. He seemed to know that this was better dried by warmth than pressure. He was not insensible to error, however feebly advocated, nor unwilling to instruct the honest inquirer, however humble; but when a man sought distinction at the expense of *heresy*, and plunged into argument with a certainty of *disgrace*,

he treated him as he would certain animals that have more obstinacy than reason, and are better managed with the palm of the hand than the knots of the lash.

In the mode of his argument he was not *formal*. There is a class of speakers called logical. The term is generally used to denote an arguer distinguished rather for the *forms* than the *essence* of argument. This use of it has arisen from two palpable mistakes—the one that the logical mode of reasoning differs from the common—the other that to reason logically a man must use formal syllogisms—mistakes as great as if we were to regard anatomy as a kind of animal, and suppose that to move the arm we must name its flexor or extensor muscles.

Bigelow was, doubtless, practiced in the principles of opposition, conversion, and reduction; but he confined the *forms* of logic to the study. His argumentation, though without forms, was *logical* in the proper sense of the word. There was a perceptible connection and a beautiful proportion between all its parts. It was not, however, a chain of cold iron links, susceptible of expression by a diagram. He passed through his arguments like a botanist through his garden: every thing around him seemed living and green; and, though he showed you a regular connection from the hyssop by the wall to the cedar of Lebanon, yet he was wont to pause at each step, to point out some nice discrimination, some connected history, some practical use, some collateral relation, or some felicitous illustration; and often, ere he passed, the object of his touch would suddenly burst into blossom. In the commencement of some of his severe efforts, the connection of parts was not perceptible. He often appeared like an architect in the midst of his materials, bearing off a beam now, and a rafter then, the purpose of which you could not at once discover; but he moved among his lines and plummets with so much grace that he would

inspire your confidence, while he excited your curiosity; and, when he brought his work together, he made all the parts unite, with a dovetail fitness, into one harmonious whole.

He took a limited field for each discourse. Patient labor is wont to limit its bounds. The sluggish Indian ranges mountains and valleys, forests and streams, for his scanty fare, while he whose hand has brought agriculture to comparative perfection, derives ample sustenance from one blooming acre. Thus, the mental sluggard sweeps half a universe for a discourse, while he who has learned to use the intellectual spade, educes a rich storehouse from each narrow footstep. To make a discovery one must *fix* the microscope, or teach the telescope to follow *one* star around the heavens. The preacher who always takes a text which allows him "to preach up and down the Scriptures," is not the steward who from his treasury brings forth *new* things. Nor can he bring *sweet* things—honey comes from a pressed comb; nor rich things—gold is not gathered on horseback. Bigelow was particularly careful to limit his walk. If he attacked skepticism, he took such a subject as the folly of atheism, or the nakedness of deism, stripped of its borrowed garments; if he discoursed of the evidence of revelation, he was accustomed first to select some branch—if it were the external, he would take some subdivision—if that were prophecy, he would limit himself to one fulfilled prediction. But though his subject was bounded, his thoughts were free—an exceeding copiousness and richness of idea characterized his efforts, but not the copiousness of repetition. True, he often repeated, in figurative language, what he had expressed in literal; he sometimes expanded in a long sentence what he had announced in a sententious one; he often *detained* the audience upon an idea till it was sufficiently *impressed*; but he marched

onward as soon as it was allowable, through a beautiful variety of conception. Indeed, such was the vigor of his mind that he found it difficult to restrain himself from digression, and in going through his subject, often acquired such a mental momentum that, like a race-horse at the goal, he plunged beyond it. Hence he frequently protracted his discourses too long; but such were his strength and ardor, that he could entertain an audience in rapt attention for three successive hours.

He had a definite design. We sometimes hear a flowery address from a distinguished orator, who, just as he closes, informs the hearers of his subject, supposing that if he do not, they will never know. Such cases remind us of the artist who, having painted a horse and a house, thought it necessary to write under one, "This is the house," and under the other, "This is the horse." A definite purpose is so important that no excellence can atone for its absence. It is a broad beauty, which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Homer could not have made the Iliad without a definite purpose. The lesson that discord is weakness, and union is strength, is constantly before him, and gives unity to all his splendid creations, which, without some plastic thought, would lie, like scattered ruins, along the "city of the dead." Shakespeare has a thousand faults; but by a majestic oneness of purpose, he so hurries the reader through every scene that he does not allow him to stop at the rubbish which sometimes incumbers his path. The pulpit is often accused of indefiniteness of purpose. If the lawyer, or the politician, or the legislator wander from his subject, it is at the peril of defeat. Not so the preacher: he is even under strong temptations to stroll in a wilderness of generalities. Who has not often heard discourses for which it would be difficult to find either a name or a psalm? Yet they may have been limited in regard to subject.

You can often map the region of a man's wanderings when you can not mark his destination. Bigelow did not always keep a direct line. A river may have many windings, and yet be constantly rolling to the ocean. Nor did he travel an unornamented way. The orator, like Hippomenes, may scatter golden apples in his path, when they give him advantage in the race, though not like Atalanta, pick up ornaments when he should be pressing to the goal. It is difficult for an orator of fine fancy to avoid regarding his best imagery as *objects* instead of *instruments*. When, like Iris, in his upward flight, he cuts a bow in the cloud, he is tempted to show its prismatic beauties to the multitude below, instead of rushing, godlike, up the heavens. Bigelow kept his purpose steadily in view, and used no argument or embellishment for its mere power or beauty, but chose every thing, as he advanced, with a distinct reference to its bearing upon the leading point. If he took you through a field of daises and buttercups, or a grove of oranges or palm trees, it was because they happened to be in his way. Nor did he lead you through a beauteous region, as a father would his children, to gaze upon the flowers, but as a general does his troops, to trample them under foot. If he leads his audience to some Alpine hight, where,

"Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder —————,
And Jura answers through her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps,"

he does not, like Byron, leap with a wild eye and a wilder heart, through the august scenery, but, like Napoleon surmounting the peak, and pointing to a sunny land before him, he sends down through the fiery clouds a still small voice, more sublime than the thunder itself.

His habits of thought were evinced by his variety. To this the itinerant system is not favorable. By affording opportunity to preach the same sermon frequently, it supplies a strong temptation either to indolence, or a concentration of attention on favorite topics. The want of variety is not, however, confined to the pulpit of the itinerancy. Logic, in teaching that three propositions may be put together in more than threescore ways, gives a hint that heads of sermons, also, may be variously combined, and that a few discourses, ingeniously managed by the rules of permutation, may last a lifetime. Bigelow's fame drew auditors from congregation to congregation, so that, while preaching in strange pulpits, he often saw familiar faces. He was less in want of sermons than of opportunities to preach them. He rarely met with a colleague who could keep pace with him. Where custom required but thirty-two sermons, I have known him to preach one hundred. His discourses were various as well as numerous. They were uniformly good. Regarding every occasion of preaching to dying men as unspeakably important, he proclaimed the truth at all times with all his might. "Bigelow never preached a poor sermon," was the testimony of a competent witness. A lawyer of the Episcopal Church, living in a city where Bigelow was stationed, after disease had made inroads upon him, said, "I never heard him without becoming both a wiser and a better man."

His patient thought was evident, also, from his originality. He was original, not in the sense of creating, which belongs to God, nor in the sense of discovering, which belongs to philosophy, but in illustrating, combining, and arguing. He had, too, a mode of so throwing new light on old truth as to make it sparkle. He could ascend from truth to truth till he reached lofty summits, and enjoyed extended views. The ease with which he

moved through the most difficult arguments, the readiness with which he turned every accident to good account, the power with which, like an arrested stream, he heaped up argument till he broke down resistance, convinced every hearer that he relied upon his own resources. Many intelligent clergymen say that, on the evidences and doctrines of Christianity, they have never read or heard arguments similar or superior to his. But is this the highest originality to which the ministry dare aspire? True, the desire to know as angels, to see more of God, to vindicate his ways to man, is ever pushing daring reason toward sacred heights. But the untrodden mount of God, like Sinai, has a trembling base and a smoking summit; and whoever passes its borders is thrust through with a dart. Bigelow knew his limits; and,

" Though his adventurous spirit loved to urge
The laboring theme to reason's utmost verge,
Kindling and mounting from the enraptured sight,
Till anxious wonder watched the daring flight,"

yet he never soared so high as to give devils a triumph by his fall. The restraint of conjecture which characterized his public discourses, marked, also, his private intercourse. He was cautious, even with confidential and judicious friends, how he *supplied* by conjecture, and sustained by probability, what God has seen fit to *withhold*, or how he *gathered* the truths which heaven has *scattered*—to combine in *theory* what the Bible presents *without system*. This will appear matter, at once, of surprise and praise, when we consider the natural tendency of a luminous understanding, when taken into the fields of religion, to throw its beams upon those clouds with which the Almighty hath environed the horizon of religious truth. There were occasions, however, when he ventured beyond the bounds which reason generally regards as her utmost limits. An intelligent clergyman

once went to him, oppressed with the moral problem of the heathen world. No sooner had he mentioned the subject than Bigelow began to bear him up to a region of light, where all his doubts and perplexities vanished. He retired perfectly satisfied, but has never been able to recall the arguments which quieted him. Inquiring minds, of gloomy tendencies, are sometimes to be relieved in this manner, but let not ordinary intellects attempt the task lest they give a serpent for a fish.

III. Bigelow was a man of acute sensibilities. He *felt*. Hence the zeal, the vehemence, the rapidity, the overmastering energy that characterized his preaching. A susceptible heart is indispensable in oratory. No pains can make some men orators—no neglect or misfortune can prevent others from becoming such. Flinty intellect may convince, but it can not move—fine fancy may please, but it can not rouse—as well refute arguments with muscles as inflame passions with mere brain. Heart responds only to heart. Feeling can not be successfully counterfeited. The *child* can trace the workings of the breast, and distinguish the feigned love or anger from the true. To Demosthenes all ages accord the palm of eloquence. What was the secret of his success? Not his person, his gesticulation, his voice, or his enunciation; in none of these particulars did he excel. Not his learning; in this hundreds of his fellow-citizens surpassed him. Not the splendor of his style; in this he was to Plato as a star to the sun. Not his power of reasoning; in penetration and analysis he was a child to Socrates. It was his deep feeling. The flames, spread all around him, were kindled by his *fiery heart*. The encroachments of Philip roused his anger, his disdain, his indignation. These kindled his eye, unloosed his tongue, and shaped the dignified and overpowering periods which moved the Athenian multitude to madness and to arms. But how

shall we understand him when he says that the first, the second, the third requisite in oratory is "delivery?" He means *earnestness*—such an eye, countenance, attitude, manner, as shows that the speaker understands, believes, *feels* what he says. But whence Bigelow's intense and sustained feeling? He was imbued with the principle which built the ark, raised the calm head of Job above the billows, made Abraham the pattern for all ages, opened a dry path through the sea, and fountains in the wilderness, scattered alien armies before David's sword, anointed Isaiah's lips with holy fire, and charioted in flame the ascending prophet—that principle which, though perverted, inspired the Grecian chisel and the Roman easel, strewed flowers over the pages of Homer and of Virgil, and still speaks from the opening tombs and moldering columns of the east. His soul was borne to sublime heights on "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Mindful of the "better country," he cheerfully gave to the Church a golden head, which, devoted to the state, would have ranked him with Patrick Henry. "Esteeming the reproaches of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt," though welcome to the gorgeous pulpit, he chose one every-where spoken against. He might have received plaudits in the mansions of the east, but he dedicated himself to the cabins of the west, and, with a glad heart, blazed his way through the pathless forest, to seek the hut of the settler or the wigwam of the savage. Vain philosophy never spoiled him. To his eye the earth was no mystery—the heavens no problem. His faith peopled the one with undying spirits, the other with the hosts of God. He took every step of his journey to heaven in the midst of ascending and descending angels. In temptation he endured "as seeing Him who is invisible." When he spoke he committed his tongue to the Almighty; and

when his exhausted body, ready to sink into the earth as he reached the last words, armed with sudden and unearthly ardor, it was because he heard "his Master's footsteps behind him."

Such was Russel Bigelow. As a preacher he had his faults. His discourses were often too long and elaborated, his arguments not always in a direct line of sequence, his peroration sometimes discursive; but take him all in all, the writer believes that he has yet to hear his equal.

Bigelow's Early Life.

RUSSEL BIGELOW was the third child, but eldest son, of respectable parents in the ordinary walks of life, both of whom survived him. He was born in Chesterfield, Cheshire, N. H., February 24, 1793. His opportunities for education were very limited, though he learned to read in early life, and in his very childhood was a diligent student of the Bible, and other religious books. When he was eight years old his father removed to Vermont. At the age of nine he was awakened and made a subject of converting grace under the preaching of the Methodist ministry, though he made no profession of religion at this time. Soon after his family removed to a parish in Lower Canada, where religious meetings were seldom held and religious persons rarely met with. He became a backslider in heart, and in this condition continued for four years. Under the earnest prayer of a sister, he was reclaimed, and found great peace in believing. He now—May, 1806—united with the society. Alluding to the repugnance which many feel to the reception of children into the Church, he often remarked, in later life, "I expect to bless God eternally for the privilege of becoming a member while I was so young." In his fifteenth year he felt that he *would* be called to preach. He continued to grow in grace, avoided the company of the thoughtless and gay, sought the society of the pious, and was derisively called by his young acquaintances "the Deacon," or "the old Deacon." In

1812 he removed to Worthington, O. About this time, when he was nineteen years of age, he was licensed to exhort. Unexpected trials and embarrassments awaited him in the pulpit, under the pressure of which he resolved to give up the idea of preaching. A horror now seized his mind, from which he could find no relief but in a quiet submission to his convictions of duty.

He was industrious in his habits, and labored successfully with his hands; and though early urged to enter the itinerant ranks, he long delayed, being fearful lest he should "run too fast." His internal conflict was so great on one occasion that he "wandered away." Describing the feelings of his soul at this period, he says, "I never came so near being willing to exchange situations with the reptiles of the earth as at this time."

On the 15th of October, 1814, he started for his first circuit, which was in Kentucky. His natural timidity, his youthful appearance, his low stature, his awkward manners, his unprepossessing face, and his slovenly dress, gave his congregations but poor promise of edification and instruction. Many a proud man sneered, and many a pious one prayed, as he entered the church with his saddle-bags in one hand and hat in the other, and bashfully hid himself in the pulpit. It was soon apparent that he was humble and devoted; and as he progressed in his discourse, the wicked lost their contempt, and the good their mortification; the sluggish were aroused, and the intelligent were amazed; arrows of conviction flew thick and fast; sinners were slain on the right and left; the atoning Lamb was lifted up, and the dead were made alive by his blood.

His next circuit was Miami, on which he was associated with A. Cummings. In 1816, after having been ordained deacon, he was appointed to Lawrencburg circuit, Ia., where he was favored with the counsel of Allen Wiley,

who was this year his beloved colleague. During this year he was married to Margaret Irwin, by whom he had seven children, who all survived him. In his journal he writes concerning his marriage these significant words, which the young would do well to ponder: "I now think it would have been better had I remained single a few years longer." His domestic embarrassments did not, however, diminish his domestic attachments.

In 1817 he was appointed to Oxford circuit, where he encountered many hardships, and on one occasion was well-nigh drowned. In 1818 he was ordained elder, and reappointed to Oxford. I can not trace his path from year to year. He was some years after this appointed in charge of the Wyandott mission, and in the year 1829, I think, appointed to Portland district—so called from Sandusky City, which was then known as Portland. It was while he occupied this position that I became acquainted with him, and had the privilege of listening to his strange eloquence and enjoying his paternal counsels and pastoral care.

After twenty years of toilsome service in the itinerancy, his health failing, he retired, in hopes to spend the rest of his days on a small farm. From his retirement he was called to the chaplaincy of the Ohio penitentiary, where, preaching to the "spirits in prison" with the zeal, and sympathy, and power, which characterized him in every other situation, he sank calmly and triumphantly into the arms of death.

I can not forbear to add a few remarks which the notes before me suggest, although at the risk of repeating what I have already said. He filled with honor every office in the Church but that of bishop—an office which, had his life been protracted, he would have adorned. He had the manners of a gentleman, the graces of a Christian, and the gifts of an orator.

His favorite theme was the atonement. This gave animation to his hopes, fire to his tongue, luster to his discourses, harmony to his doctrines, and efficacy to his labors. On all the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel he was clear and uncompromising, eliminating them from error with a hand that never wanted cunning, and heart that never wanted courage.

His favorite book was the Bible, which he was accustomed to study through and through, by course, upon his knees.

His favorite refreshment was prayer. To this he devoted the first moments after he rose from his bed. At eight o'clock he retired again for closet devotion. For the last five years of his life, however, in order that he might be at the throne of grace at the same time that a beloved brother—Rev. Mr. S.—was there, he changed the hour to nine o'clock. At midday he sought again the Sun of righteousness; three o'clock, and twilight, and the hour before retiring to rest, were other periods when he devoutly and privately communed with God. Thus, morning, noon, and night—at nine, at three, and at twilight, did this good man regularly retire to his "closet." The hour which he most prized was twilight, because it was associated with his regeneration. At this time he was accustomed to remember every preacher on his district, and every awakened person who had within the last three months solicited an interest in his prayers. He would bring them, name by name, before God, dwelling upon the peculiar dangers, or trials, or wants of each case as a father would plead for his children.

His family prayers were marked by all the fervor and energy of his more public ministration. Indeed, *earnestness* marked all his labors. Whether in private or public, teaching in the Sabbath school, praying at the altar, preaching on the camp-ground, presiding in the

conference, or writing in the committee-room, he was a man of zeal. Love animated and sustained him; so that his zeal was tempered with sweetness, his firmness with mildness, his courage with tenderness, and his godly daring with a most subduing affection, as if, like his Master, he would "draw all men unto him." Just to conscientiousness, *exact* to scrupulousness, and orderly as a field-marshal, he avoided even the *appearance* of evil.

Long-suffering and forbearing, his expostulations with sinners were in tones of mercy, till mercy ceased to be a virtue, when he rose with the majesty of a monarch to assert the dignity of law in tones that made the rebellious tremble. This, however, was not often the case. His charity covered a multitude of sins. It was ingenious perhaps to a fault, in devising excuses for offenders, and putting the most favorable aspects upon every case.

At the root of all his excellences was a mighty *faith*. He believed God implicitly; relied upon him unwaveringly; wrestled with him victoriously; continuing in prayer till petition burst into thanksgiving.

Recollections of Dr. Drake.

THE year 1852 is noted for the death of great men. It has sealed the eyes of few greater than Daniel Drake. In 1827, when the writer commenced the study of medicine, Dr. Drake both stood confessedly at the head of his profession in the west, and occupied a high rank among philanthropists and men of letters. He had founded the Medical College of Ohio, established a scientific and medical journal, distinguished himself as a professor in the Medical Department of Transylvania University, published his "Picture of Cincinnati," stamped his character on many of the aspiring youth of our country, and sent his name abroad on several valuable and well-written essays, either on medical topics or kindred ones. Cincinnati is largely indebted to him both for her fame and her prosperity.

Among the articles from his pen, which at that early day I had met with, were his sketch of Dr. Hines, of Kentucky, his review of a case of murder tried in the Supreme Court of Ohio, hints on medical education, and speculations concerning the *modus operandi* of medicines. He was a western man in education, habits, and feelings. Though a native of New Jersey—where he was born, 1785—he was reared in the woods of Kentucky, the chivalrous spirit of whose pioneer sons he had early imbibed. His preparatory education must have been very limited, for the west had but few educational facilities at that early period. He commenced the study of medicine in his sixteenth year, in the office of Dr. Go-

forth, at the city of Cincinnati, which he always regarded as his home. The following characteristic letter, which I received, as secretary of one of the district medical societies, shows at once his attachment to our state, from which he could not be driven either by injustice or ingratitude, and his perseverance, which neither opposition nor misfortune could subdue :

“CINCINNATI, *May 6, 1831.*

“To the Physicians resident in the Twenty-Third Medical District of Ohio:

“GENTLEMEN,—It must be known to such of you as have long resided in the state of Ohio, that in the year 1819 I had the honor to obtain from the General Assembly an act of incorporation for a medical college in this city; it is also generally known that circumstances, which at this late period I shall not recount, separated me unwillingly from the infant institution, and united me successively with two other schools in Lexington and Philadelphia.

“During my sojourn abroad, however, I could not forget that Ohio was my home; and having been the first to project a medical institution within her limits, I felt myself at liberty to resume medical instruction on the spot where I had begun it. By the accompanying circular you will perceive that I have, at length, had the good fortune to acquire a body of associates, most of whom are experienced and eminent professors. Both they and myself are deeply impressed with the value of your respect and patronage; and I beg leave to say, that we shall labor unceasingly to deserve the former as the only honorable means of acquiring the latter.

“We have asked nothing from the Miami University—from the state—from society—from or of the existing institution in this city. We are creating and collecting, with our own private means, the material

requisite to our enterprise; and relying on nothing but our own exertions, they will, of course, be such as can scarcely fail to be beneficial to those who may become our pupils, and must contribute something to the general advancement of the profession in the west.

"As a fellow-citizen of Ohio, I take the liberty of soliciting your individual confidence and support toward a project which I shall continue zealously, if not ably, to prosecute for the remainder of my life.

"I have the honor to be, respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"DANIEL DRAKE."

Some things in this letter can hardly be understood without an inkling of Cincinnati medical politics, which, by the way, would make a very curious chapter. One particular only can be referred to here. At a meeting of the Faculty of the Medical College of Ohio, at which three members were present—Dr. Drake presiding—one gentleman made a motion that the presiding officer be expelled; the other seconded it. Dr. Drake, as in duty bound, put it, and, of course, it carried; after which he left the chair, made his bow, and retired. With all the Doctor's talent, he seemed to lack the ability to control men; he had but little cunning—that resource of weak minds. Had he been Aristomenes, he would not have escaped to the fortress of Ira; for he could not have followed the tracks of a fox. Perhaps he was ambitious; perhaps he was headstrong and uncompromising; perhaps he was impatient at seeing colleagues, from whom he had hoped much, doing comparatively little to advance the interests of the College or of the profession to which they belonged. Certain it is that he had difficulties and antagonists wherever he went. Sanguine and energetic, he was himself an unsparing adversary. Woe to the man, sooner or later, upon whom he directed his

ire. He had wit, argument, satire in abundance, and a dauntless, relentless spirit of pursuit. It has been said that he sometimes, under strong provocation, used the *ad hominem* without the *argumentum*. But this, perhaps, is apocryphal. Well do I know, however, from the manner in which he talked of a duel that was arranged between a certain professor and a certain non-professor, but which the magistrate luckily *exploded* before the pistols were *loaded*, that he had "*combativeness*" pretty well developed. Although the Doctor had foes, he never failed to have *friends*, whom he could command to almost any extent.

His manners were remarkably engaging. I know a clergyman, having no claims upon him further than an introduction, who was so kindly treated by him that he remembers him with gratitude to this day. The Doctor, having taken him by the hand, set him at ease at once; and, after a short and pleasant interview, as the clergyman arose to depart, the Doctor seized him by the hand, as if he had been an old acquaintance, and said, "Let me see you this evening to tea. Dr. B., of Oxford, will sup with me, and I expect a few friends to meet him. Will you make one of the number?" According to his invitation, the young clergyman called in the afternoon, and found, to his surprise, many of the magnates of the land. Being but a youth, a clergyman, a Methodist, the only Methodist in company, and being dressed according to the straitest sect of Methodists, he felt no little embarrassment. Formerly he had been something of a dandy, but no sooner had he united with the Church than his beloved brethren disrobed him of his usual guise, and arrayed him in their most approved clerical habit, made, however, in the most *disapproved* manner, so that it called forth many a humorous remark from his former friends—a circumstance which, while it in-

creased his embarrassment in company, did not prevent him from being an obedient son in the Gospel. He remembered that St. Paul said, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth;" and he inferred, if fashionable clothing make my brother to offend, etc. The Doctor did not fail to observe his uneasiness, and took special pains to allay it, directing his conversation especially to him, till he made him forget every thing in his own gratification.

In personal appearance the Doctor was not imposing. He was of medium hight, rather slender, but compactly built, with muscular, agile limbs; his face had coarse and expressive features; his head was long and his forehead low. It appeared lower, however, than it actually was, from two circumstances—one was that his curly auburn hair grew low down toward his eyebrows; another was the full development of what phrenologists call the organs of perception. From this region his head rose with a gentle slope till you reached the crown, where the organs that strengthen all the rest, to speak phrenologically, sat upon a massive throne. He dressed in a plain though neat manner. I never saw him wear ornaments of any description, or even use a cane. He walked generally with rapidity; and as he pressed through the thronged streets, he would hardly be taken by any one for a man of consequence.

His social qualities were remarkable. His acquaintance being extensive, his threshold was often crossed by guests, whom he always treated hospitably. Indeed, his house was almost always open; and whenever a notable stranger was in the city, it was usually the scene of a party. On several of these occasions it was my good fortune to make one of the number. It was one of the Doctor's weaknesses not to count the cost. Although he always had a leading and lucrative practice, and during

the latter half of his fifty years' professional service added the avails of a professorship to his fees, he never became rich. He was not one of those doctors who count the fees more carefully than the pulse. Addition did not seem to enter into his pecuniary calculations—if, indeed, he ever made any—and the only rule of arithmetic in which he appeared skillful was reduction. This is a peculiarity which often attaches to greatness, but rarely to littleness. It is gratifying to learn that toward the close of life he was much more agreeably situated, and that he left behind him a comfortable home. Perhaps this was owing to the fact, that in later years, as he traveled abroad considerably, he had fewer opportunities of displaying his hospitality and generosity. It may be, too, that his former embarrassments had learned him a lesson of prudence, though he did not seem inclined to that species of instruction; his mind was too much absorbed, and his hand too near his heart. Indeed, I think he felt somewhat like Carlyle, who says, "Nature, when her scorn of a slave is divinest, and blazes like the blinding lightning against his slavehood, often enough flings him a bag of money, saying, 'That, away; thy *doom* is that!'"

On occasions of ingathering at his mansion the Doctor appeared to be the happiest of the happy. He, however, never indulged in levity, but, with all the radiations of his cheerfulness and the flashes of his wit, maintained a becoming dignity; he appeared to illumine every one who came within the light of his countenance. On one occasion, which is fresh in my memory, in the winter of 1836, he invited the professors and pupils of both the medical schools—Ohio Medical College and Cincinnati College—together with the lawyers, judges, doctors, etc., of the city. His double parlor and hall were well filled; few, if any, pretended to sit. We were distributed into

little groups, according to elective affinity. In one corner, as I learned, there was placed, after I left, a buck-eye stump, to call forth a species of oratory peculiar to western genius—a kind, too, in which few men could excel the Doctor himself. In due time the company moved, as best they could, to an adjoining room, where a splendid supper was in waiting. As there were no ladies to soften the intercourse of the party, except the beautiful misses—now, I am told, sage matrons—who poured the coffee, it was somewhat surprising that good order and good feeling were preserved to the close. None but a *genius* presiding could have prevented occasional outbursts of unpleasant feeling. Those will appreciate this remark who know any thing of the *genus irritabile* of which the party was chiefly composed. Dr. Drake had just brought into existence the Medical Department of the Cincinnati College; the jealousy of the Ohio Medical College was at its height; the students of the different schools sympathized with their respective professors; the medical societies were debating doctrinal points in relation to which the different colleges in the city took opposite sides. Well, out of the abundance of the heart the mouth *will* speak, and there must be in these groups unpleasant altercations. But the Doctor will interpose. Here he is, coming toward a group rather larger than the rest, who have gathered around two disputants that have grown warm in debate. Having gently made his way to the contending parties, the Doctor stands a moment, with smiling countenance, and seeing a Dr. Woolley opposite to him, he takes one of the disputants by the arm, and nodding to Dr. Woolley, says, “You take that gentleman under your *wool*, and I will take this one under my *feathers*.” The group joined in the hearty laugh, and, as the Doctor moved off with his willing captive, one cried out, “I hope you will hatch

him out a young Drake." "Nay, nay," replied the Doctor, "a young *eagle*." In this way the presiding genius kept order in the midst of confusion, and harmony in the midst of strife. I have often contrasted such exhibitions of his power with the storms that he is said to have raised around him in the colleges with which he was connected, though, doubtless, these have been greatly exaggerated.

He was a man of very extensive information and unceasing application. In mathematics I have no doubt he was well educated. In the languages he had, I suppose, respectable attainments. I have been told that he studied the Latin grammar after he entered upon practice, and devoted to it regularly the spare moments during which he waited for his meals. He did not, however, value languages very highly; he was wont to say, "We need *minds*, rather than *tongues*, in the medical profession." In the natural sciences he was a master; and his composition shows him to have been versed in belles-lettres. All his accomplishments were probably due to his own unaided exertions. The only professional charge which I ever heard brought against him was, that, instead of confining his attention strictly to his profession, he extended his researches over the whole domain of science. It were well, as he once shrewdly observed, if such a charge could be brought against some other members of the profession, whose walks, to say the least, are none too extensive. He was a foe to all narrow-mindedness. He was at home any where in nature, of which he was a fond observer—in science, in poetry, in philosophy, in the practical arts and the fine arts. Hence, his conversation was remarkably interesting to almost every one with whom he met.

Although devoted to his profession, he did not neglect the general interests of society. Few men had more

public spirit. He was among the most able and earnest champions of the temperance cause. To no man, not even Dr. Beecher himself, is that cause in the west more indebted. Disconnected with the clergy, and a leading member of a most influential profession, his words told with irresistible effect upon the masses. Nor was his eloquence addressed to the populace alone. At an early day he delivered an address on temperance before the Legislature of Ohio, which, being published and distributed by the members of that body, contributed greatly to enlighten all classes. The mode in which he treats the subject is so philosophical, the illustrations are so impressive, and the argumentation is so clear, that it could not fail to carry conviction to every candid reader. It is not the less valuable, in a certain circle, because it is confined chiefly to the physiological causes and consequences of this sin, and its temporal bearings upon individual and national character and happiness. Some time during the winter of 1836, if I err not, at a meeting called to consider the propriety of a railroad connection with the Atlantic at Charleston, South Carolina, I found among the chief advocates of the measure Dr. Drake and General Harrison. Many of the leading capitalists of the city looked with jealousy upon the proposition; and, as it was understood to be a favorite with Dr. Drake, he was looked to for answers to the objections which the jealousy had conjured up. He was called for toward the close of the meeting by general request, and dispersed the opposition. He subsequently attended the Knoxville Convention—the salient point of those movements which will soon connect the Ohio with the southern Atlantic seaboard, and enable the north and the south to exchange fruits in a few hours. In the College of Teachers he was a leading spirit, taxing his energies, in the most busy season of the year, to prepare ad-

dresses or reports for it, or to participate in its discussions.

As a writer Dr. Drake stands in the first rank. His matter is always important; and considering how much he wrote, this is no small praise. His style is generally vigorous and neat—often elegant; he expresses truth clearly, and by his lively fancy often throws an irresistible fascination around the most repulsive theme. It is not a little remarkable, considering how the Doctor was educated, that his pages frequently sparkle with tasteful classical allusions. To illustrate these observations, I introduce a few quotations from a semi-professional review of some works on physical education.

Of stimulating drinks he says: "Students commit upon their physical systems the most deplorable outrages with these fascinating stimulants. No other drinks impart such excitement to the feelings and faculties of the mind. To the sprightly they are nectar; to the dull, the waters of Pierus—who under their influence rise like Dedalus, and soar for an hour on the wings of genius."

Of absurdities in dress he says: "Did our daughters escape from the trammels of fashion when they escape from their leading strings, one source of our professional income would be dried up. But fortunately for the faculty, a time arrives when, fascinated by fashion, as the sparrow by the serpent, they yield themselves up, and walk deliberately into new shackles, prepared and brandished to their view by maternal affection. Now comes the bed of Procrustes—not, however, to bring all our daughters to the same length, but the same breadth. The shaft of the animated column must be compressed in the middle; its proportions improved, till it shall approach the *beau idéal* of the *beau monde*, and captivate the *beaux*. What does it signify if the stomach, lungs,

and heart, like plants sprouting beneath logs and stones, should germinate in new and unnatural directions, or be arrested in their growth, or fall into disuse—will not the end justify the means? Who would not prefer sickness and premature death to the criticisms of the *haut ton*?" This extract has been extended to give you a specimen of his delicate and peculiarly characteristic raillery.

Touching irregularities in sleep, he says: "The ambitious and excitable should not be permitted to abridge the necessary hours of sleep for the prosecution of their class studies. They should never sit up to a late hour for this purpose. They study much better, and with less injury to the constitution, in the morning than at night. To retire early and rise early is the law and inclination of childhood, which the usages of society frequently contravene. Young men devoted to study frequently perpetrate the same violation, and never escape the penalty—weak, watery, and inflamed eyes, headaches, indigestion, or irritability. The emulous youth should be admonished that he can not scale the heights of Parnassus by midnight assaults. Even the Ogre boots of Fairy-land would avail him nothing if drawn on during the hours consecrated to rest."

Concerning exercise he says: "The dandy of the drawing-room can not expand into an Apollo Belvidere, nor the sluggard into a Hercules. Animated grace and living strength can come only from exercise."

Speaking of the ancients he says: "The motives for promoting a good development and preserving health and vigor in ancient times, connected themselves with the great functions which men were called on to perform in society; while the methods by which they of necessity acquired their knowledge were favorable to the same objects. Having, as we have seen, when compared with the

moderns, but few books, they supplied the aliment of thought by observation, and the practice of observation kept them active. The great map of external nature lay unfolded before them, all fresh and beautiful—from the hand of the Creator; they traversed its untrodden wilds; clambered its frowning and unscaled precipices; descended into its deep and unexplored valleys; meandered its streams, as they murmured through vast and unpeopled solitude; marked the external features of general nature; listened to the chorus of the animal kingdom, from the bee of Mount Hymettus to the lion of Abyssinia; inhaled the fragrance of the vegetable world, and feasted their vision on its forms and colors in a region which, more than any other, combines the useful plants of the north with the luscious fruits and beautiful flowers of the south; their eyes wandered among the clouds, and noted the forms and colors which portend changes in the constitution of the air, the causes of which philosophy has not yet revealed; beyond the clouds they counted the stars, and gave names to the various constellations; finally, turning upon themselves, they studied man in society as he then was, not as he had been, by observation instead of historical research, made him display himself in action through all the stages of life, and looked on, and applauded, and registered his feats in the Elean, funeral, and Neptunean games—in the gymnasium, the portico, and the grove—in the arena, the circus, the forum, and the senate. Philosophers then traveled on foot from city to city, as a means of that improvement which is now sought by crawling from alcove to alcove of our moldering libraries; inhabiting a genial climate, they read and conversed, and thought in the wide and moving air; the teacher then assembled his pupils around him in open colonnades, or under the shade of majestic and embowering trees, where they breathed a pure atmosphere; while

the fanning trees kept down that fever of the brain which consumes the student of modern days."

I have made this extract to let you into the secret of the Doctor's power as a thinker and writer. His education, from necessity at first, and subsequently from choice, was, in a great measure, under the open arch of heaven. Imitating the ancients in their mode of learning, he imitated them also in their raciness and originality of thought, in sternness and inflexibility of will, and in freshness and wealth of illustration. In his strictly-professional productions his style is more chastened; he rarely indulges himself in any play of fancy; but in his non-professional articles, where he gives loose to his imagination and emotions, he sometimes holds the heart spell-bound. What can exceed the following description? I wish I could give it to you as I received it fresh from the author's lips, "in a voice soft as the breath of the south on a bed of violets." He is describing a pleasure-excursion of a school:

"Spring is unfolding her beauties; the air is genial; the light is now and then interrupted by a passing cloud raised high in the heavens, and threatening no shower to damp their ardor; the meadow lark perched on the crag of a decaying stump, and the cat-bird in the thicket, raise their notes, and the urchins hasten to the spot, and put the songsters to flight; the squirrel is then treed, and lies flat and quiet on the limb, while club after club flies harmless by; one boy, more aspiring than the rest, attempts to climb the trunk, becomes dizzy and slides sheepishly over its rough bark, ashamed to catch the eye of her whose admiration he sought to win, and half provoked at the shouts of merriment which his failure called forth, to die away the next moment when some straggler announces a new violet raising its timid head through the leaves of the preceding autumn. Then the steep hill,

and the race of the boys and girls to its top; the descent to the new and shaded hollow beyond; the jumping of the little brook, and the young gallantries it brings forth; the lying down to drink of some thirsty boy, and another, filled with mischief, putting his face into the water from behind; the discovery of a petrification, and the gathering together to wonder at its form and struggle for its possession. Now the admiration of the half-expanded buds, and a transient comparison of those of different bushes! Then the union of all the boys under some leader, designated, as it were, by instinct, to roll over the rotten log, and the discovery of a harmless little snake; the instinctive impulse to kill, the haste and uproar of the execution, and the terror of the girls, who afterward see a snake in every stick they are about to tread upon! The continuance of the ramble till it reaches the dogwood, the rosebud, and the buckeye, with their blooming limbs; the climbing, the breaking, the throwing down, and the scrambling below, till all are loaded to their heart's content; and, by some new route, they return home, fatigued and hungry, to tell of great discoveries and boast of great deeds."

As a *lecturer* Doctor Drake was very interesting. It is not always, nor even often, that good writers are good speakers; for example, Burke, a most magnificent writer, was called the Dinner-bell of Parliament, because his rising was a signal for the members to depart. Doctor Drake possessed great versatility of genius. I have heard him, I suppose, a hundred times in the lecture-room, and rarely have I seen him use a manuscript in giving instruction to his class. In his earlier years he probably wrote his lectures in full—when I heard him he was about fifty years of age. He often hesitated, both in private conversation and in lecturing, as if at a loss for a word, but when he found it, he sounded it like a clap of

thunder. Frequently, at the commencement of a lecture, he was cold, but he would seldom conclude without kindling into a blaze. On one occasion, when I took a stranger—a physician from the north—to hear him, he was dull throughout; and, on leaving the lecture-room, my friend could hardly be persuaded that he had been listening to Doctor Drake. When, at last, his doubts were dissipated, although he was assured that the Doctor was unusually prosing, he insisted that, as a lecturer, he was vastly overrated. The next day he heard him again, and was better pleased; the third day he listened to him once more. This time the Doctor was peculiarly happy. During the two preceding lectures he had been hewing the beams of his chambers, cutting his columns from the marble, and melting the metal for his spire; and now each stone, each beam, seeks its place, shaft after shaft rises on its base, the walls are finished, the cap-stone is put on with shouting, the spire pierces the lower clouds, and the architect walks around to point out the order, and magnitude, and proportions of the edifice. Glancing at my friend's countenance, I could but perceive the working of strong emotions—admiration, surprise, astonishment. As we passed out of the door he said, with his face, nay, his *whole person*, full of expression: "I give it up; don't say a word; that is Doctor Drake." His chair at this time was "The Theory and Practice of Medicine." I had heard Chapman, Eberle, and Jackson on the same subject, but I could not think any of them equal to Drake. Disregarding all former systems, he, with profound and searching analysis, laid hold of general principles, and traced them to their legitimate results; he taught men to prescribe, not for the names of diseases, but for their symptoms; he grouped diseases according to their pathology, following, in general, the works of Andral; he put the young mind upon the track of

thought; he encouraged it to observe, to reason, to generalize for itself, and, while it paid a due respect to authority, to seek a better repose for its conclusions.

He was still more brilliant in debate. He knew, at a glance, his adversary's position—its strength and its weakness; he was conscious of his own power; he laid down no proposition which he did not feel sure that he could sustain; he quoted no evidence of doubtful authority; he arrayed his argumentative forces with consummate skill; and, being very ambitious, he was fully determined on victory; so that, when he charged, it was with a soul well equipped, well disciplined, and wrought up to its highest energies—at times appearing terrific by its majesty. I have been *told* that in debate with Doctor J., of Philadelphia—the best debater of that medical Athens—Doctor Drake came off triumphant; but this I can not affirm. I saw him in debate with Doctor H., one of his own colleagues. The subject was the *modus operandi* of medicines. Doctor H. contended that they always operate by sympathy; Doctor Drake that they sometimes operate by absorption also. The champions approached the arena in the prime of life: each had a favorite for which to contend—one around which his thoughts had centered, by day and night, for many of his best years; each seemed anxious for the contest; each confident of the victory; each with his chosen weapons, firm and furbished; each with a proud, determined soul. During the first evening it was doubtful which had the advantage. Doctor H. moved upon his antagonist strongly, steadily, nobly. Doctor Drake sustained the attack firmly—that is all. They seemed like two well-matched regiments in the charge, when, from line's end to line's end, steel meets steel and shoulder answers to shoulder. The next evening the debate was less sustained; there were heavy blows given and received

on both sides, but there were occasional relaxations and pauses. It was pretty evident, however, that victory had shown a disposition to perch upon the Drake standard, though both parties claimed her. The third evening Doctor Drake proceeded slowly, but steadily, to erect around himself a Gibraltar of defenses, in spite of all the annoyances of the foe. And now he looks out from his castle, to defy his assailant. The besieger plants his battering-rams, and thunders with all his power, and thunders again with redoubled fury; but all in vain. And now that he is exhausted, his secure antagonist comes forth to show him how easily he could *spear* him, and how friendly he is to *spare*. How hard pressed Doctor H. was, is clear from this: he resorted to the desperate proposition that God has given both to animals and vegetables, under certain circumstances, the power of creation; and, in illustration, he asked, "How otherwise can we account for the immense quantity of carbon which is necessary for the annual growth of our forests? or for the lime with which the coral reefs of the ocean are built up?"—lime, as he assumed, not being contained in sea-water. His object was to show, that the foreign substances proved to have been found in the fluids and even solids of the body had been *created* there by the vital functions, and not taken into the general circulation by absorption. It was easy to answer the questions of the Doctor, and also to show the absurdity of the general proposition. Dr. H., however, bore himself so gallantly that next day, when he entered the lecture-room, he was greeted with three times three cheers.

As a *traveler* perhaps Dr. Drake performed his greatest service. For many years he spent the summer season in tours of observation, with a view to his great work: "A Systematic Treatise, Historical, Etiological, and Practical, on the principal Diseases of the Interior Valley

of North America, as they appear in the Caucasian, African, Indian, and Esquimaux varieties of its Population"—a work which he regarded as the labor of his life, and of which the first volume is before the country—I may say, the world; and it has been pronounced abroad the greatest scientific work which America has produced. It has placed Ohio, in literary and scientific character, beside Massachusetts; Cincinnati beside Philadelphia; and has borne the name of Daniel Drake as far as those of Physick, Franklin, Rush. True, it does not announce any startling discoveries; but it embodies valuable facts, which could have been gathered only by immense and discriminating labor, combines recent improvements from foreign sources with those of our own country, and binds the whole together with practical observations, which serve nicely to eliminate the doubtful from the certain, and direct to a right application of all the truth that it communicates.

As a practitioner Dr. Drake was eminent. Many say, however, that as a *mere* practitioner he had competitors who ranked above him. This statement is not all unreasonable. There are certain natural gifts that fit a man for clinical service which are not generally bestowed; such as a peculiar delicacy of sense, of touch, of taste, of eyesight; a rapidity of thought which reaches conclusions as by instinct, and which is the very opposite of the cool reasoning which marks every step of its progress; a nice discrimination, which can divide "a hair twixt north and north-west side"—above all, a determined dogmatism that sets all doubt at defiance. Nevertheless, the Doctor was a *safe* physician; he seemed to practice rather more upon the expectant system than his brethren in the west generally did twenty years ago. I say not that he followed Stahl in a practice which has been styled a "meditation on death," or that his practice was not

sufficiently bold and vigorous. It was my good fortune to be under his care, and to enjoy his attention, his kindness and his benevolence. During the prevalence of cholera, several cases of that disease occurred in the family in which I boarded, and came under his treatment. The patients were young children, and it was delightful to mark the solicitude he felt for them, the sympathy he manifested for the friends, the tenderness and love with which he watched over the little sufferers or received them to his arms, and his serene countenance, which was enough of itself "to purge a pestilence;" finally, to mark the success of his treatment.

His *moral influence* was good. He was reared, I believe, under Baptist influence; but after his marriage, which occurred in 1806, he usually attended the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which, during the last eight or ten years of his life, he was a consistent member. He always entertained a profound veneration for God, and respect for the Bible, the Sabbath, and the Church. I heard him deliver a set of Sabbath morning lectures, in the hall of the Cincinnati College, to his medical class, and such others as desired to attend. One of these was on the Bible—its perfection, its grandeur, its title to universal acceptance; another on the Sabbath; a third on temperance; a fourth on gaming—its causes and fearful consequences; another on Sabbath reading, in which he enumerated a long list of works in theology, showing himself as familiar with theological as with medical literature. I never heard him advance any heterodox opinion, or recommend any theological work but such as orthodox divines approve. He had no bigotry. Though he admired the unsurpassed literature of the English Church, he could do justice to others. For example, he often remarked that he thought the Methodist preachers the most truly eloquent men in the country. His regard

for sacred things was not that of the politician; he *felt* their divinity; and it was not so much because he would have the world virtuous and happy that he recommended the Bible, as because he believed it to be true. In January, 1845, he writes, in the medical journal of which he was one of the editors, as follows—he is speaking of the Bible: "A faith in its wisdom as a book of mere human origin, such a faith as its careful study will never fail to inspire, may exert on the character of the individual the most genial influence. Under this view of its power it is that we recommend it to all who desire to cultivate their moral sentiments, their social feelings, and their manners. If it should not succeed, the case is hopeless. The deductions of moral philosophy will in vain essay to mold the heart which has resisted the sublime and simple precepts of the Bible. But there are higher and holier considerations, to which we now ascend. The Bible declares itself a book of revelation on the destiny and duty of man. If this be a fact, its profound and diligent study must be the duty of every man. But here steps in skepticism, and pronounces that, as it does not know that such was its origin, it is under no obligation to study it. Now, let us suppose that when Dr. Jenner published to the world that cow-pox was a preventive to small-pox, and would preserve the vaccinated, the profession at large had cherished the same skepticism, and refused to read his book, would they have been guiltless? Would not the lives of the victims of small-pox have been required at their hands? Do we not carefully examine every new system of medicine before we condemn it? Is it not according to the plainest dictates of common sense that we should do so? What is the firm fabric of modern medicine, but the combined materials which a critical examination of all the books that have been written for more than two thousand years has extracted from so many

masses of error, and perpetuated to the present time? Why, then, apply a different rule to the Bible?"

When he became a subject of grace, and united with the Church on profession of his faith, he manifested a remarkable change in spirit; he seemed all at once to pass from the heroic character to the Christian. Once "daring and active, quick in his sensibilities, jealous of his fame, eager in his attachments, inflexible in his purposes, violent in his resentments;" now "meek, yielding, complying, forgiving, not prompt to act but willing to suffer, silent and gentle under rudeness and insult, suing for reconciliation when others would demand satisfaction, giving way to the pushes of impudence, conceding and indulgent to the prejudices, the wrongheadedness, the intractability of those with whom he had to do."

His private virtues were as notable as his public labors; as a friend faithful, as a father affectionate, as a husband most attached and loving. I would not, if I could, lift up the vail to show his private hours, but I know enough to utter what I have. It was his misfortune to lose his wife, a most lovely woman—a niece of General Mansfield—in 1826, when he had scarce reached his prime. The loss of a wife is a most appalling one. It is awful to follow to the grave a father or mother, worse to yield up to the arms of death a child; but neither of these bereavements can, perhaps, be compared to the burial of a wife. When this wife has been regarded with romantic affection, how shall it be endured? And such was the love of Dr. Drake for his bosom companion. In treating of pulmonary diseases he sometimes alluded to her in strains fitted to draw tears from every eye. Dr. Darwin—in that strange book, the *Zoonomia*—says, that the more happy a man is in domestic life the more certainly and speedily will he escape from widowhood,

should he fall into it; but the world does not indorse the opinion. If it be true, it certainly needs qualification. It is right that a man who loses his companion should seek to replace her; but it is also right that he should show a decent respect to her memory. Where affection for a first wife is *intense*, there is *generally* an unwillingness to contract a second matrimonial alliance; the grief occasioned by the loss is overwhelming, and bears the mourner onward in sorrow to the grave. Dr. Drake never married a second time, although he moved in a circle in which he could have found many a lady well worthy of his hand. He mourned over his loss till he died, not with murmuring, not without hope, but with a chastened, abiding, luxurious grief.

In conclusion: we have in Dr. Drake an example of a self-educated man. Let no one *despair* because he does not enjoy collegiate training; let no one *presume* because he does. Although a man may rise to the highest eminence by his own unaided exertions, let him not despise aids. He will find difficulties enough in the great battle of life to develop all his energies. Dr. Drake, after he had placed himself on a par with his best competitors, crossed the mountains to attend medical lectures, and accepted, with becoming pride, a medical diploma. He had three qualities which will sooner or later make any man great: *Industry*. He labored assiduously; he investigated thoroughly; he left no stone unturned till he got to the bottom of his subject. *Unity* of aim. He was a man of one work. Although he studied other books beside those of medicine, he made them subordinate, and even tributary to it. Although he took an interest in common schools, in colleges, in railroads, in temperance; in fine, in every enterprise which promised to advance the interests or happiness of the community, he never forgot that he was a physician; he never forsook the bedside

of the sick or the pillow of the dying. He was not *attracted* from the path of duty by the fascinations of politics, the allurements of trade, or the golden visions of speculation; he was not *repelled* from it by the ingratitude of patients, the power of pestilence, or the progress of quackery. Confident in his principles and his practice, he clung to them to the last in faith and hope. Had he turned his attention to politics, he would have been distinguished; he was a great *man*, not merely a great *physician*; his greatness did not depend upon those qualities or combinations which peculiarly fit men for medical and surgical practice, but upon those which make men great in any sphere, particularly the parliamentary. At Washington he might have placed himself beside Clay or Ewing—the former of whom he resembled in many points of character; but he was wedded to his profession. He was right; he might have acquired more ephemeral fame, more pecuniary reward; but he needed no stronger stimulus to exertion, no higher sphere of usefulness, than his profession afforded him—no loftier name than posterity will award him—no richer benison than the gratitude of a suffering race. He had moral principle. Without this he might have been distinguished but not beloved. I doubt, however, whether he would have acquired distinction; for I believe that both his industry and his professional devotion were mainly due to his moral principles. These, too, preserved him from many temptations, especially in early life. Formerly the bottle was presented to the physician wherever he went, and thousands fell beneath its power—thousands, too, who had talents equal to those of Drake. Moral and religious feeling bore him up against intemperance as well as many other fashionable vices, and carried him onward through years of buoyant health to a green old age. He might, perhaps, have still lived had he not prescribed for

himself in his last illness—an imprudence to which physicians are too prone. I am told that he committed the same mistake as Dr. Rush did under similar circumstances: he bled himself, even under the protest of medical friends, and soon sank down into a typhoid state.

He died—November 5, 1852—leaving his great work unfinished; but he died in tranquillity and in the Christian's hope. I say he died, and yet he did not die;

“For “is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die!”

Rather let us say, he is fallen—not as the rain-drops on the mountain's side, soon to pass away—not as the avalanche, to carry destruction in its descent; but as the tree falls in due season, to fatten the earth with its fruits and scatter wide its seeds—seeds which the winds and the waters shall bear away, to germinate and bring forth in climes which have never known the parent trunk; and yet, he has not fallen like the tree, to perish from the earth which it has blest; he is transplanted to the paradise of God, to bloom forever by the river of life. Who has caught the mantle of this ascended medical prophet?

John Bemo, the Seminole.

WE had the pleasure of hearing, in Cincinnati, in 1846, from this young man, a sketch of his life. He is a Seminole Indian, and was born in the year 1825, in Florida. When quite young his father took him to St. Augustine, where his tribe were accustomed to sell their furs. In the streets of that city his father met with an old and familiar friend of the same tribe—King Philip. After exchanging salutations, these attached acquaintances repaired to a grog-shop, or, as John describes it, “a poison-shop, where they hang the red curtain behind the door.” After drinking freely, they quarreled, and were pushed fighting into the street, where, for a long time, they were the sport of a crowd of white men, who gathered around them. Having fought to exhaustion, they sank down, gory with wounds, upon the pavement slippery with their blood. When they had somewhat recovered from their fatigue, the whites, by signs and taunts, provoked them again to combat. The second engagement was more protracted and bloody than the first. At length John’s father fell, and King Philip, after staggering a few paces, fell also. The crowd now dispersed, and John took a seat by the head of his father, upon the bloody pavement, weeping and begging to go home; but the father made no response. Toward evening, however, he arose, and, silent and staggering, led his son to a deserted house on the shore, where he lay down, and placed by his side his

boy, who was still begging to return home. In the morning the child arose and found his father dead. He remained seated by his side, and weeping, till some persons came with a wagon, dragged the corpse into the woods and buried it. Upon the grave John seated himself to weep over his father, and think of his mother. But soon becoming alarmed, he started to look for King Philip, to take him home. He found that the chief had gone. What was he to do? He had heard that all white men, except the William Penn men, were enemies to the Indians. He walked the streets, and looked into every lane, and habitation, and store, but could see no broad hats. In several windows, as he walked through the town, he saw cakes and loaves; but, though pinched with hunger, he dare not ask for them. As he walked down to the beach in despair, a sailor met him, invited him on board a vessel, and gave him a biscuit. At this he was astonished. "Why," thought he, "here is one good white man who is not a 'broad hat.'" Presently others came around him, and treated him with equal kindness. He counted them and found there were eight. "Now," said he, within himself, "if ever I get home, I will tell my nation that there are eight good white men besides the William Penn men, and that I have seen them all." An interpreter was brought on board, through whom he was informed that if he would stay in the vessel he might go round to Key West, and afterward return home. To this he assented. Next morning he woke up and saw nothing but sea and sky. "Ah!" thought he, "this may be the way to go home, but it does not look like it." He sailed from port to port for many years, and visited Europe, Asia, and Africa. At length he became much distressed on account of his sins. Day by day his agony increased, till he became unable to do any thing but mourn. An old pious sailor inquired into his case, and

found that he was convicted. "Don't grieve so," said he, "your Savior has died for you—for all. You are young, and have had no opportunities of doing much wickedness." I committed many and grievous sins, but when I went to Jesus he forgave them all. He will forgive yours." After much reflection he went into the hold of the ship to seek his Savior. "When I sank down upon my knees," said he, "there was a great world of light. In the distance was a very beautiful, smiling image, and I called to it, but it would not come. It pointed to my feet. On looking down I saw all my sins—every little boy that I had fought with, every bad word I had said, every thing, all around me. I wept and prayed for forgiveness. I took up one sin and held it up, and said, 'My Jesus, I did this, will you forgive me?' and another, and said likewise, and so on, till I felt that all were forgiven. Then my Savior made a door in my bosom and entered in. I then went on deck and told what the Lord had done for me. The sailors gathered around me and wept at my words; and I wanted to open the door in my breast to let them peep in and see my Jesus. God has been my father from that time." He would have returned to his mother long since, but for the Florida war. After sailing several years, he met, in Philadelphia, with a mariner's preacher, who persuaded him to attend a school among the Friends. Here he remained a year, and learned to read. He then proceeded to rejoin his people, who had been removed to their new home in the west, when he found them in great want and distress. Upon inquiring for his relatives, he ascertained that they had been killed in the war. He commenced laboring in the Sabbath school, the day school, and the pulpit, but found it necessary to quit these labors of love, for the purpose of going east to make an appeal to the whites, that he might obtain food

and raiment to preserve the Seminoles from starvation. He succeeded in raising four thousand dollars for this object, which was converted, chiefly, into goods, and shipped. The vessel in which they were sent was sunk, the goods being uninsured. Thus he was compelled to renew his appeals.

There were several things pretty clearly developed, incidentally, in the course of the young man's address :

1. *The unjustifiable character of the war upon the Seminoles:* in which fifty million dollars were consumed, and many valuable lives lost.

2. *The warmth of attachment felt by the savage heart.* "When," said he, "a white man loses his wife, he sheds a few tears, feels sorry a few days, and wears crape on his hat a month or so, and all is over; but when a Seminole loses his companion, he buries her in front of his wigwam, and fences up her grave. He goes to his native mountains to gather wild flowers, to plant upon the place of her rest, and watches, year after year, that no bird, nor beast, nor child shall find footing upon it, to disturb its quiet, or trample upon its flowers. If he is driven from his country, he goes to that grave, digs up the bones that it conceals, wraps them in his blanket, and bears them on his back till he finds another resting-place for himself and his dead." This attachment to the graves of their friends is the great reason why they are so reluctant to migrate.

3. *The cruel manner in which Indians are generally treated by the whites.* A civilized city saw the Indians referred to battle each other just as they would have seen dogs fight. They saw the savage gladiator creep into a deserted house to die, without offering to bind up his wounds. They saw the lone and fatherless child wander their streets, without offering him a morsel of bread to appease his hunger, or a shelter under which to repose

his head. A few sailors alone had pity upon him; but mark the obtuseness of their feelings, or the laxity of their morals. Would they have taken away a white child without making efforts to restore it to its friends? What sympathy had they for the heart of his Indian mother? Had they heard the boy describe his mother, and his last parting with her, they must have known something of the strength of an Indian mother's love, as well as an Indian son's attachment.

The above is a very imperfect sketch; nor can I pretend to have given the language used. The day may come when the American will blush at that page of history which will record the origin, the progress, and the termination of the Florida war, in which human beings were hunted by blood-hounds, and driven from a sunny home—entombing the dead they revered—to a cheerless, sterile wilderness, toward the setting sun.

Dr. Houghton.

IN the death of Dr. Houghton, geologist of the United States in the copper region of Lake Superior, the west, the whole nation, science, suffered loss. * * *

In personal appearance he was far from commanding. He was of short stature, slender form, light hair, and effeminate features; but his head was long physically as well as metaphysically, and his eye keen and animated. In nearly all these respects he resembled the Stagirite. Well educated, both academically and professionally, he found a welcome and a home in the west, where he entered upon the practice of medicine—an employment well suited to his talents. His mind was not contemplative, nor ideal, nor metaphysical, but eminently practical. His thoughts rested upon the outer world, rarely glancing at the upper or the inner. Largely endowed with the perceptive powers, he was not deficient in the reflective; but he used the latter chiefly to compare, to classify, to generalize; and when he reasoned, it was by induction rather than analogy. He was little inclined for the fine arts; he cared more for the quarry than the column; the song of the wind, than that of the muses. For *a priori* reasoning and metaphysical investigations in general, he had a sort of contempt. Passing with me one day through the library of the University of Michigan, he pointed to Kant, when the following dialogue ensued:

Dr. H. "Do you know President M. of Ohio?"

T. "Partially."

Dr. H. "I once took him through my cabinet, showing all its beauties, and attracting his attention; but I could not elicit from him one expression of approbation or delight. After I had wearied myself in vain, we came to the library, when, seizing upon Kant, as if he had found a gold mine, he cried with rapture, 'Ah! here is the thing—have you ever read it, Dr. Houghton?' 'Enough of it,' I replied, 'to know that the author did not understand what he was writing about.' Now, sir, any man who can prefer a volume of metaphysics to the beautiful works of God that we have collected in that cabinet, from the three kingdoms of nature, is a simpleton."

Dr. Houghton was distinguished rather for intensity than power of mental action. He differed from Franklin as the galvanic trough of many small plates differs from the calorimotor of two large ones. The one goes through obstacles with a shock, the other calmly consumes them. He had an amazing celerity of movement in mind as well as muscle; he could form and execute a judgment at a moment's notice. His labors were unremitting. Inheriting a good constitution from nature, he strengthened it by industry and temperance; hence, his health and cheerfulness were rarely disturbed. He had mechanical genius, which was of great service to him in dentistry, surgery, the laboratory, and the geological survey. He was one of the few favored chemists who excel both as lecturers and experimenters. Medical practice, it seems, did not afford him sufficient excitement, for he spent his summers, during the last fifteen years, in exploring expeditions in the north-west. Having an enthusiastic love of nature, an indomitable perseverance, a remarkable faculty for observation, and a good foundation of elementary knowledge, he soon became distinguished as a naturalist, and his talents were called into requisition both by the state and general governments. Before

his death, he had acquired a knowledge of the regions of his investigation which no other man has, and which, may be, ages of exploring will be necessary to recover.

In many respects he was an exception among students. They are generally slovenly, he was remarkably neat; students are usually negligent in pecuniary interests, he was keen-sighted. I believe he passed safely, and more, through the speculating mania, which ruined so many of his neighbors; and if I am not greatly mistaken, he had been, for years, rapidly accumulating wealth. Men distinguished for science rarely meddle with government: he, like Arago, often moved the capital by his political maneuvers. We blame him not for this, for he turned all his political power to the advancement of science. It would be well for the country if more of our scientific minds had influence at Washington.

He was remarkably courteous. Whatever were his engagements—whether drawing draughts, arranging his cabinet, poring over some new work, with animated eye and fervid mind, or making out a report for the government—he instantly suspended his labors to welcome his guest with cheerfulness and cordiality. How different from the ordinary student! If you happen to call upon him when his thinking-cap sits uncomfortably upon his brow, or when, having finished the labors of the day, he wishes to calm his mind for the repose of the night; or if you come to introduce to him a favorite author, or some means to facilitate his enchanting study, or some scientific news of deep interest, you may expect a smiling countenance. But, perchance, he has a systematic method—assigning one definite period of the day to Greek, another to natural science, another to composition, another to devotion, and the rest to domestic and worldly duties, and the enjoyment of society; now suppose you call upon him at one of his sacred periods, or drop in for

foolish chitchat just as he is in the midst of important and perplexing problems, or when under an inspiration he has never felt before, and may never feel again, he is driving his pen over pages of light, what sort of reception will he give you? He may not treat you rudely, for intelligence implies politeness; but he will treat you coolly; and the more you strive to talk him into a good humor the darker will his brow become. And no wonder; would the miser be pleasant if you thrust your hand into his coffers to abstract his gold? Time is the student's gold, or, rather, his philosopher's stone, with which he transmutes every thing into gold. Dr. Houghton, however, was *always* lively, *always* cordial. If he wished to get rid of a troublesome guest, he would do it with a sweet ingenuity, which, while it increased your admiration of his genius, would not diminish your estimation of his friendship; but, generally, when oppressed with company in study hours, he preferred, after making a pleasant apology, to work and talk together; a twofold task which few men are able to perform. To ministers of the Gospel, he was peculiarly kind, respectful, and hospitable. Besides contributing his full share to the support of the Gospel in several Churches, I have known him occasionally to slip a ten dollar bill into the hands of a clergyman, in such a way as to illustrate the direction, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doth;" nor was this with any sinister intention, for his ambition was not for popular favor.

He was a man of dauntless courage. Though very small in person, he seemed to fear nothing when in the discharge of duty, or the pursuit of knowledge. He was at home in the wilderness, and knew how to control the wild beast and the wilder savage. He stood fearless with his hammer on the solitary sand beach, or the lonely reef, far away from the utmost verge of civilization.

Foremost he walked in the hour of danger; firmly he held his helm, and raised the voice of encouragement amid the white caps when the hardy voyagers trembled. Nor mountain, nor rock, nor storm, nor stream, was a passless barrier to his adventurous footsteps.

We often apply the term courage to pusillanimity, ferocity, and even madness; but, surely, we use it properly when we apply it to the man who toils, at the risk of life, to discover and develop the resources of a country, and thus multiply the means of human support and human happiness.

Dr. Houghton's death was eminently characteristic. He was in pursuit of science—on a dangerous voyage. When the sailors said, "We had better go ashore," he replied, "We had better go on." The storm increases—the breakers dash—a sailor significantly hands him a life-preserver, but he lays it by his side; a heavy sea fills the vessel—it is bailed out, and followed by another—the boat capsizes—a sailor ascends from the water and seizes the keel; on looking round, he sees the geologist and draws him up. Even under these circumstances, Dr. Houghton's courage and hope fail not. Mark, too, his nobility of spirit. Addressing the sailor, he says, "Never mind me, Peter, try to go ashore if you can. I will go ashore well enough."

Perhaps some may deem him to have been imprudent and rash; but we should beware how we censure. In his fifteen years' experience in similar excursions, I have no doubt he often escaped under circumstances of even greater apparent peril.

Wilson, the ornithologist, died from the ardent pursuit of a rare bird, of which he had long been in search. But who would convict him of imprudence before considering his character, and the circumstances in which he was placed?

Of Dr. Houghton's religious character, although long acquainted with him, I can say but little.

He was no atheist; he repudiated atheism as the grossest absurdity. The pages of nature, which he was continually studying, were to him so many hymns of praise to God.

He was no deist. He never expressed to me any doubts of the authenticity and divine authority of the holy Scriptures.

He was not heterodox in his views of religious doctrine. The last time I saw him, he said to me very earnestly, "I believe in the doctrine you preached last Sabbath." The sermon was on total depravity, and the necessity of regeneration. His mind was too philosophical to admit this doctrine and deny its dependent ones.

He was no stranger to religious thought or feeling. This he directly assured me in the conversation just alluded to. "But," he exclaimed, "how can I attend to religion in the whirlpool of business?" "Insufficient excuse," I replied. "David, with his immense kingdom, found time for devotion. Daniel, with the concerns of a hundred and twenty provinces on his hands, could kneel down to pray, morning, noon, and night." Alas! how many professing Christians devote themselves, with a zeal no less ardent, and an effort no less constant, to much less dignified and useful pursuits, and with far less worthy motives! Let the reader see that he estimates more correctly the worth of an immortal soul, the pleasures of religion, and the treasures of the skies.

Men, such as Dr. Houghton, have often more religious feeling than they are willing to admit, or we are willing to allow them. For aught we know, there may have been moments of anguish when he bowed before the cross, and sent out an arm of faith, and felt something within him far better and holier than a sentimental or philosophical

admiration of the Almighty. May we not hope that, when the fires of the final day shall shine, not only through the history of the world, but also through that of the hearts of all the rational beings who shall have been its inhabitants, we may see reason why the Divine Being may, under the plan of redemption, welcome the subject of this brief article to the world of light?

Our acquaintance with Dr. Houghton terminated some time since. He may have become truly and publicly religious since that period, as he had a beautiful exemplification of the divinity of the Gospel in his own happy family.

James M'Intire.

A RUDE wind was blowing from Lake Erie, and dense masses of broken clouds were darkening the heavens, and sending down their snow-flakes upon the earth, already whitened, when I emerged from a small, new, unpainted, frame dwelling, in the middle of a ten-acre field, and glanced at the deep forest that encompassed the clearing, and the solitary road that led through it. "O," said my hostess, as she folded her arms, shrugged her shoulders, and, shivering, drove the little children back to the fire, "you had better not go." "No, no," said a kind-hearted man in a round-breasted coat, as the wind played with the long, rich locks that hung over his shoulders, "you had better stay till the roads freeze up—you don't realize what you are undertaking." "Let him go," said the tall, bald circuit preacher as his blue eyes sparkled above his Roman nose, and the blast whirled off the pen that was sticking above the ear, "he must have his way. Let him work out his own salvation." "O," said I, "I promised to go home after the first quarterly meeting. I expect to meet all my brothers and sisters there at the Christmas holidays." Adjusting my leggins, tying my handkerchief around my camlet cloak at the waist, and drawing down tightly my new broad-brimmed hat, I plunged into the snow, followed by my host—who had just come round the house from the haystack—and soon mounted my little pony, which had been some time kicking at the gate-post. I will not

attempt to describe my journey; for I kept no account of the mud-holes or the stumps, nor how many times I had to dismount to get poor Dido out of the mud, one leg at a time. I was going home to see mother, brother, and sister. "God, and home," were in my heart. Coming back, however, the road seemed the longest and the worst that ever horse or human footstep traveled. On my last day's journey, I was twelve miles from my destination, when the sun was near the horizon, and a driving rain commenced. On one side was a dense forest, on the other a small clearing, at one extremity of which, on a little eminence, stood a neat frame school-house. From this building a multitude was slowly dispersing. It was pleasing to see them, young and old, male and female, some on horseback, some in carriages, some in wagons drawn by oxen, and here and there one picking his way by the roadside, walking on a log, or eluding a mud-hole by creeping along the post-and-rail fence. All seemed cheerful and happy; the young exchanging glances, the old congratulations, the youthful saint making the woods echo the praises of Jehovah, and the mother in Israel uttering a subdued amen, as, musing, "the fire burned." I halted a moment to inquire the character of the meeting, and was informed that it was a two days' meeting of the Methodists, held by father M'Intire and a few other local preachers. No sooner was the name of the presiding preacher announced, than I began to feel a strong inclination to stay. Having heard of his eccentricity and his eloquence, I wished to see and hear him for myself. But, then, what would my colleague say? Where could I put up? I had not yet recovered from the solemn admonition of my venerable father, given on the eve of my recent departure from home. "Edward," said he, as he puffed the curling clouds from his long pipe, "Ed-

ward, if you must be a Methodist parson, be a high-minded one; don't sponge."

E. "What do you mean, father?"

F. "Mean! why you know what I mean—pay your way."

E. "But St. Paul says, 1 Timothy v, 18, speaking of the ministry, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. And, the laborer is worthy of his reward.' Do not all denominations act upon the principle that 'they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel?' Did not the Savior, in sending out the seventy disciples, give the following instruction: 'And in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give; for the laborer is worthy of his hire?' Luke x, 7. Moreover, ministers are forbidden to entangle themselves with the affairs of this life."

F. "Well, well, my boy, you are learning to quote Scripture, at any rate. I am pleased to see that. But other ministers don't sponge as Methodists do."

E. "Because the Church does not require them to travel so much."

F. "Yes, yes; but I have known ministers to travel extensively, and yet refuse to seek the hospitality of their brethren."

E. "Ay, but the Church gave them good salaries, and we Methodist ministers get but one hundred dollars a year. But what am I to do? I am called to appointments where there are no taverns."

F. "Then stop at the nearest."

E. "But my means would soon be exhausted."

F. "Then cease till you can recruit."

E. "After all, father, whence your aversion to this arrangement?"

F. "Why ask such a question? Does not your own sense of propriety answer it? Intrude upon people, and not ashamed!"

E. "They don't consider it intrusion, but accommodation. When I bring a minister home you seem to be delighted, and anxious to render him happy. Now judge other people by yourself."

F. "Well, but promise me you'll do the best you can to avoid intrusion."

E. "Certainly."

While recalling this conversation my horse halted at the school-house door, and a friendly voice cried out, "Brother T., how do you do? Dismount, and let me introduce you to brother M." This warm reception evaporated my scruples, and I was soon walking up the aisle after my guide. On the steps of the temporary pulpit stood a tall, stoop-shouldered man, in earnest discourse with a crowd that had gathered around him. His outer garments were of linsey-woolsey—his manly breast was scarce concealed by a coarse flannel shirt, buttoned around a neck incumbered with no cravat. In one hand he held a rude cap, scarcely large enough for a boy of thirteen, while he slowly passed the other around among the motley crowd about him. His countenance was indescribably fascinating; and yet I can give no good description of it; his chin and cheeks were prominent; his nose not exactly Roman nor exactly Grecian, but small and straight, and turned up at the end; his eye sparkled charmingly between long, dark eyelashes, while from his heavy, black eyebrows a broad, smooth, finely-arched forehead rose up like Olympus. Mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, were weeping and rejoicing beneath the kind words which distilled from his lips, and the sweet remembrances which they called up. Taking one by the hand, he says:

"And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace."

Taking another: "Well, mother, you are much nearer the grave than when we last met. Is Jesus precious? Does he lead you into green pastures and beside still waters?" Turning to a young man: "And is this James? The Lord be gracious unto thee, young man." Then turning to a young mother, who had long waited to catch his eye, he says, "Is it well with thee, Susan—is it well with thy child? Jesus took little children in his arms and blessed them. O, sister, raise this child for God. If Christ should meet you on your way home, and give you a drop of his blood, what would you do with it? You would bring it to this altar, would you not, sister? Ah, he has given you something more precious than his blood; for he shed that to redeem this dear boy." Presently my turn came. "And this is brother T., is it? Well, how is my friend and your colleague Harry? Ah! brother T., you have entered upon an arduous work; but, if faithful, you shall have your reward. The path of an itinerant minister is not thorny, but rosy. Be humble and prayerful, and you shall realize the assurance given to Paul, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'" Then putting his broad hand upon my shoulder, he said in a sweet but commanding manner, "Brother T., you must preach to-night."

T. "O, I hope you will excuse me; I am tired and unprepared; and, moreover, I would much rather hear you." With a singular expression of countenance, he replied, "And I suppose the people would, too; but you must preach any how." This was my introduction to a man of rare excellence, with whom it was my privilege afterward to become somewhat familiar.

He was *eccentric*. I have received the following account of his conversion. While yet young, and the acknowledged leader of a band of generous, brave, but frolicsome youth, over whom he exercised an undisputed

away, he all at once became thoughtful, and in a season of religious declension, before even his most intimate friends knew that he was serious, he went around the neighborhood notifying the people that there would be a religious meeting in the school-house in the evening. The lass at her spinning-wheel, the matron at the loom, the young man at the wood-pile, and the old one at the barn, suspended their work for a moment to inquire who was to be the preacher. The answer of the youth was always the same, and given with imperturbable gravity: "I intend to talk to the people myself to-night." Some laughed outright, others stared, and some became alarmed, thinking the young man crazy or profane. During the day he went to the chase with his comrades, and toward evening he was seen approaching home with a grave but cheerful countenance, bearing his share of the game. After a light supper, taken in haste, he marched to the place of convocation, and, lo! what a crowd. As he looked around upon them, it seemed as though every body he had ever seen was before him. And what various emotions moved the assembly! Some had come expecting an exhibition of mirth and wit, some to prevent a riot, of which they had some apprehension, and some to gratify a vain curiosity. The speaker arose, and with perfect self-possession delivered a most solemn and impressive discourse, showing the responsibility of man and his obligations to God—the sublimity of Christian doctrines and the purity of Christian precepts—the blessedness of a holy life and the necessity of a profession of Jesus Christ before men. He then alluded, with humiliation, to his former folly and impiety, spoke delicately of the change which he believed grace had wrought in his soul, and in tones, terms, and looks of manly tenderness, expostulated with his unconverted friends upon their ingratitude and rebellion, and invited

them to the cross of Christ, the path of obedience, and the bosom of God. The effect of this address can be better imagined than described. There are times when, although no extraordinary instrumentalities are employed, and those who love Zion weep over its desolation, God comes from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran, covering the heavens with glory, and filling the earth with light; he charges the whole atmosphere with divine influence, and cleaves, as with electric fire, the high places of wickedness; the dwellings of man mourn, the curtains of the land tremble, and the people, with quivering lips, cry out, "O Lord, we have heard thy speech, and are afraid." Then come the bow of promise, and the chariots of salvation. There are other times when he speaks silently, but widely and powerfully, to the hearts of men, spreading conviction as with the breath of the pestilence; but here is an instance in which, without apparent instrumentality, he speaks to one poor soul as with the still, small voice, in which he came to the prophet, after the wind, and the fire, and the earthquake had passed, and makes that soul the instrument in the conversion of a community.

Not long after this he emigrated to the northern part of Ohio, then a wilderness, and entered the itinerancy.

He wore but little clothing, and that of the coarsest kind. He divested himself, in public, of coat and shoes, whenever they were unnecessary, with as much *nonchalance* as he would take off his hat. He once delivered a Fourth of July oration. In the audience collected to listen to it, was a gentleman from New Haven, Connecticut, who stopped on his journey to celebrate the day, and listen to a western speaker. He had been long seated on a backless bench, near the stand erected in the grove for the occasion, when the orator appeared, slowly walking up the steps, without hat, coat, shoes, or stockings.

Such were the gentleman's disgust and mortification at the sight, that he could hardly persuade himself to remain. But he had scarce gazed into the light of the preacher's countenance before his prejudices began to dissolve; and when he heard a voice sweet as an Eolian harp, uttering periods of surpassing power and beauty, he lost sight of naked feet and shoulders, and, with open mouth, gazed spell-bound upon the charmer till the peroration was ended. Returning to his lodgings, he had something to talk about beside missing garments. Brother M'Intire's negligence as to personal appearance was not the result of monasticism or superstition. One of his first circuits embraced an incipient city on the bank of a bay scarcely less beautiful than that of Naples. In this place there was a small society of Methodists, and a large proportion of gay people, *au fait* to all the refinements of attenuated civilization. They who think that all the cultivation is in the east are mistaken. In this little city were collected, from different points of New England and Old, a number of families of broken fortunes but indomitable energy, determined to recover from the forest the comforts they had lost in the city. They presented, on the Sabbath, a congregation which would do no discredit to Trinity, Broadway. When brother M'Intire first came among this people, some of the good sisters, headed by the wife of his colleague, waited upon him to request him to "trim up." "My dress," he remarked, "is suitable and comfortable." "But," said the ladies, "you are now to preach to a very fashionable people, and if you go into the pulpit with such an appearance of negligence, many will refuse to hear you, others will listen with prejudice, while some may make you the subject of ridicule. Will you not wear some collars and bosoms which we have made for you?" "Certainly," said the preacher, if you think it

necessary in order that I may gain access to the hearts of the people; but *you* must put them on, for I don't know how." Sunday morning came, and sister P. and her friends came to perform the duty. The preacher threw back his head as if he were to have his lower jaw amputated, or the carotid artery tied. The ladies operated with much care and many pins, and presently brother M'Intire was able, "by the skin of his teeth," to pass muster. During his discourse, the pins getting loose, out came the bosom, first at one corner and then at the other. Finally, the collar would get in the mouth, and when drawn *out* at one side, was drawn *in* at the other. On returning to dinner, he carefully dragged the linen over his head, and, handing it to the hostess, remarked, "Here, sister, lay this by till I come again—I shall not need it on the circuit."

His rusticity was not the result of parsimony, for he was sufficiently liberal; nor of poverty, for his circumstances were good. Perhaps it was owing to an indifference for public opinion; perhaps to a peculiar taste, created by communing with the "wood nymphs;" but whatever may have been the cause, it did not create prejudices in his mind against those of a different taste. He rarely made a remark on the subject of dress in private or public. In allusion to the course of a common friend, who, though remarkably neat in personal appearance, frequently preached on plainness of apparel, he once observed: "I am a plain man, and love plain things. Plainness of apparel is a legitimate subject of pulpit discourse; but I believe the better way is to try to get the heart right, and then the dress will be right." How much better would it be for us to strive to increase the piety of the vain by kind admonitions, than to arouse their resentment, and push them farther from God by harsh public reproof!

He had a peculiar method of impressing and illustrating religion wherever he went. There are some ministers whom you know to be such only by peeping into the Church records or the pulpit. On the other hand, there are some who make their profession known wherever they go, either by a long face, a haughty reserve, and a clerical mannerism, or by reciting their experience, and turning every company into which they enter into a class-room. Brother M'Intire hit upon a happy medium; he exhibited the sympathies of a man with the character of a Christian. He seemed to penetrate the feelings and ascertain the views of those around him by a kind of intuition; and while free to converse on any rational topic, he made religion, like a gentle rivulet, flow through the whole range of his conversation. He introduced Christianity at home and abroad, in the field, the shop, the street, or even the bar-room, surrounded by worldlings or deists, with just as much freedom as he did in the pulpit. In his pastoral instruction he was wonderfully happy. It was his custom to collect the family at a suitable time around the fireside, and preach to them a regular sermon, extemporaneous, but, nevertheless, as systematic as his public discourses—making his instructions and exhortations comprehensible to his youngest auditor—treating of the duties of children and domestics, the responsibilities of parents, the goodness of God, the excellence and safety of a religious life, and illustrating his points by interesting incidents from profane or sacred history, passing events, or the arts of agriculture. At the table his conversation was often impressive and charming. For instance, on one occasion, taking an egg, he held it up and said: "Is it not wonderful that such an inanimate mass as this should emerge from the wings of a mother a beautiful bird, and leap from branch to branch, gazing upon this lovely universe, or soaring up-

ward toward that sun, filling the breeze with joyful carols? How can we doubt what God hath promised, that after we shall have slept beneath the wings of Jesus, we shall rise, in angelic forms, to enjoy a world of light, and soar upward to God's throne with the wing, and the song, and the joy, and the triumph of a seraph?"

Like Dow, he was remarkably fond of going among men when they were most off their guard. The tavern was no unusual place for him—in this respect men of different genius dare not imitate him. Here he would sit sometimes for hours, reasoning out of the Scriptures.

On a certain occasion, a kind of semi-infidel invited a preacher of his own sentiments to enlighten his neighborhood. A crowd collected, composed of such materials as the reader may imagine; but foremost in this crowd was brother M'Intire, who had come to refute the speaker, if he should produce any impression against religion. There was, in this region, a noted sot, whom we shall call Tam O'Shanter. The discourse being ended, the gentleman who had gathered the congregation brought forward a large decanter of brandy to treat the audience. After handing it to the preacher he presented it to brother M'Intire, who made no reply, but looked in his face and smiled. "What are you laughing at?" said the host, passing the bottle to another. "O," replied brother M'Intire, "I was thinking how Tam O'Shanter would like such meetings!" A loud laugh served for a benediction, and no reply to the evening address was deemed necessary.

He was adroit and powerful in argumentation. The west is a great country. Hither population flows from a thousand distant and dissimilar fountains. The social mass is heterogeneous—the social elements are incompatible. Whigs, Tories, Democrats; Americans, Afri-

cans, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen; Episcopalians, Baptists, Presbyterians, Quakers, Methodists, deists, Jews, and Universalists, are often found in one small frontier settlement. Here, too, are the land and the air of freedom. Every thing around is an emblem of wild independence, and invites to bold thought and fearless expression. Here, too, are motives to restless exertion. Every man sees, not established institutions, and stereotyped thoughts, and automatic movements, and minds in straight-jackets, but a vast land, natural, moral, intellectual, to be possessed—an arena where mind can grapple with mind, in fair, and fierce, and unembarrassed conflict—where every thing is to be tried, and nothing to be favored. Immigration, for the most part, brings energetic minds. The sluggard sighs, and dies, and rots by his native stream. The man conscious of muscle and mind is he who penetrates the wilderness. Western population has two striking characteristics: fearless expression and broad charity. We do not keep our thoughts till they dry up. We do not start from a deist as a child from a bear; nor look for thirty years before we see a live Catholic, nor run when we do see him. Every borderer learns to examine and defend his creed, and to bear patiently with those who differ with him. The truth is, the more we know of our fellows, the less are our prejudices, generally. Men often differ because they do not compare notes, and hate and dread each other for want of mutual acquaintance. Brother M'Intire was a fine specimen of a western preacher. He saw institutions in a forming state, and put forth a molding hand; he saw error laying its crumbling foundations, and he drew his battle-ax. He feared no man. He attacked what he thought wrong, boldly. He knew how to distinguish between the heresy and the heretic, and never failed to trace, through every human head and

heart, a fine vein of thought and sentiment, which he ascribed, with gratitude, to God's grace. Hence he shook hands with the infidel, and sympathized with the Catholic, while he spared not the folly of the one, nor the superstition of the other. Few men were either feared or loved by errorists so much as he. His daring assaults of false systems, and his unshrinking contact with their defenders, frequently brought him into public controversy. He was wont to say, "Truth can do no man harm; error can do no one good; if I can't defend my system, I'll relinquish it: and if you can't yours, better give it up." I believe he never refused a challenge. I once asked him if he was not tired of controversy. "No," said he, "I am ready to meet any man, at any time, any where between Mt. Vernon and the lakes, to debate by the day, or by the week, or during life." Nature had formed him for debate. He had an unusual command of his passions. He sat down to a public discussion as a Dutchman would to his pipe, and listened to the most provoking satire from an enraged antagonist, as though he were sitting for a portrait of tranquillity. When he replied to bitter personalities, it was with the most glowing good nature, and as his red-hot words of love fell and heaped up on the head of his adversary, it would seem as though the face of the latter would be quite an acquisition to one who wished to warm his hands. He was always self-possessed; no new argument, no ingenious appeal to popular sympathy, no unexpected applause, no attempt at brow-beating took him by surprise—there he sits, in the most calm immobility. Sometimes his friends become excited and alarmed, and endeavor to excite his fears, or rouse him to exertion, but he responds with apparent indifference. Perhaps the adversary would take great encouragement from his quiescence, and toss about as though his victory was gained, or perchance he

might take alarm and endeavor to draw him out, or get his views from his friends. He was original. There are some men who have a particular track, from which if they are diverted, they are "babes in the woods;" but, as Bishop R. said, "A Methodist preacher is always at home when in the road with his saddle-bags on his arm," so brother M'Intire was wont to say he was always at home in debate with his Bible in hand. He read few books but the Bible, and relied upon his own strong common sense for arguments; hence, though he could not be drawn out of his track, he often drew others out of theirs, by presenting views new and sparkling from unsounded depths. Nor could he be hurried, or shamed, or worried out of an argument which he knew to be sound; he would hold it up till it could be seen, and apply it till it could be felt. It was amusing, sometimes, to see him examine an opponent's ground. With all the *sung-froid* of a chemist, he would draw out his mental crucible and put in an argument, and blow up his fires, and ultimately hook up the worthless residuum and hold it before the audience on the long wire of his logical battery. His custom was to make but little effort in the commencement of debate, except to lead out his antagonist slowly to a full committal; then he would bind him hand and foot, and tie him up to the post, and let him sleep a whole night in bands; and when, at length, he proceeded to apply the lash, he would go to work so slowly, and with such unpardonable gravity, that you would suppose he was giving his opponent time to say his prayers between each stroke. He had wit and irony as keen as Elijah's, and he sometimes called them into requisition. In the course of a debate in which he once engaged, his opponent entered into a tedious criticism before an audience that had never seen a Greek grammar, on certain Greek words, particularly *Κόλασις*, (*kolasis*)—accenting

and prolonging the penult—which he inserted in almost every sentence; just when the impatience of the hearers reached its exacerbation, brother M'Intire rose and addressed the moderator, with a look that belongs only to dramatic genius, in words to the following purport: "I am sorry to interrupt my friend in an argument of such surpassing interest and power; but that my response may be appropriate and intelligible, I must beg an explanation of one word which recurs very frequently in the course of his argument. Does the gentleman mean *molasses*?" It was enough—peal after peal broke forth—old men held their sides, and young ones roared aloud. The opponent, however, kept his feet till order was restored, and endeavored to cover his retreat by a thundering declamation against the "gentleman's unpardonable ignorance." This closed the evening's debate.

The next morning brother M'Intire appeared with a Greek Testament under his arm, and commenced in something like the following strain: "I, sir, have never been to college—this is my grief, not my boast. It has been my fortune to be reared in the west, and to be compelled to reap from a generous soil the rewards of my own industry. The little information I have, has been obtained at my own cheerful fireside during the hours unpropitious to toil. True, I might have collected a few Latin and Greek phrases, and assumed an appearance of learning before an auditory as ignorant as myself, but I detest quackery in all its forms. I am happy on this occasion that I have a learned opponent, and, I trust, also a generous one. I must avail myself, through you, of his scholarship, at the commencement of my argument this morning." Then taking his Greek Testament, he opened it where a leaf had been turned down, and pointing to a particular verse he said, "Mr. Moderator, will you request my learned opponent to translate

that passage for myself and the audience?" The gentleman stood up, took the book from the Moderator, turned over the leaves backward and forward, looked confused, uttered some indistinct sounds, and at length confessed that he could not translate. As he resumed his seat, brother M'Intire rose in triumph, and casting first a withering look at the opponent, and then a significant glance at the audience, as if to say, "I spare him," he remarked that he had no reply to make to the criticisms on *Κόλασις*; and then proceeded in his argument, much to the relief of the opposite party.

He was eloquent. I had learned so much of his tact in controversy, and his fondness for polemics, that when I first sat down to hear him, I expected to listen to a cold, flinty argument; but I was agreeably disappointed. He drew, in a masterly manner, the comparison between the old and the new dispensation. His descriptions of Moses, and the sanctuary, and the altar, and the priesthood, were graphic, and to me entirely new. At the close he became exceedingly pathetic. He appeared to make no effort; but the words, freighted with beautiful thought, flowed in a steady, gentle, silvery stream, as water from a perennial fountain. Every eye was fixed upon his lips, and a breathless silence pervaded the assembly. He seemed to study to restrain emotion; and yet his apparent efforts to *allay* served only to *heighten* excitement. He had but little gesticulation, and his voice fell when he swept the heart's chords with the greatest power. Hall said Wesley was "the quiescence of turbulence." I know no man whom this description would better suit than brother M'Intire. Though far from being showy, he was an orator. Who is the orator? On this question there are great mistakes. Celebrated orators are *rarely* such. They may have excellences, high excellences, but not oratory. Listen to that crowd

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as they disperse. "O what a splendid orator! what a fine forehead!" cries one. "Did you notice his sparkling eye, and his gesticulation?" cries another. "O, it was the music of his voice that charmed me!" exclaims a third. "But," says a young gentleman, "his excellence consists in his chaste diction, his classic style, and his splendid metaphors." Pshaw! if you had been listening to an orator, you could have thought of none of these things. What is oratory? The power to sway the mind and passions of mankind. It is indicated by its effects, not by praises. Perfect oratory implies a perfect concealment of oratorical art. When the orator inflames the passions of an audience, let the thought that the excitement is the result of art creep over the assembly, and it is as though a cataract were turned down the chimney of a furnace. Peep into this crowded old church—see the people seated on benches without backs, all intently fixed upon the preacher—they have been listening for an hour in this position—see how they lean forward toward the pulpit, and when the speaker turns, mark how, like a wave of the sea, they turn too. Notice their mouths open as if to catch every pulsation of the air, and see how steadily and sweetly the tears flow down the furrowed cheeks, while all is profound silence, save the broken sighs that ever and anon break from the troubled bosom. When the minister argues, he takes you by a path so smooth, so green, and by steps so easy, that, although he leads you entirely round the hill, you can scarce believe that your position has been altered. When he rouses your feeling, it seems to be the spontaneous outrushings of your unsealed heart. Now ask the audience what sort of a speaker is that Mr. M'Intire. "Why," they say, "he is not so much of an orator; he reasons along like an old farmer—it is all plain common sense. We wonder we had not thought

of it before; but then we like to hear him, for he always happens to strike upon something that just suits our case; while he was preaching to-day, I felt my sin and ingratitude more deeply than ever. I really did resolve no longer to resist God's grace, but henceforth to lead a new life."

A Baptist merchant once visited England. On his return his friends gathered around him to hear his description of the two celebrated Baptist clergymen then in the zenith of their glory. "When I heard —," said he, "I admired the man. When I heard F. I lost the man, and have been so in love with Jesus ever since that I have hardly found him yet." Which was the orator?

For many years after his location he was a magistrate; in which capacity he won a golden fame. Indeed, he was peculiarly fitted, both by nature and education, to hold a cool balance.

His death was serene and glorious—fit end for a tranquil, useful life. I met him a few weeks before his death, and he seated me beside him on a log in the woods for quiet converse. His countenance was pale, his manly frame enfeebled, and a hollow cough indicated too surely that insidious disease had undermined his iron constitution; but the same serenity was seated upon his marble brow, the same kindness beamed from his animated eyes, and the same wisdom and wit sparkled in his enchanting words. When I expressed my fears in relation to his case, he manifested no emotion—he uttered not a murmur nor a fear; but presented a most lovely picture of Christian resignation. He was willing to endure afflictions, and continue his labors, if such were God's will; but he had a home in heaven, and he knew that it was better to depart and be with Jesus.

A friend of mine visited him a few days previous to

his decease. The scene seems to rise before me. There is the dying saint in that rude cabin, which has been his peaceful abode for so many years; he lies upon that pillow, where his weary head has so often been lulled to quiet slumbers by the music of a conscience void of offense; his eye, yet unquenched, is turned toward the window, through which the declining sun—emblem of his beauteous death—is pouring mellow beams. The golden harvest is waving over the lovely eminence he has selected for the repose of his ashes; and the wild birds, as if to invite him to his rest, are singing in the branches of those green oaks that throw their shadows around it. There sits the loved partner of his life at the foot of his bed, watching and waiting, while the tears fall fast upon the ground, as she contemplates an event which, to her, seems as the loss of all earthly comfort. There stands the son, the only child, as if to catch some words of consolation for the painful hour. A whisper comes from the couch, "Sorrow not as those who have no hope."

"Well, father M'Intire," says my friend, "how do you feel in the near view of death?"

M. "Peaceful, peaceful. My worldly business is all settled, my will made, my property adequate to the reasonable wants of my family. As to my eternal interests, *they have all been attended to long since*. I have nothing more to desire than my Savior. I have faith in his cross, he comforts me, and I rest upon his bosom. I could wish that my child, whom I am to leave in this world, were in the arms of the Church, but I commend him to God with a father's blessing. I have given him and his mother my dying counsel; and I have their promise that, at the hour of prayer, they will meet daily at the family altar for the audible and prayerful reading of God's word." Then, with a look full of eloquence,

he added, after a short pause, "I have *great faith* in God's word. And now what wait I for but the summons of the grave?"

He was followed to the house appointed for all living, without pomp or parade, by a few friends whom he loved while on earth, and whom, we trust, he will meet in the skies.

A few men of this class still survive among us; but they are fast passing away; they belong to a state of society that no longer exists here—a state of simple manners—of noble virtues—of much thought and little reading—of communion with God and nature, rather than a world of confusion.

God takes care of his Church, and, with infinite skill, adapts his laborers to their work. How beautiful the variety of the Creator's works! The same hand that paints the landscape, builds and beautifies the spiritual temple. There are diversities of operations under the same spirit. Let no one, therefore, judge rashly, or make his own experience the standard by which to examine all other Christians. Let no one judge by appearance. Our Savior made no show—he talked with publicans and sinners.

Mrs. Martha M'Caie.

THE character of the faithful is the property of the Church, and its delineation is often the means of bringing sinners to her doors. Even when it is not thus blessed, it may be traced with both interest and profit.

MARTHA SEWALL, the child of Daniel and Martha Sewall, was born—some twenty-eight years since—on the banks of the Kennebec. It was her lot to be reared among those virtuous, intelligent, and happy people who dwell in the fruitful tract which lies between that stream and the Penobscot. Her childhood was serene; and long before she encountered the sorrows that shade maturer life, her heart was renovated and fortified by grace. She was a relative of that great and good man, the late Dr. Sewall, of Washington City, and at the age of thirteen was received into his family as an adopted daughter. At his peaceful fireside she acquired, not only those graceful manners and elegant accomplishments which rendered her so easy and attractive in the social circle, but those enlightened views and expansive religious affections which enabled her to feel at home within the doors of any Christian temple, and which gave to her prayers and charities an intense fervor and a cosmopolitan breadth.

At the age of twenty-four she was united in marriage to the Rev. L. D. M'Caie, Professor of Mathematics in the Ohio Wesleyan University, whom she loved with an ardor that many waters could not quench.

She had but just entered on the arena of life when—November 7, 1850—she was called away, not to darkness, but to serener light and angelic ministry. Though her record is on high, she will long be remembered on earth. Nothing seemed wanting to render her lovely. I have found excellence so rare, and, therefore, so precious, that I am prone to magnify rather than disparage it. Lest, however, I be thought to exaggerate here, I will bring a sober, silver-haired patriarch to speak for me. S. W., Esq., says:

“My acquaintance with our beloved sister, brief as it was, had attached me to her in sincere friendship, and I could but admire the amiableness of her character, and the sweetness of her spirit, and, when speaking of her, often thought of an epitaph of some lady, which I read somewhere—

‘Underneath this stone doth lie
As much of virtue as could die;
Who, while she lived, did vigor give
To as much virtue as could live;’

for I thought hers a most beautiful countenance, and the very personification of sweetness.”

Her beautiful form was a fit tenement for her majestic spirit. Professor J. thus writes:

“I can see sister M’Cabe only as I have seen her; her eyes still *beaming* from the necessity of the warmth and light within; her face brightening out anew into its ready smile. I say *face*; for hers was a smile, not of the mouth, but of the face, each feature radiant of the inner emotion. I can see her hasting to some new act of kindness, of tenderness to some dear object of her regard and affection. Such is the expression of her life which is impressed on my mind. Such is the image of her which I shall carry with me; ever doing, or preparing to do, some act of goodness. If at rest, her soul seemed

only composing itself for some new outgoing of affection."

Beautiful picture!

Benevolence was the foundation of her moral excellence—a grace attainable by all, though its manifestations may not be equally pleasing in every individual. Indeed, few are gifted with that gentleness of disposition, that delicacy of sensibility, that tempered enthusiasm, which characterized the subject of this sketch. Rev. Mr. Sewall says:

"Is it true that our dear Martha is no more? Then stood still as warm and unselfish a heart as ever beat. Before religion assumed its empire there, it *seemed* guiltless and pure; and what other fruit the progress of grace produced in her character and life, I am almost at a loss to conceive. I never had a sister; but yet I was at no loss in understanding a sister's love; for that love was hers. . . . I only find myself able to call up the general picture of excellence, which was never marred by look or word, and which will remain ever fresh upon my memory."

Her character, her life was eminently symmetrical. A lady—Mrs. Cruikshank—has given us the following outline of it:

"The first time I saw Martha, I was impressed by the peculiar artlessness and simplicity of her character. I have watched her steadily treading the varied path of life, sometimes through the gay and bewildering scenes of prosperity, sometimes through the dark and thorny wilds of adversity. The scene varied; but she was the same; ever modest, and abstemious in the enjoyment of worldly pleasures; patient, resigned, and self-abased under chastisement. I have seen her when her smile and gentle courtesies adorned the drawing-room, and when, in obedience to the call of filial duty, she left the

attractions of the metropolis, and hastened to the remote farm-house, to minister to the comfort of her beloved parents. Even in a fashionable morning call, the words of kindness and piety were found on her lips, and the same gladdened the hearts of her friends when immersed in the cares of a household in the rigorous climate of Maine. As a daughter and niece, she was dutiful and affectionate; as a sister, she was kind and sympathizing; always ready to weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice. Her conversion and religious experience were marked by the same quiet simplicity and affectionate earnestness that always attended her. She maintained her Christian integrity as long as I was near her, and, I have reason to believe, continued to grow in grace to the end. Let me not be supposed to flatter. The subject of these remarks has gone to a pure and impartial tribunal, and would look with disapproval on that which would have offended her while encompassed with the infirmities of the flesh. Now I feel as if her eye was upon me, and would only say what her spirit would approve. She was mortal, and, therefore, not without imperfection; but, if she erred, she erred in judgment, not in heart. If resentment ever stirred the tranquillity of her feelings, it was excited only against what she thought wrong, and was always mitigated by her kindly feelings for the offender. Her taste and intellectual ability were superior to what usually accompany so much softness of manner and tenderness of heart. I can speak of her with impartiality; for I have experienced her deep and warm affection, and have suffered under her displeasure; and I feel assured that the first was the habitual tendency of her heart toward her friends, and the last the result of that misunderstanding to which human judgment is liable. For myself, I can only say that I never viewed it in any other light, and never ceased to love her,

and to estimate her beautiful character, as here faintly drawn."

Though she had a well-balanced mind and a well-regulated heart, her character was not unmarked. The peculiar charm of Mrs. M'Cabe's mind was found in her powers of conception, taste, and affection. So vigorous was her conception, that it seemed to me she could, at any time, transport herself to the past. If one could write the history of himself from the first dawn of reason, what a volume would he produce!—full of interest, both to men and angels! Reader, would you taste the sweets of the past? Go, then, to such a lady as Mrs. M'Cabe, and let her transport you backward, as by enchantment, so that, with her, you think as a child, and laugh as a child, till the illusion is broken, and you grieve that you have "put away childish things."

Eschewing the exact sciences, unless a sense of duty forbade, Mrs. M. reveled in history, romance, and geography.

Her conversation was animated. Mention to her, for example, the Ranz des Vaches, and her eye would kindle, her whole countenance light up, as though she saw the Swiss shepherd following his herds to the mountain, heard the echoes of his Alpine horn, and even caught the intervals of the beautiful melody. She could have talked to you of the bridges of Icononzo till you grew giddy, or of the Andes till you almost felt the contrast from perpetual verdure to eternal snows. Her husband, perplexed by the descriptions of Solomon's temple that he has been reading, avails himself of her powers of description, and soon he seems to stand on Mount Moriah. He passes through the porch, opens the folding-doors of fir, enters the holy place, observes the carved figures that adorn the sides and ceiling, and the precious stones that garnish them. He stands before the glittering altar of

incense, and between the rows of golden candlesticks. He marks the high-priest opening the folds of the richly-ornamented doors of olive wood that close the entrance to the holy of holies. He looks through to the sacred ark overshadowed by the cherubim. Turning, he ascends the winding stairs, and walks the galleries, and looks into the chambers. He surveys the inner court, with its altar of burnt-offering and molten sea, and the outer one, with its goodly gates and royal causeway to the palace. On this side he sees Jerusalem; on that, Mount Zion; below, the brook that "flowed fast by the oracle of God;" in the distance, the olive groves, whence the gales come, wafted with perfume, and, from all quarters, the willing worshipers thronging the ways. Presently he hears music burst from the choir, and roll its thrilling notes of praise all over the city of our God. But why should I attempt to describe it? I must send you to some educated and imaginative lady, that you may learn from her sweet lips how Martha drew the picture, and exclaim, as did her lover, "Now all is clear."

Her writing was sprightly. Rev. Mr. S. says of her, "What a mind had she. Epistolary composition is thought to be the peculiar province of woman; and in how eminent a degree did she illustrate the remark with her pen! She displayed even more talent than in her conversation; and with what accuracy, and elegance of expression, did she favor her correspondents!

Her sympathies were lively. No one can weep with them that weep, or rejoice with them that rejoice, unless he can place himself in another's stead; and the more completely he can do this, the more powerful will be his sympathy. Mrs. McCabe's heart was responsive to the softest sigh, and her tears always flowed freely with the tears of the sufferer. Her sympathy was not, however, irrational; not expended equally upon the drowning kit-

ten and the dying man. Nor was it in vain, as that of those who weep over the novel, and pass by the poor; but it gave wings to her efforts to relieve.

Her discernment of character was nice. She could judge of one's capacities at a distance, as the sailor can of the burden of a ship at sea. She could measure attainments, as a farmer often measures hay—by an eye glance. She could detect a mental weakness or strength, as a practiced military engineer can spy out a defensible or impregnable position. Hence, she rarely found herself embarrassed in company.

Her knowledge of the human heart was still more remarkable. She could almost read your thoughts. She put herself in your stead; and this awakened the emotions and passions which you yourself felt. This was the secret of her inimitable art of pleasing. She could keep a whole company happy, and make each one feel that he was the object of her special attention, and that without any art, except that of throwing out, on every side, her sensitive soul-feelers, to ascertain each one's wishes, and then casting those "apples of gold in pictures of silver"—the fitly-spoken words of kindness—to gratify them.

Had she cultivated her powers of combination as well as those of conception, she would, doubtless, have possessed a glowing imagination, and, perhaps, have produced fine poetry. Had she cultivated "form and color"—to borrow words from phrenology—she might have excelled in the fine arts. She seemed, however, to have no ambition to shine, and so little taste for study that her friends often wondered where she obtained her stores of information. With her softer charms she blended sterner qualities. She had firmness, patience, energy. She could subdue what could be mastered, or endure what could not. Her mind, however, always moved with feminine

grace. Gentleness clothed her thoughts, beamed in her countenance, and gave her boldest expressions a stamp corresponding with her own sweet physiognomy, and indicative of a queenly soul, that never failed to *disarm*, if it did not *awe*, the foe, and *please*, when it did not *capitulate*, the friend.

She had a just appreciation of the beautiful, both in nature and morals. She had, also, a fine sense of the ludicrous, unseemly, and incongruous, though she suppressed the wit and raillery for which her tongue was so well adapted. She had an intense abhorrence of every thing *mean*. Who ever heard her expose the infirmities, sneer at the misfortunes, ridicule the ignorance, publish the failings, misinterpret the motives, or dehy the virtues of others? If you did, my reader, then did you hear what *one*, at least, of her friends never did, and what doubtless, provoked from her, in her moments of reflection, a fearful atonement.

Her generosity was not that of the Bedouin, who lavishes his kindness upon you in the tent, and shoots you down in the plain. She thought it her pleasure to *diminish* rather than *multiply* the sorrows of mankind; and well she knew that "a wounded spirit who can bear!" She delighted to delineate the *beauties*, not the *deformities*, of God's handiwork. Especially was she pleased to set character in its better attitudes, to study heart in its happier moods, to trace motives by the ingenuity of that charity which thinketh no evil, and search for graces with the spirit of him that would not "break the bruised reed." Pardon me, gentle reader, I must say I love the artist that can look at your countenance, even if it is ugly, and look on, till he looks you into a good humor, and then, catching the expression, and seizing the brush, cry out, "How beautiful are the works of God!" Such an artist was the subject of this sketch.

Her dress was always neat, and, though without pearls or gold, yet tasteful, and often rich.

Her manners were simple, dignified, and marked with propriety, civility, and kindness.

She observed with strictness the limits of her sphere. She had no sympathy with those Amazons, booted and breastless, who harangue the mob and clamor for the property and the "polls." She was a warrior; but she conquered like the sun, not like the storm. She had her field; but it was within the sanctuary of home. She had her rights and privileges—to heal the sick, to reclaim the erring, to soothe the sorrowing, to revive the fainting, and to train up souls to bless man and worship God.

She was a reformer; but her path was not from without inward, but from within outward. Her plan was to make a virtuous and happy world, by making virtuous and happy homes. She achieved her triumphs, but in her own way—the way of exalted womanhood. She could shine upon the heights of prosperity; not, however, with the maddened and fitful flames of the volcano, but with the calm, steady, and peaceful light of the beacon. She could descend to the vale of adversity; but not like the "hell of waters," that dash from shelf to shelf of the frightful precipice, and send up from the abyss an everlasting roar; but rather as the ribbon-like stream that glides, with a gentle music, over the edge of the rock, to light up the chasm with a shower of diamonds, and span it with an arch of rainbows.

But her chief excellence was to be found in the depth of her affections. Her heart was womanly; eminently so. This is all that need or ought to be said. Alas! we men know but little of the power or the mysteries of love. Now and then there is a Petrarch, whom neither the temptations of greatness, nor the love of gold, nor

the shouts of praise, can divert from a beloved Laura, and who, turning his back on kings and courts, retires to a secluded vale to breathe out his life in songs of affection for one whom neither the sweetness of his matchless poetry, nor the graces of his magic muse, nor the admiration of his passionate heart, can win. Such cases, though rare among men, are common among women. Often, however, they are not obvious; for of many a one it may be said—

“She let concealment, like a worm i’ the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.”

Mrs. M’Cabe’s love was such as the waters can not drown, nor death itself destroy. Perhaps it was too strong; yet may we not hope that

“He that sits above,
In his calm glory, will forgive the love
His creatures bear each other, even if blent
With a vain worship, for its close is dim
Ever with grief, which leads the wrung soul back to him?”

She was no stranger to Divine love; for she was an exemplary Christian. She was, however, slow to claim the promises of the Gospel, and reluctant to profess her own attainments in grace. In her character conscientiousness seemed to prevail over hope, filial fear over faith, and penitence over religious joy. Sometimes, in happy mood, her soul would tune a harp in Eden’s bower, or stand with Moses on the mountain of God, or join in the halleluiahs of the heavenly city; but it soon grew timid, and fled to the temple, to hide beneath the wings of the cherub that shade the mercy-seat. We may account for this timidity. She was deeply read in the human heart, and had formed just conceptions of the exceeding breadth of the Divine law, and the awful purity of the Divine character, without, perhaps, having taken the same comprehensive views of the plan of salvation

I am told that Dr. Sewall, when he was dying, having called around him his family, gave to each member appropriate counsel and blessing. On this solemn occasion he said to Martha, his adopted daughter, "I find no fault in you." What her uncle could not find in her, however, God, no doubt, could; yet may we not hope that he, also, found in her breast the humble and contrite heart?

Her death was answerable to her life. She passed away steadily, gently, beautifully, like the setting sun on a serene autumn evening. O, how sweetly did she say, "Jesus, O Jesus, I lay my all upon thine altar! I will not remove it; Jesus is mine, and I am his!" "Tell my dear father and mother, and brothers and sisters, that life is sweet; but I joyfully lay it down if it will be the means of bringing them to Jesus." "The Lord has dealt so gently with me through this sickness—yes, so gently with me all my life—I praise him; I do praise him for dealing thus gently with me. Living or dying, Jesus is precious."

Reader, are you a husband? and would you learn the value of your wife, and learn to show her the love and tenderness which is her due? Go, listen to the soliloquy of the widower. Methinks I hear him exclaiming, "O, the dreadful desolation, O, the unutterable anguish I feel! I knew not the love I bare her, till I saw her dying. She never spoke an unkind word; she was as considerate of my wants and infirmities as if she had been a ministering angel. How sweet her words when she took me in her cold arms, and said, 'I love you, and know that you love.' When I saw on her eyelids the shadow of death, the pillars of my soul crumbled." But perhaps, reader, "thou art the man." Be consoled, then. The lost one is still your wife. Though she return not to you, you may go to her. As you cross the remainder of life's thorny field, let this prospect cheer you.

Thomas Dunn.

AT the conference of Springfield, held in the fall of 1835, Rev. A. P. was recommending Thomas Dunn for admission, on trial, into the traveling connection. Having done justice to the applicant's abilities as a preacher, his merits as a man, and his graces as a Christian, he closed the representation by stating facts relative to his age, his infirmities, and the size of his family, which were likely to prove fatal to his application. The conference, at that time, was accustomed to reject men of the finest capacities and highest professional character, if they were likely to serve but a few years, and then entail a heavy charge upon the Church. Brother G. E., who long since passed, though green in years, yet ripe in graces, to the world of light, arose as soon as the presiding elder took his seat, to say that brother Dunn was a man of industry, economy, and thrift; that he was of such high-minded and honorable feelings as to be incapable of burdening any association to which he might belong, and that, so far from asking, in consequence of his age and family, appointments in the vicinity of his abode, he was ready to go to the ends of the earth at the bidding of the Church. This speech had an electric effect. An aged chief, seated near the President, cried out with a strong voice, "Let us have him!" Instantly, the vote being taken, the candidate was admitted as by acclamation.

A year after that time, brother Dunn was at the Mansfield conference. He was of benignant countenance,

courteous manners, and unassuming deportment. In strong contrast to the obtrusive youth who determined "to be something in conference," even though they should add nothing, and who were frequently speaking, to the comfort of themselves and the annoyance of others, he sat, an uncomplaining, silent, respectful spectator. One was so struck with his private conversation, that, when it fell to his lot to make arrangements for the preachers at the ensuing conference, at Detroit, wishing to make a strong impression in favor of the Gospel on an irreligious family that opened its doors for the accommodation of our ministers, he selected Thomas Dunn as one of their guests.

At the Mansfield conference, and toward the close of its session, brother Dunn preached. We had listened to many discourses, most of them addressed rather to the intellect than the heart. Conference, you know, is not the place for good preaching. Brother Dunn preached to us Christ crucified, with such a winning simplicity, such a forgetfulness of self, and such an eager appetite for souls, that we were moved to tears and to prayer. I went away saying, "O, how soul-refreshing is this simple way of preaching!" From that time I loved him. I can now conceive him standing before me, with his uplifted hand, his glowing cheeks, and streaming eyes; and, though I have forgotten his loving words, I remember the *impression* they made upon me. It was good, humbling, purifying. As often as I have thought of it, I have said within myself, "How great are thy triumphs, blessed Jesus!" Here is a preacher who has never been to college, never studied mathematics or languages, never, perhaps, heard of the Porch, the Lyceum, or the groves of sacred Academus, who has heretofore been devoted to worldly business; and yet, with all his deficiencies—deficiencies which he both feels and deplores—

he so proclaims the unsearchable riches of Christ as to make the proudest eloquence and the profoundest philosophy seem, in comparison, "like sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Here is a man whose capacities, capital, and tastes fit him for lucrative avocations. He might enjoy the pleasures of a permanent home, an honorable standing, and an independent condition; but he consents to be a pilgrim, an object of the world's scorn, and a dependent upon the will of a bishop, who determines, from time to time, the place of his residence, and the character of his hearers, and who is likely to give to younger and inferior men superior appointments to his own.

Brother Dunn excelled in *exhortation*. His peculiar charm arose from the depth of his emotions. In describing the tender mercies of "our Father," or the dying love of his Son; in depicting the deep wailings or deplorable silences of hell; in portraying the raptures of the redeemed, the heights of glory, and the face of angels, he moved and *was moved*. I have never heard the sinner invited to the cross in strains more persuasive than have flowed from his lips.

He excelled in *singing*. During the progress of a meeting held at M., a notorious skeptic, who was entertaining one of the circuit stewards—at that time his associate upon the bench—was induced, out of politeness to his guest, to attend, on several occasions, the services of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Afterward, in conversation with a friend—as I have been informed—he remarked that brother Dunn's singing had done more to inspire him with devotional feelings than all that he had ever heard or read. I know how to appreciate this observation. I have heard "God Save the King" burst from the bands of the British army, and "Hail Columbia" wafted to the shore from the decks of the American

navy; I have listened to the full choir of the Tabernacle, and the solemn organ of St. Paul's; I have heard the strains of the weeping widow, left penniless upon the foreign shore, as she stood before the rude crowd of the busy streets, with her children by her side, singing, "O give me bread;" but never have I been so moved by music's power as when I have heard brother Dunn, standing in the altar, and, with an eye upon the trembling sinners in the aisles, and the weeping penitents at the railing, singing, "Give me Jesus."

He was a safe counselor. Many times did I consult him. Never did I regret that I followed his advice. In management he was a master. If he could not do what was necessary, he knew who could. He had that nice discernment which measures another's capacities, and that enviable policy which enables one to move every body around him to his own advantage; and this, after all, next to charity, is the most valuable gift. By it princes rule and warriors conquer. Like God, and under God, it pursues its noiseless path in the world, dispensing all affairs. It need not be Jupiter in the heaven, nor Juno in the air, nor Æolus in the winds, nor Neptune in the sea, nor Pluto in the earth, nor Minerva and the Muses in knowledge and invention; for, at pleasure, it summons them all to its court, and sends them on its errands. The agents on which men gaze, as they mark the progress of great events, are usually secondary, often tertiary. The primary are like the insects which build the coral reefs—at work unseen. How great a work is the German mission! It is seen in the city and in the plains, on the waters and on the lands. It is pronounced one of the most promising means of restraining Romanism in the United States, and restoring spirituality to Germany. Yet who, when he surveys its magnitude and its wonderful success, and hymns its praise, thinks what

was its origin? Thomas Dunn was the prime mover of this machinery.

Years ago there was seen wandering on the bank of one of our western streams, a talented, educated young German. A melancholy brooded over his mind, which neither our glorious sky, nor lofty mountains, nor vocal and flowery forests could dissipate. He consulted physicians, but they had "no balm in Gilead." He turned to those who were reputed wise and good, and described his wretchedness. Alas! they understood not his case. One of them took him into his garden, and directed that he should be kept busily at work; but the gardener had not seen Jesus, and the mourner came out as he went in, "a bruised reed." He sought relief in study. To him science and profound philosophy was disclosed; but, among all its discoveries, he could find no invention to pluck from his memory "the rooted sorrow." To him the classic gate was open, and, hand in hand, he walked enchanting regions, and trod sublimest heights; but neither the hymns of Orpheus, nor the embattled hosts of Homer, nor the tuneful angels of Milton could charm the demon from his heart. From books he turned again to nature. He had a soul to kindle into enthusiasm at her scenes. He could say,

"Sweet is the breath of Morn; her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams."

But he was seeking God; and he could add,

"But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land,
o o o without *Thee* is sweet."

He sought relief in friendship. He had a heart to love; but he wanted God, and could say, "Whom have I

in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." At length our wanderer found, within the precincts of the sanctuary, "the way, the truth, and the life." God called him to preach; but he was "slow of speech." His friends knew not his merits, and were not swift in extending their confidence. At length, in 1835, at the suggestion, I believe, of the sagacious Bishop Morris, he was appointed a missionary to the Germans of Cincinnati. He went out to preach Jesus in the streets; but men looked on him as one whom much learning had made mad. God's ways are not our ways. Abraham in his tent, Joseph in the pit, Moses in the bulrushes, and Nast in the streets, are the starting-points of great enterprises. Still, something was necessary, in each case, to bring the agent's powers profitably to bear. Nast was contemplative, not active—profound rather than brilliant—better furnished for the press than the pulpit. In the year 1837, brother Dunn addressed a note to the *Western Christian Advocate*, in which he called attention to the condition of the Germans in this country, suggested the importance of a German press, and forwarded a subscription for that purpose. The happy thought traveled as by telegraph. Donations poured in, till, shortly, the little special treasury was filled, and the German types bought. Nast was made an editor. He is no more "slow of speech." He speaks, not to scores, but thousands. His words are not traced in sand, but graven in the lead. Germans are converted; German preachers are sent out; German circuits and districts organized; and now the work is to be fortified. A permanent Methodist literature, in the German language, is needed. The editor translates, and the "Apologete" press prints our standard works—books which are likely to find their way from the banks of the Ohio to the book markets of the Rhine. Had it not

been for his types, Nast might have toiled with as little success as Otterbein, and Beam, and Gruber, and a host of others who labored in the same field before him. The proposition of brother Dunn, at the critical juncture, to call the press into requisition, may appear to be a *small* thing; and so it was; but it took the wanderer from Uz, of the Chaldees, the Joseph from the pit, the Moses from the bulrushes. It may appear to be a very *natural* thought; and so it was; and so was that which led Columbus to the new world.

He was an excellent *administrator*. Not content with selecting the best agents, and directing them to the best plans, he superintended their operations. He made it his duty to *oversee* as well as feed the flock of God. Many good men work ruin by their *neglect*. You have heard of the Florentine who plunged the dagger in his sovereign's heart. "Why hast thou stabbed me?" said the dying prince; "I did thee no wrong." "But thy minister took the life of my brother." "I knew it not," replied the monarch. "Then," said the assassin, "I will stab thee again." In the final day, men may find themselves stabbed to the second death for operations of which they knew not.

In the execution of discipline, brother Dunn was at once merciful and faithful. He sought to cure, not kill; but he had not that false tenderness which refuses to separate the living from the dead.

Wherever a church or parsonage should be built within his jurisdiction, he stuck a stake, and soon brought carpenters and masons to the spot. The success of a circuit, like that of an army, depends chiefly, under God, upon its leader. His spirit is contagious. Hence the saying of the world's conqueror, "An army of stags with a lion for a leader, rather than an army of lions with a stag for a leader." The prudence, punctuality, and energy which

characterized brother Dunn, spread through all ranks of his officary. His appointment to a circuit was the signal for its elevation. In making the arrangement of the preachers, when his name was reached, inquiry was made for the circuit most perfectly broken down. The younger members of conference, whose business, during session, is to watch movements, note progress, study character, and anticipate appointments, often make shrewd guesses, and express deep philosophy. This class described brother Dunn in one word when they gave him the appellation, "the Jack Screw"—an appellation more honorable than that of conqueror or king.

Practical men among us are rarely properly appreciated, either in Church or state, except by sagacious sovereigns and bishops. The reign of Queen Elizabeth was the most brilliant in English history. Whom did she select for her cabinet? When reproached for not calling the *famous* to her councils instead of sending them to foreign courts, she said, "I keep my working men for work, my showy men for show." How little could be done by an administration or a conference of great geniuses! What more profound or brilliant intellect on the continent than Daniel Webster? Give him a pair of premises, and he will do as much with them as any man on earth; but what great measure did he ever devise? A senate of Websters would be a mere school of oratory and philosophy. The "Son of man" had but one genius among his twelve apostles.

So much for brother Dunn's outer life; now for his *inner*. Of this I can speak with some confidence; for I was on terms of intimacy with him for more than ten years. We have sat side by side in the city and in the wilderness. We have been companions in the pulpit, the carriage, the tent door, and the chamber. I knew something of his heart, for I often felt its pulsations.

He was *strongly attached to his friends*. Always courteous, yet always cautious, while he readily accorded his respect, he slowly extended his friendship; but when he *did*, he grappled, you to his breast as with "hooks of steel." He was uniform—never indulging the familiarity which breeds contempt, nor the coldness which engenders distrust. He was reliable—ready to promote your interest, or defend your honor, at the hazard of his own. He had none of that vanity which is "jealous in honor," nor of that sensitiveness which is "sudden and quick in quarrel;" but much of that long-suffering which is required alike by Christianity and common sense, and which never fails to result from either a baptism into the spirit of Christ, or a proper estimate of human frailties and the trials of life. As he was wont to put the *best* construction on sentences of doubtful import, to refrain from assigning a bad motive when he could find a *good* one, and to take no offense unless he *knew* an insult was intended—nor even then without giving the offender an opportunity to explain—his intercourse with his friends was rarely interrupted or embittered. His friendship was sanctified. He received a friend as a boon from heaven, and prayed for increasing benedictions upon his soul. How few in the world that are willing to pursue the same course!

He was magnanimous to his foes. We need not wonder that he had enemies in a world where Christ was crucified. If any had aught against him, he observed, I believe, the Scriptural rule. If he could not reconcile his brother by *reasonable* concessions, he retired, not to complain and injure, but to forgive and pray. Though he loved peace, he would not purchase it at the expense of conscience. He had high notions of honor; not the honor that seeks the bubble reputation "e'en at the *pistol's* mouth"—this, though he was reared in Virginia,

that land of chivalry, he could not understand—but that honor which scorns all politic compliances, and drinks “the poison of an adversary’s wrath” rather than lose its own self-respect. He had high notions of ministerial character. He was careful while among strangers and dependent on their voluntary contributions, not to condescend to any act which might be imputed to a contemptible love of approbation, or a culpable concern for his own interest. In this respect he may have erred; for the minister of Jesus can not well be too humble. But if he could not *do* he could *suffer* all that Christianity requires. Whatever treatment he received from his enemies, “he was as a lamb before the shearers.”

He was *liberal* to the Church. In all her enterprises he was cordially enlisted; and he could advocate them with a good grace; for, so far from laying burdens upon others which he was unwilling to assume himself, he usually took the lead in every subscription he presented.

He was *municent*. He dealt his bread to the hungry, and brought the poor that were cast out to his house; not rashly, but considerately, measuring his alms, not by his impulses, but by the claims of the beneficiary, and never overlooking his duties to his family and the Church, or disregarding the law of the universe, which decrees that if any man will not work neither shall he eat. Of the afflicted he made no inquiries as to character, but opened his hand like Him who “sends his rain on the just and on the unjust.” To the children he was kind and compassionate; for he had learned of Him who “hears the young ravens when they cry;” toward the weak his sympathies gushed out, and for the oppressed he had a ready and vindictive voice. While he has been speaking of Africa’s injured sons, or of that generous and confiding race who once held their pastimes

in our fragrant forests, but who are now fast retreating toward the setting sun—

“Their heraldry a broken bow—

Their history a tale of wrongs and woe”—

I have seen his righteous soul kindle with unspeakable indignation.

He was given to hospitality. Methodists, in general, are never “forgetful to entertain strangers.” Our protracted meetings, our floating quarterly and annual conferences, our itinerant system, our tents in the wilderness, and our advance movements in the west, where poverty and mutual dependence bind society together with great force, have taught us hospitality; not the hospitality of the Arabian tent or the Indian wigwam, but a hospitality founded on Christian principle and spiced by brotherly love. It exists among us, however, in different *degrees*, sometimes doled out with a nice calculation of the least amount consistent with the demands of the Church, sometimes bestowed under a calculation of the largest extent consistent with the resources of the host. Brother Duan belonged to that class, who, when asked how many they can entertain, count not their beds, but the planks upon their floors. There are different *modes* as well as *degrees* of hospitality. For illustration, a timid young man who had imbibed strong prejudices against Methodism, and had been thrust into the pulpit, perhaps prematurely, once mounted his horse to start for his circuit. Riding up to the door of his spiritual father, he awaited instructions, as a son in the Gospel should. Now, said the senior minister at A., “Call on —, a merchant at A. Stay with P. all night,” etc. “Nay,” said the youth, “I can not take such liberties.” “But,” responded the senior, “the Church pays not unnecessary expenses. Moreover, if you avoid the brethren you will be considered proud, and will bar your access to the

people's hearts." "Well, I'll try." With fear and trembling, and many distracting doubts of his call to the ministry, and many depressing thoughts of his deficiencies, he had rode twenty miles through the woods, whose howling winds and falling and fading leaves were in harmony with his melancholy feelings, when he emerged into the beautiful village of A. In a hesitating manner he rode up to the door of brother —. Unpleasant were his feelings as he saw the merchant carelessly eyeing him through his store-window while he hitched his horse to the post. Entering the store with all the confidence he could command, he introduced himself as the colleague of brother S., and stated that he had called by request to present his friend's regards. Having asked and answered a few questions concerning his circuit and colleague, he seated himself in a chair by the stove, where, after he had "mused till the fire burned," he arose to depart. As he passed out, the merchant dryly asked him if he would stay to dinner, but the young man thanked him and said he would go a little farther. As he mounted his horse he found it difficult to dam up his tears or press down the feelings which choked him. Seated in his saddle, he said within himself, "This is the first and last Methodist tavern I call at." So, spurring his pony, he moved in a direct line toward a sign-post. On his way to it, as he passed with averted face the store of another Methodist merchant, whom he knew no better than the first, he heard a voice calling him. Turning round he saw this merchant moving toward him, and by the time he could stop his horse, he found one hand of his new friend on the bridle-rein, and the five fingers of the other feeling for his own right hand, which was destined to a painful squeeze. "Dismount—dismount," said the merchant; "no excuses." Soon the young captive was ushered

through the store to the parlor, and before he could be fairly seated he saw through the back window his little bay nag trotting toward the stable. He was asked nothing about dinner except to say grace when it was ready. The class to which this merchant belonged Thomas Dunn did also. He received you in doors with a heart as if his house was as large as all out of doors. Without burdening you with attentions, he soon made you feel

"No more a stranger nor a guest,
But like a child at home."

The negative part of his character is worthy of remark. He was not a bigot. "No pent-up Utica" contracted his religious powers. He was no politician, though he understood his rights and responsibilities as an American citizen, and went to the polls as he went to prayers; he did not forget that the kingdom of Christ is not of this world; that the Christian should pray for all that are in authority, and that the minister of the Gospel should lead a quiet and peaceable life; nor did he forget

"How small of all that human hearts endure
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure."

He was no speculator. Some ministers on the frontier make up by speculation the deficiencies of their stipends. It is, however, a hazardous game. I would not censure them rashly. Let him who would, enter the wilderness with them. But it is not to be concealed that they often involve themselves and sometimes shipwreck their faith. Franklin uttered true philosophy in homely phrase when he said, "It is easy to make a full bag stand up, but not an empty one." An apostle had said before him, "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare."

A word in regard to brother Dunn's *religious experience*, and I have done. His faith was mountain-moving and sky-opening. For him heaven and earth were in close proximity, and the living held fellowship with the dead. The ladder of Jacob rested its foot on his pillow, and angels waited on his path.

His hope was strong and steady, anchoring the soul to the upper world. His love was warm. His heart seemed to be in unbroken communication with heaven. His life was a festival solemnity, in which he enjoyed both God's bounty and his fellowship. It was a treat to be with him in his religious hours. His faculties, in such seasons, all became tuneful; his soul turned into an orchestra, of which love was the chorister, and the burden of whose choral hymn was Jesus crucified. It was well it was so. Such were his visions of the lost, his anxieties for the sinful, his sorrow for the loved ones that he buried, that, had not his heart been graciously girded, it might have broken before his errand was done.

His vigorous frame was worn down by slow decay. For years he sat upon the banks of Jordan, his Ebenezer by his side, his eucharistic song on his lips, the perfumes of Canaan in his breath, and the city of God in his eye. Suddenly, after fifty-six years of life, he was ferried across the stream, in April, 1850, and so gently that he seemed translated to Mount Zion without being moved from his earthly repose.

Let us not mourn, since life, like the fruits of the earth, must be gathered. Let us account that plant of God's happy, which, after blooming and bearing in the garden of the Church, is borne, like a shock of corn, fully ripe, to the garner of paradise.

Let us be thankful to God for his life and death; for whatever excellences he possessed were reflections of the

perfect One. Let his success encourage us to imitate Christ; for, good as he was, he was not good enough to be our pattern. No lower standard is before us than the life of the blessed Jesus.

Rev. Thomas Cooper.

THE Rev. Thomas Cooper, though an American by adoption and character, first saw the light—March 18, 1819—at Maidstone, England. Having been brought to this country while yet young, his recollections of his native isle were quite imperfect, though he could not forget the cheerful subjects of his earliest thoughts, nor the beautiful scenes of his youthful gambols. Doubtless these had much to do in forming that temper which made his presence sunshine, and that taste which threw beauties over every thing he touched.

His parents moved in a humble sphere, and he lost his father in his childhood. In 1837, while scarce possessed of the rudiments of an English education, he was apprenticed to a painter.

Of uncommon sweetness of disposition and precocious prudence, he secured the esteem and attachment of all around him, and safely passed "the slippery paths of youth." Still, he was not satisfied with his state; he felt that he was a sinner—that, however pure his conversation—however harmless and even useful his conduct, it could not be acceptable to the divine Being, unless it sprang from the right motive. He had heard the voice of God saying, "Son, give me thy heart," and he knew that he had not responded to it. Though he could contemplate Nature with a poet's fancy, and regard her Author with a philosophic adoration, he could not sympathize with the holiness of God's nature, the rectitude of

his law, or the grace of his Gospel. He had been to the cross, and he knew that, instead of feeling its sanctifying power, he was trampling it under foot. He became a penitent—a believer—a member of the household of faith. What was the difference between the youth unconverted and the youth converted? It was a difference of motive—of emotion—of aim. The converted man may not always be sinless, nor always devotional, but he will have a heart to grieve over his sins and shortcomings; not merely for their consequences, but because they grieve one who is so pure and so loving as God. The converted and the unconverted shopmate may appear to be passing along foot to foot; but follow them, and if *days* do not disclose their deviation, *years* will. Two rays near the bosom of the sun, may seem destined to the same end; but who shall tell their ultimate radiation?

Brother Cooper, under date Cincinnati, January 15, 1849, writes as follows: "I am staying at the house of Rev. Mr. Herr, pastor of Morris Chapel. Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, he was stationed at Mt. Vernon; and at the close of the conference year a large meeting was held. Some twenty or thirty ministers were present, on their way to conference. In the love-feast an opportunity was given for persons to join the Church; but no one came. It was urged. At length a boy came timidly out of one of the back seats, and, weeping, went forward to present himself for admission. That was all—a little boy joined. The circumstance was soon forgotten, no doubt, by all but the boy, or thought of as a matter of little importance; but it was a step of immense importance to him; for it was his first step toward heaven." Had that step not been taken, he might, after having painted boards and bricks a few years, have died without hope, his name never to be written in eternal histories—his head never to be crowned with eternal stars.

When I first saw him, he was entering the Norwalk Seminary. Though without purse or patron, he had many of those advantages which the Stoics classed as "preferables"—a beautiful countenance, modest mien, and engaging manners.

Having no resources but his own labor, he economized as much as possible. With this view, he engaged a dormitory, and boarded himself, at an expense not exceeding fifty cents per week, during the whole period of his pupilage. Here, in this central, third story closet, neat as a bridal chamber, and simple as a hermit's cell, opening to the morning sun, and cheered by choirs of birds, he spent nearly three happy years, mingling severe study with prayers and cheerful anthems. His dormitory soon became the center both of impulse and attraction, urging the saint heavenward, and restraining the sinner in his downward course. The voice of prayer and the life of love, will move the moral elements by a law as sure as that which wakes the tempest; superior age, superior talents, superior attainments, bow before it. While Cooper and his companion retained their room in the Seminary we had but little trouble among its lodgers. Seldom was it necessary to exercise vigilance or administer reproof, and perhaps the soft footfall of the watchful tutor was never heard in the long, dark, upper hall, after the curfew had sounded its call to slumber, while they were among its inmates.

No sooner had he entered the classes than he attracted attention by his punctuality, diligence, progress, and sweetness of disposition. Never did he fail to stand foremost—never did he murmur at any requirement, or ask to be excused, unless for the purpose of fulfilling some duty to the Church. Seldom was his name called in the weekly meeting of teachers but a pause was made to speak something in his praise. To the Church he was

no less faithful; the prayer meeting, the class meeting, the public assembly of the saints, seldom missed his presence, or the rich cadences of his animating voice.

To say that in the various relations of class-leader, exhorter, preacher, he was universally *acceptable*, would be to say too little; he was universally *desired*. To say that he was carried onward through the various gradations of ecclesiastical office by general *consent*, is not enough; he was *shouted upward*. The circuit which gave him to the traveling connection, begged his first appointment, and placed him with triumph, in the fall of 1842, in those pulpits in which for two years he had exercised his gifts. When he closed his year, many were the eyes that wept as we heard his parting words, and thought that we could not hope for his return.

As an orator, he had many advantages. His countenance was of the most pleasing expression, blending the innocence of childhood with the dignity of age, the condescension that could sport with infancy with the majesty that could remain serene in the presence of a throne, and having an indescribable charm which assured you that he loved you as the child of his almighty Father, and the purchase of his dear Redeemer. His voice was of surpassing sweetness. His matter was always interesting, edifying, evangelical. His subject was happily chosen, carefully studied, well arranged, beautifully introduced, and impressively closed. His words were few and appropriate—his figures original and tasteful—his statements clear—his enunciation distinct—his argumentation cogent and coherent—his manner serious, earnest, and affectionate. These excellences were marred by no faults. I can never think of him but I think of Apollos. But neither in the purity of his matter, nor the clearness of his style, nor the power of his logic, must we seek for his charm; it was in his spirit. O, how sweet—how

angelic the spirit of the Gospel—the spirit of Jesus—the spirit of heaven! You felt, as he spoke, that his message was sent directly from above. Nor did he surcease from his labors when he closed his sermon; if he saw that sinners were awakened, he invited them to say, in *attitude*, if not in *word*, “I am wrong and God is right; let me have an interest in Zion’s prayers.” When, in compliance with his solicitation, they came around him, he welcomed them to the mercy-seat, as one who can “weep with them that weep.” On such occasions, he was wont, by particular and pointed, but prudent inquiries, to feel his way into the recesses of the heart, and to administer instruction and encouragement so specific and appropriate, that he could scarce fail to point each willing worshiper the shortest path to the slain Lamb, while in prayer it would seem as though the whole current of his emotions went up with his petitions; and when his voice ceased, his courageous *spirit* appeared to struggle like Jacob’s. Had he said, in the midst of weeping penitents, as Moses on the mount, “Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written,” we should not have doubted his sincerity. Some men are good ministers as long as they remain in the temple. Cooper was a *pastor* as well as a preacher; and perhaps his most useful labor was “going about,” like Jesus, “doing good”—instructing the ignorant, recovering the wandering, animating the sluggish, strengthening weak hands, confirming feeble knees, ministering like a cherub at the couch of affliction, or whispering consolation in the ear of the dying. There are those who can make *pastoral* visits very well, but who lose the ministerial character in their *social intercourse*. Not so with our departed brother. At the fireside he shone. Without cant—without affectation—without arrogance—without

obstrusiveness, he poured a gentle, steady, silver stream of thought through all the fields of conversation, and unwittingly turned every mental wheel around him to the advantage of religion. Who that has ever been in the family circle with him can forget his cheerful songs, the melting prayer with which he commended the little ones to the Father of mercies, or the heavenly smile and tearful eye with which he closed his interviews with the families of his flock? But, O, his life—how heavenly! Religion does but sanctify; hence, there are many good men who have peculiarities not attractive. Grace found our brother, like the young man in the Gospel whom Jesus loved, so amiable, so trained, so circumspect, that the world, who can not see the spirit, might consider him without need of regeneration; it purified his heart, and made him but a little lower than the angels. He was meek as a lamb. Providence wisely arranges all things. A good man will rarely find causes of offense. Who injured—who provoked—who pursued Thomas Cooper?

“None knew him but to love him—
None named him but to praise.”

His excellences were not merely negative; his breast was the orchestra for the full chorus of graces. His *faith* was strong, grasping the largest with as much ease as the smallest of God's promises. His *hope* was an anchor, giving confidence even in the storm. His *love* was perfect; not so as to preclude *increase*, but so as to exclude *fear*—I mean the fear that hath torment. He was *reverent*; few men more so. Like Isaiah before the vision of God's glory, he could say, “Woe is me; for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.” But, like the prophet, he had heard the voice saying, “Lo, this hath touched thy lips,

and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin is purged!’ He knew that he was encompassed with infirmities, and liable to sin; but he knew, also, that “if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father.” His piety, therefore, expressed itself not in dirges, but in carols. You felt in his presence

“How charming is divine philosophy;
Not harsh or crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo’s lute.”

He appeared to have the victory over all his foes. While he provided with prudent foresight for the wants of those whom the divine Goodness had intrusted to his care, and husbanded his surplus for purposes of benevolence and godliness, he did not indulge that appetite of filthy lucre which, the more it gorges itself, does but hanker with intenser fury. He gave one-fifth of his income to charitable purposes. He was neither an Ascetic nor an Epicurean. Though he had health to enjoy earth’s abundance, he preferred the spare table, which, as he brought to it the seasoning of a good conscience, was sufficiently spicy to his tongue. He rarely slept the sun up, or gave his head to the pillow while good men were astir. He was polite without perfumery, graceful without the ratan, and meditative without stimulating cups, narcotic juices, or voluptuous fumes. He had no proneness to levity—always familiar, never trifling. With little humor, less wit, and no irony or burlesque, he maintained an unvarying cheerfulness and a delightful *bon hommie*. His sobriety was natural—the spontaneous expression of a spirit at once joyous and serene. He had no solemnity of face, nor consecrated forms of speech. With sufficient love of society to save him from the self-concentration of monasticism, he had sufficient love of retirement to preserve him from the contaminations of the convivial circle. How difficult for a beautiful,

gifted, pious young minister, with a heart formed for friendship and domestic joys, to move for ten years, in all circles, without being unfortunate or imprudent in his social intercourse! Difficult as it was, Cooper did it. He might have been a favorite with any lass, a beau in any coterie, but he passed along without either embarrassment to himself, or mortification to his friends.

He had a keen sensibility to the beauties of nature; but when he went into the world as God's he did not, as Cowley, go out of it as man's. With the whole compass of creation in prospect, he could preserve his man-loving mood.

Though always serious, he was never melancholy. He had learned to walk by faith. When the flood of affliction came, he looked not at the *waters*, but at the *bridge*. When he walked through the wilderness of the tempter, he looked not at the depth of the forest, but at the blazes on the trees. He cherished neither that indifference to human opinion, which is either the mark of mean mind, or the sure precursor of disgrace, nor that feeling which caused the great Athenian orator to rejoice when he heard a little woman water-bearer whisper to another as he passed by, "This is that Demosthenes."

He was fortunate. Few ministers but encounter opposition, not only from the world, the flesh, and the devil, but from misguided good men—few whose purest motives have not been misconstrued, whose best deeds have not been misrepresented, or whose reputation has not been sullied by the tongue of slander. Cooper's fair fame never felt the breath of calumny, nor his good purposes the embarrassment of malice, envy, or ecclesiastical prejudice.

Many purchase approbation at the expense of truth. Not so Cooper; he did not withhold—did not diminish—did not neutralize, though he did *sweeten* the bitter pill

of unwelcome doctrine. Others buy favor by *flattery*; though he could compliment distinguished merit, encourage despairing worth, and hold out the excellences of an associate, even a superior, to public view, he had the Roman integrity that

“Would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Nor Jove for his power to thunder.”

Some win popularity by *negative* character—by that sluggishness which disturbs nothing, that inactivity which produces nothing, and that narrowness which never looks beyond the precincts of its petty prejudice. Cooper was not of this class. In counsel—for one of his age—he was wise. Though he did not *figure* at conference, he was *felt*. Superficial observers think the man most frequently upon his feet, is the most important to the proceedings of a body; wiser spectators know that he who is perpetually whirling at the circumference, is the last to lay a strong hand upon the center. Cooper knew what was to be done, and how, but he modestly left it to older brethren to set the machinery in action. I do not remember ever to have heard him make a motion or a speech in conference. In private conversation, in digesting the business of committees, and in drafting reports, his influence was felt; while in electing delegates to the highest judicatory of the Church, his vote was often magnetic. In the various statellite institutions of the conference, whether as secretary, treasurer, or manager, he was a center of motion. Of the education society he was emphatically—of late years—the main-spring.

There are beloved brethren who are capable of usefulness only in the regular work of the ministry. Cooper was equally fitted for the extraordinary labors which the interests of the Church require. When a youth was

needed as an auxiliary agent for the Ohio Wesleyan University, the conference turned at once to him, not only because of his capacity for the work, but of the sweetness of his spirit—it was deemed wise to give so bright a star the widest possible orbit. He did not disappoint the expectations of his brethren. The accuracy and neatness of his accounts, the efficacy of his pleadings, the patience with which he endured opposition, the prudence with which he obviated prejudice, and the enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to his vocation, elevated him greatly. In his agency he neither lost his spirit nor suspended his ministerial functions, but contributed to many precious revivals.

When a Superintendent of the Western Seaman's Friend Society looked over the North Ohio conference for one suited to sway the minds of sailors, he selected two, of whom Cooper was one. I shall give no offense to the other when I say, that though the Superintendent wrote *dignior* after his name, he wrote *dignissimus* after Cooper's. The conference gave him his choice. Thomas, accustomed from infancy to hear of storms, and reefs, and shipwrecks, knew how to sympathize with the generous and the too often homeless and unpitied ones who go down in ships. In the cabin—on the decks—in the mariner's church, he served God with all humility of mind, and with many tears. From ship to ship he moved on the bosom of yonder bay—Sandusky—not ceasing night and day to pray for the generous sailors. They of the warehouse saw and loved him; and by their aid he built a "Bethel," collected a library, contributed to establish a Sailor's Magazine, and to spread through every cabin and steerage on the lakes the word of life. In the winter season he passed from city to city, speaking for his holy cause. Indeed, so useful did he make himself, that, as I have been informed, the society for

which he labored intended to ask the conference to give him up *entirely* to the Bethel cause.

He received all his appointments as coming from God, soliciting none—murmuring at none. When sent into a sickly region, he went with thankfulness. What cared he whether his errand were long or short!

“As knows the dove the task you give her,
When loosed upon a foreign shore,”

so knew he that his great business on earth was to hie to heaven. From the moment of his conversion he was deeply pious; but while preaching a sermon at Mt. Vernon a few years ago, on the subject of sanctification, he was convinced that he had not that sweet *experience* which was necessary to enable him to present the subject in all its fullness. His spirits sank, and he concluded his discourse, though much to the satisfaction of his hearers, little to his own. A day or two after, but during the progress of the same meeting, he was visited with overpowering grace, and led to feel that he fulfilled the law, “Love the Lord with all thy heart,” etc. On this subject he must speak for himself; he writes:

“*At Home, July 17, 1849.*”

“O, of what value is an interest in Jesus, and a well-grounded hope of heaven! Sabbath was a sweet day of rest to my soul. After preaching in my Bethel, and attending to my Sabbath school, I went to the Methodist church to enjoy the love-feast and sacrament. I know not when I ever had so sweet a season. My soul seemed melted at the foot of the cross. I got such a view of the love of the Savior to me, of his infinite condescension in dying for me, and his love in *pardoning* me so guilty, and *blessing* me so unworthy! I looked at my life and labors, and could see nothing meritorious in any

thing I had done; then I remembered 'we have an Advocate with the Father;' and not of us, but through him we have ground to hope. I do feel like living anew to the Lord. I have known the full power of the Gospel in saving from sin. I have been enabled to testify that the blood of Jesus can cleanse from all unrighteousness, and for a long time have lived in the daily, hourly evidence of it. Sometimes the evidence has not been as clear as at others; and though my trust is still and always has been in the Savior, I think I have failed to bear testimony as I should have done to the fullness of his power to save. By his grace the time past shall suffice; from henceforth I dedicate and solemnly consecrate anew my all to God, and in all things seek his will."

Perhaps, gentle reader, you inquire, Had he no defects? He had. As an orator, he wanted wealth of imagery, terseness of expression, fire of passion. He felt not the baptism that floats the soul on a full stream of unnavigable, overwhelming thought; but we might always say of his sermons what Sir John Denham did of the Thames.

He was not a man of inventive genius. Timid in speculation, and cautious in action; had he lived half a century he might not have brought forward any new measure.

Perhaps he was not a man of adamant, who, like Noah, could preach righteousness while the world was filled with violence all around him. He was not a man of noble daring, who, like Luther, could hurl defiance at the Vatican. He was rather like the placid Melancthon, that could moderate and direct the spirit of the storm—fond of peace, patient of suffering, hopeful of good; sparing of censure, and fearful of change. His temper, his habits, his understanding, his instincts, all inclined

him to be conservative. He was, however, neither of an uninquiring mind nor of a heart too timid to maintain his faith. He overcame the prejudices of education to enter the Methodist Episcopal Church, and, I believe, would have died in fire rather than renounce his creed; but he had no sympathy "with those children of *the Church* who are prompt rashly to hack that aged parent in pieces, and put him into the kettle of magicians, in hope, that, by their poisonous weeds and wild incantations, they may regenerate the paternal constitution and renovate their father's life."

In this age of hero worshipers, when *agitation* is mistaken for *advance*, and *innovation* for *reform*—when the state assails her most venerated institutions with Vandalic violence, and the Church rather *evokes* the "New Jerusalem" from a troubled earth, than *invokes* it from a serene heaven, often trampling on holy oracles in her zeal to bring in the "millennial reign of the saints," this meek and quiet spirit, so much like that of Christ, may be deemed a weakness. Judge ye!

He was not adapted to controversy. I will not say that he was unprepared to meet an enemy; he could overcome when argument, satire, wit, and irony would have been of little avail; he could charm the foe away by his spirit, or burn him out by his prayers, or flood him out by his tears. Preferring, however, to stand on the broad planks where the evangelical Protestant Churches meet in union, and entertaining nothing of the spirit of those divines who fancy that their ecclesiastical lines are the limits of God's mercies, and that the only business of Heaven is to warm and water their moral territories, he rarely met with opposers. Moreover, he seemed better pleased to *persuade* than *contend*; the gall and vinegar of strife would have been unnatural upon those lips formed to distill the honey of persuasion.

He was not original. By this I do not mean that he did not arrange his own discourses and invent his own arguments and illustrations. I believe he rarely borrowed, nor did he deal in commonplace remarks; but he had no "New Divinity." He was contented with the doctrines of the Scripture, and preferred to state them in language clear, plain, and Scriptural, rather than so to cast them in the mold of human philosophy, that he who has studied them only in the words of Christ or Paul would not know them without a label. He did not, as Origen, attempt to reconcile Christ to Plato, nor as Mareneike, to fuse divine truth with the latest metaphysics. For his arguments he resorted not to that wisdom which is "foolishness with God," but to the sacred oracles, which he brought up not as a suspected witness, but as decisive on all questions concerning which it is not silent; nor did he despise consciousness, nor undoubted facts, nor the primal Scripture common sense, nor the pictorial Scripture nature, though he introduced them as collateral or corroborative. His reasoning was not of the hair-splitting, anatomizing, vermicular kind, but simple, vivid, rhetorical.

He was by no means inattentive to books. He made his Greek Testament his daily critical study; and, notwithstanding his unremitting devotion to his appropriate work, he found time to revive and even enlarge his academical knowledge. In this particular multitudes might imitate him not only without personal injury, but with permanent profit.

He was not one of those rare men whom the Church needs perhaps once in three centuries, who bury father, mother, friend, and forget home, wife, child, in their burning zeal to wrap a continent in the flames of Scriptural holiness. On the contrary, his domestic affections were very strong. He had a mother—for many years a

widow; to her his heart in all his journeying turned. Well-suited to him were the sweet words of Willis:

“ Dear mother, dost thou love me yet?

Am I remembered in my home?

o o o o o

As turns the maiden oft her token—

As counts the miser aye his gold,

So, till life's silver cord is broken,

Would I of thy fond love be told.”

He had sisters—afflicted sisters. They leaned upon him, and were supported. The *last* time I saw him at the capital, he had come to see and bless a sister, who can not speak his name, but writes it with a pencil. So much the more as they were afflicted, so much the more did he love them. There was another object whom he loved, and whom he would have wedded. He had formed her acquaintance at the Seminary, and renewed it afterward. She was beautiful, accomplished, devoted, worthy of him. Sweet was their fellowship, such as it may be in heaven.

In the middle of July, while immersed in his duties at Sandusky City, the pestilence that walketh in darkness breathed upon him. On the twenty-third of that month he started to see his betrothed and make arrangements for his nuptials. The disease returned upon him. His beloved saw him turn pale. He smiled, said he was happy, bade her not to be alarmed, and forbade her calling any one. He alluded to the cholera, said he was in the hands of God, ready to die by that or any other agency, and for some time lay talking sweetly of his perfect trust in God. Summoning his energies, he mounted his horse, and with affectionate cheerfulness, bade adieu—a last adieu, though little, perhaps, did the fair one list it. Slowly he moved through the forest of the Tymochtee, cheered by the robin and the thrush, and sus-

tained, doubtless, by Him, who is "ever present—ever felt." After two hours, he arrived at Carey, four miles distant, and during the following night sank into the arms of death. He has left us no cause of weeping, except the prematurity of his decease. Sleep and Death are brothers. How do we bless the one, when rising renovated from the couch, we "hail yon holy light!" How shall we bless the other, when morning comes to the graves, and we hail the eternal sunbeams? "Thy brother shall rise again."

He was cut off in the midst of years, of useful labors, and pious enterprises, and joyful expectations, and ripening experience, and accumulating honors, suddenly, with none but the generous stranger to hear his last words, and lay him in a hasty grave. None, did I say? Jesus was there; and

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

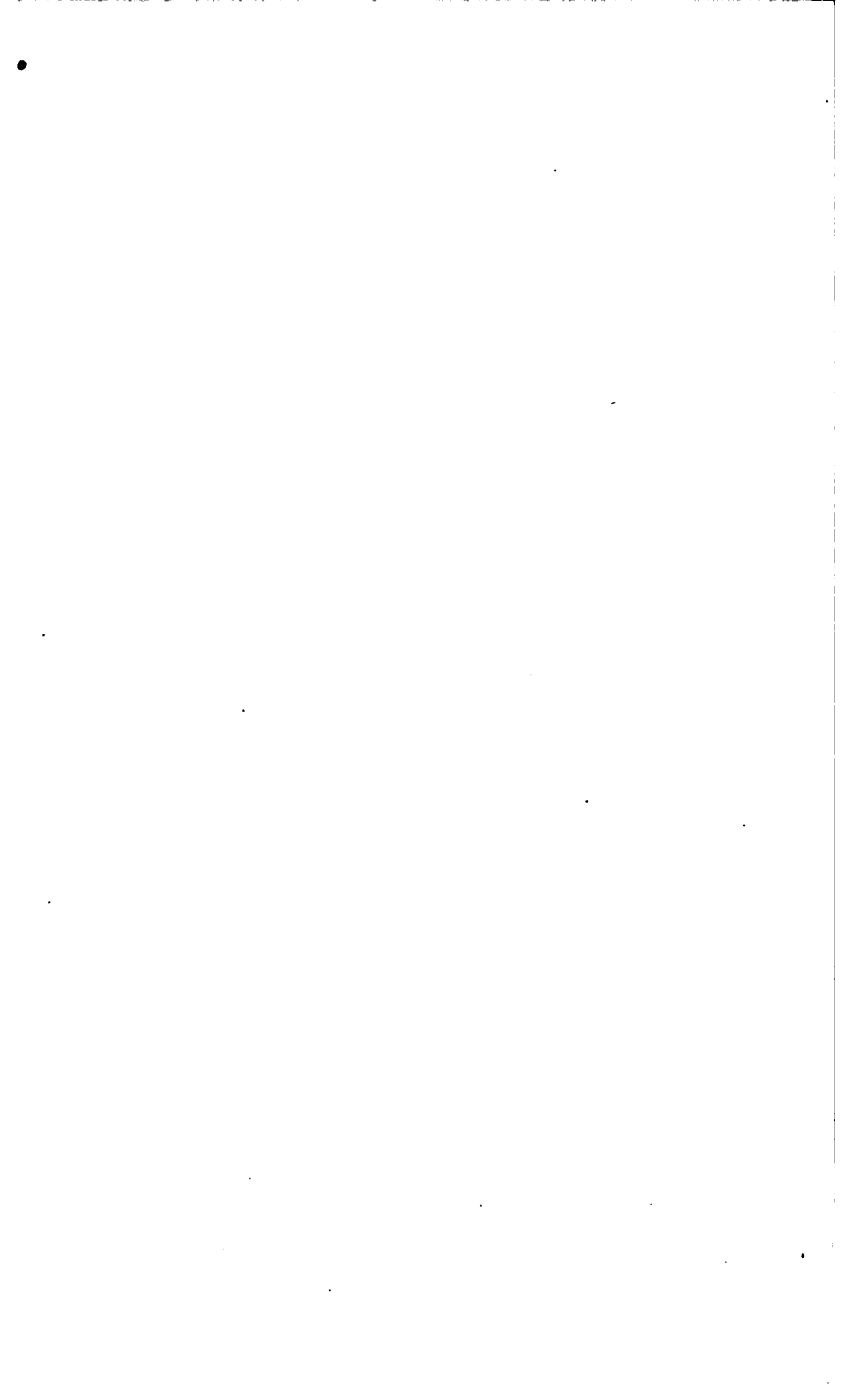
That his end was peaceful we need not be told. The resources of our religion, which are sufficient for a happy life, are no less ample for a happy death. Though he died early, he lived long. One day of his useful life is worth a peccant immortality. He has entered paradise young, but with a spirit radiant with its light and redolent of its fragrance.

I have depicted a good man—some may think in coloring too deep. Richard Baxter in his old age said, "I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have many imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than admirers at a distance think." All this may be true, but it forms no part of my philosophy or my feelings. If nearer approach show greater imperfections, perhaps a still nearer one—such as God only can make—might show, underlying them all, a great

principle of righteousness. True, "the commandment is exceeding broad;" so, also, is the grace of Christ Jesus. Let us not look only through the windows of heaven for purity; it may be found on this side the gates of pearl.



Incidental Sketches.



INCIDENTAL SKETCHES.

Western Character.

ONE class of philosophers maintains that circumstances have little or no influence over the character of men; another, that they give to it its very form and being. The truth, we think, is between these extremes. The lion, domiciliated and reposing obediently at his master's feet, is still a lion, and the dog raised in the lion's den is still a dog; let but circumstances favor a full development of their natural propensities, and the one will be the dreaded enemy of man—the other his faithful guardian. The influence of circumstances over man is greater than it is over brutes, because reason, which governs the one, is under the power of will and habit—instinct, which controls the other, is not. The young bird builds its nest in the same mode, and with the same degree of skill, as the old one. The birds of one age are no wiser than those of a preceding one—but the individual man improves mentally as he passes through the different stages of his being, and the human race grows wiser from age to age.

While, therefore, we deny that circumstances can eradicate or implant capacities or propensities, or disarrange the combinations which give to each man his natural peculiarities of mind, we grant that, by impressing, developing, and adjusting our powers, they may modify our capabilities, inclinations, dispositions, and tastes,

and affect the course of our thoughts, emotions, and actions. Thus the cast of mind, the turn of thought, and the modes of expression, like the manners, habits, and customs of men, are owing to accidental causes. Hence, the different ages, nations, and social grades, are distinguished from each other.

The circumstances which chiefly effect these modifying influences are climate, scenery, pursuits, and social influences. The "Seasons" of Thomson could not have been produced in Scotland, nor the romances of Sir Walter Scott in England; the Pilgrim's Progress would not have been written in the present age, nor the Constitution of the United States in the days of Bunyan. Shakspeare, if he had been sent to Cambridge when he was holding horses at the theater, might have been a Pitt or a Cranmer, but would not have written his immortal plays.

What are the circumstances indicated by the term "western?" The west, as we use the term, means not a *fixed*, but a *floating* line—the frontier of civilization. Three hundred years ago it was on our Atlantic shore—forty years ago it ran through our state. A man educated on the spot where the savage is neighbor to the sage, must possess a character modified by both.

The savage state possesses advantages. The red man, dependent for his food upon the game which he pursues through the forest, or the fish that he catches in the stream, acquires a noble physical development, and a fleetness, a dexterity in action, and a capacity of endurance, rarely attained in civilized life. Imperfectly protected from the elements, and exposed to the incursions of wild beasts, he acquires a delicacy of sense, a habit of observation, and a quickness of invention, to which a civilized man is a stranger. Protected by no battlements from hostile tribes, guarded by no police from his own,

he gains a discernment of character, a readiness in combining resources, and a promptitude in forming moral judgments, not often found in a state of civilization. Without a compass, he steers his way by the moss on the trees; without an eyeglass, he estimates the number of the advancing foe by applying his ear to the ground, and judges of the number, distance, and character of the retreating host by the tracks which they make upon the leaves or the snow, or the marks they impress upon the bushes. His memory is retentive, for he has no records; his calculations are clear, short, and rapid, as his arithmetic is unwritten; his reasoning is simple and direct; his imagination is excited by nature in her ruder and grander forms. Deficient in analytic power, he has few abstractions or generalizations, and no metaphysics; his associations are, for the most part, accidental. Though uncultivated in taste, he is not wanting in emotion; he is pleased with every painted object, moved by every strange one. No skepticism disturbs his faith in the Great Spirit; no philosophy intervenes to deprive mystery of its grandeur; for him the unexpected cloud that obscures the sun is the garment of God; and the breeze that fans the council-fire is the spirit of the dead, arousing him to avenge his wrongs; his appetites and desires are few, his propensities unperverted, his affections strong; he cleaves to the graves of his fathers as to life itself; he has a lively sense of truth, charity, and justice; he shows hospitality, generosity, and fidelity to his friends—bravery, fortitude, and hatred to his foes. It is not to be concealed that he has vices—idleness, lust, cunning, revenge; but his excellences may well be coveted.

Man confined to the city, like a stage horse upon a turnpike, soon wears out. If, by reason of great strength, he bears up, his posterity gradually decays. Confine-

ment, luxury, effeminacy, care, anxiety, and morbid passions, are extremely exhaustive of vital energy; and, when they operate from age to age, reduce the size and strength of the race. If a city family frequently resorts to the country, and intermarries occasionally with persons reared under more invigorating influences, it may be kept up for a great length of time; but in this republic, where wealth can not be entailed beyond the second generation, the *elite* of the city soon takes its station down town; for the mind sinks with the body as the station does with the mind. Inquire for the merchants, lawyers, politicians, bankers, editors, professors, who stand at the head of their professions in New York, and you will find that either *they* are from the country, or their fathers were. Inquire for the children of those who fifty years ago controlled its interests, and you will find them *not*.

The heart, too, suffers from the contagion of the city. Many of the arts of trade are iniquitous. The forms of society are artificial; hypocrisy, deception, flattery, are too common to be rebuked; pride, ambition, avarice, are constantly stimulated; envy, jealousy, rivalry, lead to detraction, backbiting, slander, and all modes of supplanting; devotion often becomes solemn trifling—preaching, subtile speculation—the temple of God, a theater for display; and religion, a mere form without any power. True, the city has its advantages. There the best minds of the country congregate; there the best books are published, and the largest libraries established; there all lands are represented, and the fine arts are cultivated. A mind educated under such circumstances, is likely to possess great accuracy, extensive knowledge, comprehensive views, subtile distinctions, analytical powers, and cultivated taste.

When our Pilgrim fathers came to these shores, the extremes of civilized and savage life were brought

together. Moses, Paul, Milton, Aristotle, Cicero, Calvin; the refinements, the arts, the laws, the institutions, the science, the songs, and the religion of an elevated civilization came over with the first settlers of the new world. Poverty, conflict, disease, and the rigors of the climate, soon carried off the parents, but the children grew up adapted to their circumstances. Building, clearing, fencing, cropping, legislating, negotiating, defending, exploring, educating, worshiping, they combined the fleetness, the strength, and the sagacity of the savage with the policy of the statesman, the intelligence of the philosopher, and the piety of the Christian. The pioneers of the west resembled those of the east—with this difference, that they did not possess uniformity of origin, faith, or manners, or so deep a religious spirit; their circumstances were similar, only they were nearer to the region of civilization. In many cases the western settler laid the floor and put on the clapboards of his own cabin, opened, fenced, and tilled his own clearing, and guarded it from the depredation of wolves, bears, and Indians. During the winter his children were educated at the log school-house, which they found by following blazed trees. No sooner had the child learned to read than new pleasures opened to his expanding mind. The Sabbath was beguiled by the Bible, Bunyan, or Baxter; the winter evening by Hume, or Rollin, or such enchanting verses as those of Shakspeare, Milton, or Moore. The young mind, in greater maturity, found in Lindley Murray an opening to Parnassus, and in Pike's Arithmetic the key to mathematics.

The village was but a larger opening, with wider paths, and houses nearer together; it contained a meeting-house, usually located near the big spring, to accommodate women and children, and surrounded by stumps and saplings for the convenience of hitching horses; a

school-house encompassed by oaks and hawthorns; and a graveyard begirt with hazel bushes, adorned with elder and poke weed, and consecrated by the remains of the departed, which were conveyed to their last resting-place without waving plumes or tolling bells, and marked by the simple head-stone, inscribed with Ruth's words to Naomi, or some other tear-blotted passage of the family Bible.

When the young of both sexes, and various ages and qualifications—collected from the four quarters of the globe, and the different grades of social elevation—meet together, the first thing they do is to knock off the *rough* corners of each other, or the *smooth* ones, as the case may be, and reduce all to the model of a child's round-about common sense. No foreign costume or custom can be tolerated; no distinction acknowledged. He who wears a seal-skin cap must be teased till he is ashamed of it; he who will not go barefoot must be invited by one party to run a race, while another runs off with his shoes. The poor boy whose father is elected to Congress, may expect a whipping for no other reason. The education and government are both according to circumstances—though, really, there is often a great deal of the former, especially in spelling-matches, and not a little of the latter, though it is democratic in form—for, although the pedagogue exercises authority, yet on Christmas he is barred out till he treats to apples and cider, which, like an annual rent, shows to whom the title belongs.

The amusements are generally of the athletic order—skating, swimming, watering horses, running races, sliding down the snowy hill-side on the rude sledge, joining the husking match on the neighboring farm, or watching the squaws as they lead the drunken Indians to the encampment out of town; occasionally affording opportunities

of gallantry, as when the girls accompany the boys, in the spring, to the sugar-camp, or, in the fall, along the river bank to gather the yearly supply of nuts, crab-apples, and plums. On such occasions, woe to the well-dressed lad who aims at superiority of attraction; it is well for him if he be not jostled into the creek as he essays to cross it on the log.

In more advanced life come the dignified amusements of hunting, fishing, rolling-bees, chopping-races, shooting-matches, etc.; or the more refined ones of quiltings, pumpkin-pearings, singing-schools, and sleigh-riding. When behind a fleet horse you have a well-painted sleigh, and by your side the beautiful object of your rival's love, wrapped up with you in the buffalo-robe, while music of bells prevents you from being overheard, and you start for the woods, you are upon the borders of paradise. Happy if, in displaying your extraordinary horsemanship, you do not upset every thing, and thrice happy if, when you return, the old folks have kindled the back-log that has been so long drying in the parlor fireplace, and set out the apples and doughnuts.

When the youth is old enough to begin the world for himself, he usually selects his own occupation. He is influenced in his choice by no considerations of respectability, for he has been so reared as to consider all honest labor honorable; and his ideas of social gradation have been obliterated in the common school, the village party, and the town meeting. Hence, the son of the judge may become the apprentice of the shoemaker; the son of the Congressman the apprentice of the carpenter, as his father was before him. His own inclinations and the wants of the community determine his pursuit. A young man disposed to see the world, will be very likely to become a mechanic. He can soon learn an ordinary art, and easily purchase its necessary tools, and when he

has both, he may go whither he pleases, sure of a welcome, a home, and a living. If he be ambitious, you may see him, ere long, in the rising city, or on the deck of a steamer, descending the Mississippi to enjoy the rice fields and orange groves of the south, and observe the institutions of that region for himself. If he do not fall in love with some rich planter's daughter, and get planted himself, he generally comes back with more wisdom and money than he had at his outset; but wherever he goes, and whatever he does, you may expect him to reserve to himself sufficient time for his personal improvement and amusement. At early dawn or quiet eve you may find him, perhaps, pondering, by the light of shavings, Burke, or Jay, or Bacon, as his taste may be. Before retiring to rest you may see him joining his companions, to serenade, by the light of the moon; some well-known beauties, or pouring forth from the balcony of his boarding-house, the sweet notes of his solitary flute, in plaintive strains, that indicate a heart pretty near breaking.

Should he terminate his wandering at the place of beginning, he will be an object of great interest on his return. Travel and study have refined his manners and enlarged his mind, without increasing his pride or diminishing his early attachments. The golden age has not passed away from his native county, the demagogue has not yet come, and political parties have not yet been formed; men nominate their candidates at the polls, influenced by their views of fitness; thus, at township elections, they take the tallest man and the shortest for fence-viewers—one to look over and the other under; the richest man and the most indigent for overseers of the poor—the one to furnish means, the other sympathy. At the state election they select for treasurer the most responsible man; for surveyor, the most mathematical

one; for legislator, not the man who is most zealous for party, or the most eager for spouting, or the most anxious for climbing, but the man who is best fitted to represent the leading interest of the country.

At a presidential election there is perhaps one inconvenience arising from want of excitement—that is, the difficulty of ascertaining who are the candidates. When Mr. Monroe was running for the presidency, the second time, there was a certain township in Montgomery county, Ohio, where the people, even when they came together at the polls, did not know who was the candidate, and voted directly for a very worthy gentleman in Dayton. But soon a change passes over the country; increased immigration and wealth give increased value to public offices, and this gives rise to dishonorable arts to secure them. Luxury and effeminacy bring increased disease; the enlargement of commerce gives rise to increased litigation; and the increasing difficulty of living increases the motives to crime. Hence, the sick-bed, the pulpit, and the bar call aloud for service, and he who was ready to labor for society in the more humble occupations, is equally ready to enter upon a professional career. Nor does he do this without suitable qualifications, if you judge him, not by an imaginary standard, but by the circumstances in which he is placed.

Let us not be understood to have described the career of every western man. There are families in the west, where the grossest ignorance and superstition reign—they are generally from Europe. There are others where the greatest poverty and sluggishness are found—where the table is an inverted flour-barrel, and the chair an inverted nail-keg, and the bedstead is made of four upright posts, bound with hickory withes; but this is the result of intemperance. I have, however, given the career of western Americans in general.

What are the principal characteristics of such men?

1. Much philosophy, but little metaphysics. The former, as I understand it, is concerned with things *within* the range of experience, the other with things *without* its range. The one regards objects as they are revealed to the senses or the consciousness, the other as they are *not revealed* to either. The one relates to phenomena, the other to essences. The western man, from his youth upward, lives so much in the natural world, that it is difficult for him to get beyond it; he is so busy with causes and effects, that he does not penetrate into being. He studies matter, spirit, God, in their properties and relations, and there he stops.

If you ask him what he thinks of transcendentalism, he will probably say that he could tell you better, if he *understood* it; but such knowledge is too high for him. If you tell him that God created the heavens and the earth, he can understand you; but when you say, "God is the entire process of thought, combining in itself the objective movement in nature with the logical subjective, and ever realizing itself in the spiritual totality of humanity; he is the eternal movement of the universal, ever raising itself to a subject which, first of all in the subject, comes to objectivity and a real consistence, and, accordingly, absorbs the subject into an abstract individuality," you are altogether beyond his tether.

If you define chemistry "a science which investigates the composition, the nature, and properties of material substances, and their mutual combinations," he thinks the definition clear; but when you tell him that "chemistry is the identification of the different, and the differentiation of the identical," he is confounded.

Were a genuine westerner and a German philosopher brought together, we could easily imagine the confusion of the one and the perplexity of the other. A certain

American professor came in contact with a Prussian philosopher, who attempted to explain to him the mysteries of German metaphysics. The Yankee listened patiently for an hour, and then asked so many questions as to convince his friend that he comprehended nothing of what he had been telling him. The German went through the subject again, but only to be probed afresh with vexatious questions, that proved the darkness of the mind he had been striving to illuminate; but grace sustained him in a third attempt, at the close of which the same provoking questions came again, when the poor German, in utter despair, raising his hands and eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "Mien Gott, forgive Christopher Columbus for having discovered America!"

2. Another characteristic of the western man is, that he is a practical philosopher rather than a speculative one. The former seeks for knowledge for its uses, the latter for itself; the one is more concerned with causes and effects, the other with the hidden links which bind them together; the one simply records phenomena and traces their results, the other devises hypotheses to account for them; while the one is turning facts to good account, the other is arranging them according to their bearing upon a certain law. Our westerner would not depreciate the value of speculation. He admits that it is natural, improving, dignified, and that it has important relations to practice; but he can not, to any great extent, indulge in it. On the frontier are no fortunes on which men can spend life in the study. Indeed, there is little chance for a study; every thing is in motion, because every thing is to be done; the forest to be felled, the city to be built, the railroad surveyed, the swamp cleared, political, social, and religious systems to be organized; a study under such circumstances would be like a study in a vessel short-manned and swept by the tempest.

Moreover, the pioneer, amid incessant action, acquires such *habits* of thought as to disincline him to speculative pursuits. Indeed, it is difficult for him to appreciate their importance; he can not understand how, age after age, Nominalists and Realists could spend their time and waste their dialectical skill in discussing the question whether an abstract general term is a mere name, or expresses a reality. He is strongly disposed to treat the whole discussion as *flatus vocis*. He can not understand how exasperated monks could spend their energies in discussing the question whether, when a man drove a pig to market by means of a string tied to one of his hind legs, the pig led the man or the man led the pig; or how Christian nations could refuse a footing on land to exiles floating about during the winter in the northern seas, simply because they did not explain the sacrament of the Lord's supper to their satisfaction. These things require a higher degree of civilization than can be found among the busy settlers of the wilderness. Melancthon, among the advantages which he promised himself upon entering into heaven, enumerated the following: First. That he should be able to explain the mysteries which here he could not. Second. That he should comprehend why we are placed in our present state. Third. That he should be able to comprehend how the two natures were united in Christ; and among the evils which he should escape that he should be free from the persecutions of theologians. The western man desires heaven, but not on these accounts. But though he can not speculate, he can act. In the absence of theory there may be useful practice. The preacher may not be able to explain the history of religious controversies, and yet tell the way of salvation; he may not be able to read Hebrew or Greek, and yet be useful in reforming society. The doctor may be at a loss to name the veins in your arm, though he may open and

close one very neatly; he may be unable to give you the etymology of the words diagnosis and prognosis, while he distinguishes between diseases with nicety, and indicates their issues with surprising certainty; he may not be able to name the catalogue of maladies, nor prescribe for them in Latin, and still he may, by his penetration, discern their symptoms, and, by his sagacity, relieve them. The lawyer may be wanting in legal lore, in classical attainments, and in obsolete forms, and yet seize the *strong* points of his case, and the *weak* ones of his adversary's, and, storming both the court and the jury, satisfy at once his conscience and his client. All law is founded on common sense, and he who can clearly show that justice is on his side, can hardly fail to get judgment.

It is well to have both theory and practice; but if we can have but *one*, let us have the latter. Practice will sooner or later be followed by theory; whereas, theory may exist forever without practice. If a man have theory only he had better not move to the west, for there ministers build no houses, where they win no souls; doctors none, where they save no patients; and lawyers none, where they gain no cases. It is easy to ridicule the inaccuracies and inelegancies of merely practical men, and it is equally easy to ridicule the blunders of merely theoretical ones. The graduate who values knowledge for its subjective blessings only, as if it were a perversion of science to apply it to vulgar uses, may sneer at the farmer who will not believe that the earth turns round, because he has never seen his camp kettle turned upside down; but the farmer may have his time to laugh when the graduate is put into the wilderness. At a raising, a learned doctor, fresh from one of the Scottish universities, though he understood the subject of mechanics, got as near to the beam that he was assisting to carry as he

could, and when his partner offered him more of the handspike cried, "No, indeed, I can't carry what I have;" and a venerable clergyman, full of bookish philosophy, chalked the side of his boat to ascertain how high the water might rise during the night.

Another characteristic of the western man is, that though he has more of the real than the imaginary in his thoughts, he is by no means wanting in the latter. However unfavorable the circumstances of pioneer life may be to develop abstraction, ratiocination, and memory, they are well adapted to stimulate the imagination. There is a distinction between the fancy and the imagination; the former gives us airy shapes, the latter gives us likenesses; fancy is concerned with trivial objects, imagination with grand, spiritual, eternal things. In long-settled countries, where multitudes are reared in coal pits, or confined to ditches, or factories, or rarely pass beyond the walls of their native cities, or, if they do, it is to visit some thickly-populated graveyard, or some forsaken castle, the *fancy* may be vigorous; but in the forest of the new world there is but little chance for hobgoblins or apparitions. Man walks abroad freely amid the works of God—works in all the wild magnificence of nature. He is in the midst of broad plains, lofty mountains, majestic streams; on every hand he meets with some object fitted to furnish him with elevated ideas and to arouse into healthful and vigorous action the best powers of his mind; withal, he is not so hampered but that he can allow his mind free scope in depicting its own creations. It was under these circumstances that the grandest poetry of the world was produced.

Amid the wheels of commerce, the calculations of avarice, the struggles of ambition, or the din of daily news, there is no time for mental painting; and when the mind is shut up within certain rules, and compelled

to cast all its forms within prescribed mental triangles or squares, there is no elasticity to the spirit in man, and no invitation to the inspiration of the Almighty.

Familiarity with nature gives a tendency to employ figurative language, and an excited imagination unchastened by cultivation leads to extravagance in its use. Judged by the mercantile, the metaphysical, or the school-master-standard, the western orator is sophomoric, savage; but has it never occurred to you that, judged by the western standard, the eastern orator may be insipid, affected, vapid, or imitative? and why may not one be judge as well as the other? But because light travels round the earth from east to west, the east has always borne itself toward the west with an assurance bordering upon *impudence*; she assumes, by her dictum, to set up one, and put down another; as well might the poles sit in judgment on the equator, or the line rise up to condemn the tropics.

Figures are natural; the world is full of them; figures of wood and stone, light and shade; figures in heaven above, and on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth. Human language is full of figures. The most literal terms—spirit, penetrate, apprehend, persist, prevent, abstract, etc.—were all originally figures. We *must* represent that which is not cognizable by the senses by that which is. Even dry commerce has its figures, not merely arithmetical and geometrical, but rhetorical; figures on its signs, its advertisements, its boxes, its envelops, and even within its envelops; figures of etymology, of syntax, and of rhetoric, some of which might be deemed extravagant, were they not eastern. What is more natural than to trace resemblances between objects, or to express these resemblances? The one is nature's mode of gaining knowledge, the other her mode of communicating it. When we advance in civilization, we do

but exchange the emblem for the symbol—the natural for the constituted sign.

Figures are God's language—the language of Moses, of the prophets, of the Psalms, of Jesus Christ. From the opening of Genesis to the close of the Apocalypse, you progress through metaphors, allegories, types. Tried by some modern standards, Isaiah, Paul, and John would be insufferably sophomoric. Had their language been less figurative, it had been less natural, less general, less permanent.

It has been alleged that figurative language is not sufficiently intelligible. This was the great objection of the priesthood against giving the Bible to the people; but who ever heard of a man plucking out his right eye or cutting off his right hand in consequence of reading the sermon on the mount? Common men have more sense than the wise ascribe to them. When men object to western eloquence, they had better come out and see its effect; for, after all, it is by its effects that oratory must be tried. We must consider the intention of the speaker, the occasion and connections of the speech, and the limitations, distinctions, and qualifications with which it is received by the auditors, before we can be prepared for just criticism. Any thing dissevered from its connections may be held up to ridicule.

The western country would no more endure criticism than western eloquence. There are too many trees in the forest—too many flowers on the prairie—too much hill here and too little there, a slough where there should be an eminence, and an eminence where there should be a lake. Indeed, neither nature, nor providence, nor Scripture conforms to the critic's rules, yet God is in all. No set of rules can be devised for human genius—it changes with the age and circumstances, both of the individual and the race. The oratory of old

age would be very bald to youth, as the eloquence of youth is very insipid to old age. As long as the world has both young and old, learned and ignorant, we shall need variety in style. Shakspeare and Bunyan would have lost many of their highest charms if they had shaped their conceptions or expressions according to rhetorical rules. Luther would never have shaken Europe if he had not broken over both the canons of the schools and the canons of the Church. A bull-dog may be much less attractive than a gentleman, but when a man is drowning the former may be of more service than the latter. There is a time to bow and compliment, and a time to lecture on specific gravity, but there is a time also to catch a man by the hair of the head. In the arts principles are more extended than men generally allow. "Lines which from their propriety in one art are strikingly beautiful, become absolutely absurd as sources of beauty in others." . . . "In all of them, fitness for the purpose and proportion to effect the object are the surest guide to beauty of line, and thence naturally to beauty of form." "In vain may Burke resolve beauty into smallness, delicacy, smoothness, or Hogarth into the serpentine line." These remarks, so applicable to the fine arts, are equally so to the finer art of rhetoric. Let there be but life in the soul, and there will be form on the tongue, and it will be the best form. Nature makes no errors; to every seed she appoints its own body.

It were as easy to ridicule over-refinement as excessive ornament. Garrick represents the young collegian teaching his grandmother how to suck an egg: "We make an incision at the apex and an aperture at the base; then making a vacuum with the tongue and palate, we suffer the contained matter to be protruded into the mouth by atmospheric pressure." "La!" replies his

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grandmother, "how clever! in my day we just made a hole at each end and then sucked it."

The western tendency to hyperbole is natural. That figure is founded in surprise; and here almost every thing we meet with exceeds our expectation and warms our imagination. We should not be judged by those whose lives have been spent within walls, and whose views are narrowed down to the littleness of an office wafer.

Let him who talks of western hyperbole go west; let him sail a lake in a canoe with four or five Indians, and, as he is half way over, let the storm arise, and let him save his life by bailing out the water with his hat; let him be driven to islands of sand and compelled to live for three days together on turtle eggs; let him cross rivers, swimming and holding to the tail of his horse, while his clothes are tied to the pommel of his saddle, and have the mortification sometimes to lose his hold and find his horse coming out on one bank and himself on the other; let him travel through roads where he is not unlikely to meet with a foot-traveler stalled, and to have to dismount and pry him out, one leg at a time; let him miss his way through the woods and sleep in a tree-top, while the wolves howl beneath him; let him be benighted on the banks of a stream and lie down by a log, with his rifle on one side and an Indian of suspicious character on the other; let him get on a dog-train and find his dogs fighting a pitched battle with those of another traveler that he has met, and rolling him and his fellow-travelers in the snow when the thermometer is forty degrees below zero, and he will feel a little inclined to extravagant expression, even though he be from a German University. The west respectfully declines the judgment of those who know neither them nor their circumstances. There is on the border an imaginative oratory and poetry as grand, when judged

by a proper standard, as the world ever saw. What it lacks in learning and polish it more than makes up in freedom and earnestness. Why do we not see it? Because much of it is unwritten. And this leads me to note another characteristic of the west: it is more inclined to *action* than reflection. While the old world by gas-light dramatizes the pioneer for the amusement of gazing fools, he by starlight cuts his poetry out of a wilderness into the beautiful forms of villages, temples, and cities, and weaves his philosophy into steamboats and railroads, and his politics into constitutions and laws. Come in the next age, and see if the embodiments of his conceptions will not bear criticism! But the west has produced philosophers and orators who have cast their thoughts in words. Forty years ago, Ohio had in the Church Bigelow, Collins, Young, Finley, Strange, Hoge, Willson—preachers who might be compared with any popes or bishops on earth; in the state, Clay, M'Arthur, Vance, Whittlesey—statesmen who might have been placed honorably in any parliament; among her various warriors, Perry, Jackson, Harrison—of deserved renown.

Another peculiarity of the west is the love of nature. We know the power of habit: it can reconcile us to almost any thing; it can make us regard the walls of a prison as more pleasant than the mountain's side, the darkness as more desirable than light. So the inhabitant of the city comes in time to regard the Strand or the Boulevards as better than the banks of the Rhine or the sunsets of Italy. When he goes forth to behold nature he sees her all geometrized, and furrowed, and sowed, and harrowed, and vocal with anxious voices or brazen instruments—not in her native richness and luxuriance, musical with her own happy and beautiful choirs. The pioneer beholds her in all her charms; he communes with her day by day till he becomes acquainted

with her, and cultivates her acquaintance till he admires her, and admires her till he loves her. He hails the sun at his rising and his setting, and is baptized each day with the morning and the evening dews. Whether his ax resounds in the forest, or his plow breaks the furrows, or his scythe rests beneath the tree, every thing around him invites to pleasant thought. His amusements and his enjoyments as well as his labors are generally under the open sky. Here his friendships are formed, his discussions conducted, his books studied, his pipe smoked, his wife courted, and his children amused. In times of seriousness he is wont to go forth as did the Psalmist, to consider the heavens, the moon and stars which God has ordained; and, although he may not be able to name the pleiades, he may feel their sweet influences upon his spirit. Thus he associates nature with his happiest hours, his noblest thoughts, his best emotions. No wonder if, like the Indian, he should contemplate heaven as a beautiful forest. He looks not at nature with the eye of a merchant; it is not only for its minerals that he values the mountain, or for its corn, the valley; or for its power to turn wheels, the creek; or for its capability to float ships, the river—he values them for their power to feed the soul, to clothe it with the raiment of glorious thought, and to lift it up toward the divine intelligence that rays out from all that surrounds him.

He has a great love of freedom. For the most part he is not brought up, but brings himself up. He is free in his manners; he has neither the skulking of a menial nor the strut of a lord; he meets you with a look of conscious integrity, an air of confidence and fearlessness, a mien that bespeaks a contented condition, and a manner rustic as a patriarch's. He has no rules of politeness, but his behavior makes you feel at ease in his company. If you ride up to his gate as he sits

smoking at his cabin door, he does not go out and bow and ask you to alight; he sees company so rarely that he thinks you must know that you are welcome; he does not want you to knock at his door, indeed, it is not always that he has one, and if he has, and you find the latch-string out, he expects you to pull it. On entering, you may help yourself to a seat, and then you will be told where you may find oats for your horse, or corn if you prefer it. You will not be asked to dine, but when the pot is boiled you will be seated at the table. You may look for no ceremony at dinner; if you are timid, the host may give you warning that he who does not help himself will not get any thing. As for his wife and daughters, they are all with him, and can speak for themselves without introduction. He is free in speech as well as manners; he gives you your title if he thinks of it, if not, no matter; he accords to you your claims after you have demonstrated them; he tells you that he prefers his own taste to yours, and, after hearing your opinion, he gives his own, which he thinks much better; he frankly puts you on your guard against your infirmities, and tells you of your faults; and he is willing that you should communicate with him as freely as he does with you; if you engage him in debate, you will find him a fearless, outspoken, and trenchant antagonist—scorning all artifice, concealing no truth, acknowledging what is against himself, and candidly conceding what he can not maintain; he goes heart uppermost. Whether he be friend or foe you know it—you will find him sincere. When he says you are welcome to his horse, it is the animal and not the compliment that he means; after having pointed out your faults he does not ridicule them in your absence. Although he may not put himself to so much trouble and expense as the continental gentleman, he will not recompense himself unknown to you by

collecting commission on your bills. He will not flatter when he intends to stab; he will not draw his stalwart fist according to the latest code of politeness; nor will he smile, and bow, and compliment you at the table when he is maturing his dark plans to supplant you. When he is angry he condemns openly; when he is pleased he expresses himself "in the long, loud laugh sincere;" and when he counsels, it is in plain, direct, and forcible words. Of many a courtier you may say, "His words are smoother than oil, but war is in his heart." Of the westerner you may say, "His words are rough as cobble stones, but peace is in his heart."

He is free in his actions—not cramped by fixed rules—but going as the spirit moves him. He eats when he is hungry, and drinks when he is thirsty; he sows and reaps when he gets ready, whether the moon's horns are up or down; he goes in and comes out as he pleases, without consulting the almanac. If he be a schoolmaster, he requires no bows or curtesies; he teaches the scholars arithmetic without formal rules; he "puts them through," making them do every sum, and when they ask for the principles, he tells them to find them out as he did, for one thing found out is better than ten things explained. Is he a druggist, he can sell you half a dozen oils out of the same bottle. "What," cries he, "is the use of making such petty distinctions, when oil of stone and oil of spike and seneca oil, etc., are all about the same thing?" Is he a surgeon, he can perform almost any operation with a good knife. Is he a speaker, he speaks right to the point; and although he makes many mistakes in his terms and his pronunciation, yet, conscious that he has the "root of the matter," he is satisfied. Is he a warrior, he lays his plans without Jomini's tactics, and beats the enemy without inquiring by what rules. At the battle of Buena Vista, General

Taylor said that the western troops were fairly whipped—but they did not know it; so, after taking breath, they were up and at it again.

When Cincinnati was in its infancy a course of lectures in geology was called for by the public. Doctor Drake had not studied it, but he desired to; so he notified the committee that he would lecture on the subject once a week. He knew that this was contrary to all rule, but then he thought that he could keep ahead of his hearers; or if, perchance, any one should outstrip him, he would have ingenuity enough to keep him still.

You may suppose that one so rash in action must necessarily commit blunders. What if he does? they do not kill him. If they are laughable, he can laugh at them as heartily as any body; if they are serious, he stands corrected. When his gun misses fire, he does not throw it away, but picks the lock and tries it again. We read of a rising poet whose song was forever silenced in a laugh which he raised among the critics by representing the nightingale as singing in the morning; but he was not a western poet. When Judge M'Lean told Doctor D. he ought not to speak of Hannibal as the great general of the Romans, seeing that he was a Carthaginian, he bought a history and said, "I'll make no more such blunders." If we wait till we get so perfect in our rules that we shall be exempt from error, we may wait a great while and do very little.

You silence a western man because he pronounces *hy-per-bo-le* *hyperbole*, or *cue bono cui bono*, or pronounces *belle* in two syllables, or puts *post-herd* for *pot-s herd*! As well attempt to stop the Mississippi with a paddle.

He has an abhorrence of unnecessary forms in business, in law, in every thing, but particularly in religion. You could not easily get a monk's cowl on his head. He

can sympathize with Hooper, who refused to be ordained a bishop if he must have a gown on. Robes and miters, altars and incense, candles and chants, are out of place when the preacher must speak in a dwelling-house in winter and in a grove in summer, and while he preaches is liable to have kittens play with his shoe-strings, and children with his coat, and dogs jump over his back while he is at prayer, if a raccoon happens to come in sight. When the church is removed to the school-house, there is still no place for complicated forms and ceremonies. In some places it is necessary to send children to dancing school that they may know how to behave at church, but not in the west. Even when you go to the brick meeting-house of the village, the needless forms follow slowly. It requires many years to get the choir, more to get the organ, and still more the pew door and the black bag. The pioneer remembers the time when he had no closet, but kneeled behind some tree or brush-heap, or, like Isaac, meditated at eventide, leaning upon the top of his staff. When, like Obed Edom, he had the ark in his own house, then he proved that God is a spirit, and seeketh such to worship him as worship him in spirit and in truth. He remembers how the *power* came without the *form* beneath the open arch of heaven, and how, like a Pentecost, the Holy Ghost descended upon his neighbors when, with one consent, they were gathered together in the woods to speak of the things of God. He remembers how the best ministers in the world were well supported by carrying round the hat, and he fears these refinements.

He can not be persuaded to think much of religious technicalities. Necessity is a great simplifier and organizer. If men on an island, cut off from communication with the world, were to become converted to the Christian faith, doubtless they would baptize each other and

ordain a minister for themselves, and construct an outward and visible Church for the inward and invisible one that God had set up in their hearts.

He is a little inclined to be too free in his morality. His clear notions of right and wrong are sometimes too strong for Jno. Doe and Richard Roe. If the devil is in a barrel and there is no law to get him out, he will knock him on the head and spill his liquid brains, or, if he do not, his wife will.

Though he sometimes use the club of the unwritten law, he rarely squeezes out the venom of the written one; and when he resorts to force, it is from *good* impulses, not *bad* ones—it is with a view not to *subvert*, but to *supplement* the statute.

He is a Sabbath-keeper. Yet, if a meeting is to be held at his house on Lord's day, and his pig—his only resource—should escape on Saturday night, just as he was ready to kill him, I suppose that if, on Sabbath morning, while at prayers, he should see a wild turkey alight upon a tree, he would drop his prayer and take up his gun, and, after securing the game, end his devotions with thanksgiving for the providence that enabled him to exercise his usual Christian hospitality.

If, in order to accommodate separate settlements, it should be necessary to locate a camp meeting on Government land, and the presiding elder should declare that he could not conscientiously conduct the meeting while the worshipers were trespassers, they would be very likely to vote him *excessively civilized*, and go on with their devotions without him.

He loves liberty. Liberty is public—freedom personal. Civil liberty respects the state—religious respects the Church. The pioneer's views of both are rational—his zeal for both is ardent. Most men derive their notions of liberty from the Grecian and Roman classics; the

western man, having no time to study these, draws his ideas and inspiration from the Bible, and his own country's history. The code of Moses, the precepts of Christ, the writings of our fathers and the institutions which they founded, give much better notions of liberty than can be found in all other writings of earth. There is no Thermopylæ like Bunker Hill, no Leonidas that has half the glory of Washington. The democracies of antiquity were unjust to their citizens, oppressive to their colonies, cruel to their children and their slaves—bewildered by philosophy, corrupted by sensuality, and blinded by false gods. The western man, as he recounts the deeds of the Pilgrims, catches their spirit; with better views, he has equal desires of liberty; and with less Christian doctrine, he has more Christian charity than they.

The cry of continental Europe for liberty is strong, but it is license rather than liberty that is desired—a liberty which would leave man without an altar, a family, or a home. Our liberty guards alike the family, the fireside, and the temple. Securing the great principles of morality, without which society could not be preserved, it leaves untouched the great birth-right of men—liberty of conscience—liberty to speak the things that we have seen and heard—to obey God rather than man. Associations, prejudices, habits, superstitions, imaginary terrors, and inwrought depravity may prevent the pioneer's soul from going forth in its own liberty; but these prepossessions are not rendered venerable by antiquity, formidable by silver shrines, and mighty by the force of authority or the fear of power. It is in the wilderness, where there is no caste created by office, birth, or wealth, that we feel most deeply the equality of man.

He is honest. The Indian within the verge of civil-

ization, exchanges the virtues of barbarism for the vices of civilization; the pioneer exchanges the vices of civilization for the virtues of barbarism. Depravity shows itself upon the frontier as well as in the interior; but in the former situation, circumstances generally put the inhabitants beyond the ordinary temptations to dishonesty, sensuality, and excess.

I use the term honest in its extensive sense, as descriptive alike of principles, conduct, and temper of mind. The great temptation to dishonesty is necessity; but in the wilderness the wants of man are diminished, and the means of acquisition increased, while the general objects of acquisition are not portable. Hence borderers scarce ever lock their doors, or bolt their windows. In many cases their day-books are planks, and their means of writing chalk—their settlements are few—their words are bonds. Occasionally a rascal gets among them, but he is soon routed. They are not honest merely in the negative sense—they consider each other's welfare. View them in all situations in which the rights and interests of others are concerned, and you will find them possessed of a character which, in this fallen world, is remarkable for integrity. Are they competitors, they are fair; are they judges, they are equitable; are they umpires, they are reasonable.

Their sufferings teach them how to sympathize with each other; their mutual dependence how to assist each other. The afflicted must perish if the healthy did not volunteer assistance; a man must bury his own dead if his neighbors did not come to his relief. In many instances the passing traveler must lose his all in the road if the settler did not have mercy. There are frequent occasions of taking a neighbor's sheep from the pit, or his child from peril; of giving water to the thirsty, and binding up the bleeding wound. A more refined state

of society may have its charities in the shape of poor rates, asylums, and eleemosynary societies, which do not improve the heart of either giver or receiver. Of all the sufferers that pine in the city, the busy citizen may be as ignorant as if he lived in China; while every calamity that occurs in a border township, moves every heart within its limits. It is easy to perceive that the latter situation is the more favorable to moral discipline. It schools the affections to kindness and gentleness, the will to a favorable disposition toward all men, and the hand to a facility in doing good. Men unused to the west may ascribe to it a want of kindness. It has no mawkish sensibility, no sickening sentimentality, no ostentatious sympathy; its goodness does not issue in useless tears, nor empty condolence, nor vicious sanctions, but in good counsel and substantial relief. *Benefits and services* you need hardly look for in the west. They belong to a state of society where there is a great distinction between the rich and poor, and breed haughtiness in the one and servility in the other; but good offices, and kindnesses, and the sweet charities of life may be found all along the frontier.

This state of things has passed away with us. We are advancing to a state of refined civilization. With progress in science and art there is progress in luxury, effeminacy, intemperance, selfishness, and sensuality—just what might be expected. Nations culminate and decline—they look backward to their first age as their golden one. Never was there a higher degree of civilization at Rome, or Greece, or Egypt, than when her manners were most corrupt. Must it be so with us? There are but two modes of preventing it: artificial restraints and moral culture. The former have been tried both in Church and state. We have an example in the laws of Lycurgus. To prevent political degeneracy

he ordained a senate between the kings and the people. To prevent physical degeneracy he ordained that all sickly or decrepit children should be slain; that all youth should be taken from their parents at the age of seven years, and trained by the public masters to dexterity, courage, agility, and magnanimity; and that all persons should eat at public tables. To prevent moral degeneracy he decreed that the lands should be divided anew, so that the rich might be reduced to the necessity of labor, and the poor raised to a condition of comfort; that foreign commerce, and all unprofitable and superfluous arts, should be prohibited; that internal commerce should be discouraged by substituting iron money for gold and silver. Thus he diminished the motives to bribery, theft, robbery, and fraud—for who would seek unjust gains when he could neither conceal them nor carry them off? It would take a team of oxen to remove a hundred dollars of Lycurgus's money. The laws of Lycurgus arrested vice in some measure, and trained up a nation of matchless warriors; but his institutions were gradually laid aside, and Sparta fell with her sister states. Such a plan of keeping society pure, if it could succeed, would be like cutting off the feet to get rid of the gout. The communism of Europe is an attempt to cure the evils of civilization by artificial means. They can never be even tried on a large scale in a republic.

Monastic institutions have been tried with less success than political ones. Men may shut themselves out from the temptations of the world, without shutting themselves out of corruption. Experiment has demonstrated that humanity may grow worse and worse under the pressure of seclusion, and fasting, and penance, and vows. The only hope is the Christian's. The Gospel addresses itself to the heart, and, making the fountain pure, it makes the streams pure. It is often asked whether

the United States are destined, after culminating, to set as the great nations of the past. The answer depends on how far they receive the Bible.

Wesley and Methodism.

METHODISM originated in the midst of profound thought. This will appear from its author, its birth-place, and its age.

John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Church, was born at Epworth, a village in England, June 14, 1703. His father, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, was a clergyman of the Established Church, and rector of the parish in which he dwelt. His mother was an amiable, pious, and gifted lady, in all respects worthy both of her husband and her sons. It has often been remarked that illustrious men have been presented to the world by gifted mothers. The present instance is an exemplification of the remark. We shall not attempt a eulogy of Mr. Wesley; we have neither the talent nor the time to do justice to the theme; nor do we deem it necessary, for his acts are his best eulogy, and they are incorporated with the history of the Church and the world, during the eventful period in which he lived, and have become familiar, as well to the scholar and the Christian, as to the mere Methodist. It will be sufficient to remark that he was a great mind. He was one of those orbs which shine by original light; he was formed rather to radiate than to reflect. He was beneficent as well as brilliant; unlike the comet, which wanders in an eccentric orbit, now plunging into unfathomable depths of space, beyond the limits of our system, and now returning to blaze around the sun, attracting the wonder of the philosopher, and

exciting the gaze and terror of the multitude, he shone with a mild and steady radiance. He was a sun to his own system, a fixed star to others.

Methodism has been persecuted as the offspring of imbecility; but its persecutors knew neither its author nor itself; they condemned the phantom of their own imagination, and evinced their ignorance as well as their depravity.

From its author, we pass to its birthplace. It arose not in the regions of darkness; it emerged from that brilliant center whence radiate some of the most powerfully-illuminating rays that, for ages past, have visited the continents and islands of our benighted world—the favored isle, within whose coral coasts thought, fancy, energy, discovery, have found in modern ages the theater of unembarrassed workings.

It has been said of Christianity that it did not appear when the human mind was dormant. The same may be affirmed of that form of it called Methodism. If the former was born in the golden age of Roman literature, the latter arose in the golden age of English. The dawn of the eighteenth century found England in the zenith of her glory. Her powers appeared to have attained maturity, and to have been employed in the noblest objects within the sphere of human achievement. She swept from her harp the sweetest notes that ever entranced her valleys; she gazed upon her earth and her heavens with the most philosophic eye that ever observed them. Copernicus had discovered the true system of the universe; Kepler had measured the orbits of the planets, and ascertained the velocities of their motions and the times of their revolutions; Galileo had improved the telescope, and revealed to the eye of man the wonders of hidden worlds; Bacon, the second Plato, but greater than the first, had broken the clouds which so long obscured the

lights of science; and Newton, rising on the wings of his ascended Master, had swept the compass of the universe, and discovered the principles by which all worlds were bound together in order and harmony. The department of intellectual and moral science—before almost unknown—was opened by the immortal Locke. Political science was familiar to the common mind. Religious liberty was enjoyed, and the principles of the Reformation were widely diffused. Nor was ancient literature forgotten; classic fountains burst from British hills, and rolled their transparent waters through England's philosophic groves. This was the age of the British classics. Addison, Swift, Steele, furnished patterns of elegance, purity, and beauty—the best models of every grace. At this period, in the midst of its greatest advantages, Methodism arose. She has been accused of ignorance; she has been charged with opposition to learning; she is said to dread the light; but what is the fact? Her founder was eminent in science. At eleven he was sent to the Charter-House school in London, where he showed precocity of intellect and extraordinary capacity for knowledge. At seventeen he was elected to Christ Church, Oxford. At twenty-one he attracted attention, by peculiar discernment, liberal sentiment, extensive knowledge, and polite accomplishments. At twenty-three he was moderator of the classes, and Greek lecturer in Lincoln College. After having taken the degree of Master of Arts, he spent many years in extending his knowledge, for he regarded collegiate attainments as the mere vestibule of education. He devoted great attention to archæology, oriental literature, composition, oratory, the natural and exact sciences, medicine, and modern languages. When a student he could do what many a professor in these days can not—converse in Latin, and write Greek with ease and accuracy. As was John, so also was his brother Charles, and

so were their companions who formed the first Methodist class, of which we have the following account: "In November, 1729, four young gentlemen of Oxford, Mr. John Wesley, fellow of Lincoln College, Mr. Charles Wesley, student of Christ Church, Mr. Morgan, commoner of Christ Church, and Mr. Kirkman, of Merton College, began to spend some evenings in a week together in reading chiefly the Greek Testament. The next year two or three of Mr. John Wesley's pupils desired the liberty of meeting with them, and afterward one of Mr. Charles Wesley's pupils." Subsequently others were added, among whom were Mr. Hervey and Mr. Whitefield. Thus, we see that the first Methodist class-room was a college study, the first class a club of students, the first leader a college lecturer, the first exercise the reading of a Greek Testament.

It may be inquired, did not Mr. Wesley imbibe his religious notions from ignorant and enthusiastic Moravians? We answer, he did learn the lessons of salvation, by faith and joy in the Holy Ghost, from that pious people; but whether he sat at the feet of *ignorance* to learn them may be known from the fact, that he corresponded with Peter Bohler, his spiritual god-father, in the Latin language. We do not presume that the sublime doctrines of salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus, and the inward witness of adoption, were any the more delightful to the mourner's heart for being conveyed through this medium. We merely state the fact to correct the error. Say not that ignorance is congenial to Methodism; she was born in college; she breathed her first, her deepest, her holiest inspirations in the atmosphere of science.

Methodism sprung up in an age of spiritual declension. The doctrines of the Reformation, although acknowledged, appeared not to be proclaimed; the preceptive portion of revelation seemed to be as much neglected

as its doctrinal; the clergy appeared to be secularized, and the laity faithless. Instead of the evangelical teachings of the apostles of the Reformation, the pulpit presented the reveries of Whiston, or the metaphysics of Hoadly, or the morality of Seneca; iniquity abounded, the love of many waxed cold, the good man wept over Zion's desolation. Politics absorbed the attention of the multitude, philosophy of the learned, and pleasure of the clergy. Such being the case in the Church, what was it beyond its pale? The Sabbath was desecrated, and experimental religion was ridiculed. The powers of wickedness were giant, and neither the prayers of the Church, the influence of magistracy, nor the arm of law were adequate to arrest their march. Infidelity was boldly avowed, alike by the learned and the ignorant. Hobbs, Collins, Tindal, Morgan, and others, openly assailed the Gospel, and multitudes regarded the question of its divinity as *settled* in the negative. This may be accounted for in part by that freedom of inquiry which the Reformation introduced, and in part by the attempt of the Church to adapt the Gospel to the principles of modern philosophy, thus rendering it a Christless, comfortless nullity. The great reason was, perhaps, the decline of vital godliness, beginning with the priests, and extending to the people. The watchmen ceased to watch their own hearts, their graces gradually declined, they at length descended to be mere moralists. Speculation took the place of doctrine, and a cold morality was substituted for experimental piety.

And now Methodism arose. Let us inquire what was its character? It was spiritual, zealous, self-denying. It would be both interesting and relevant to trace the workings of Mr. Wesley's mind; to mark his conscientiousness; his anxiety for the truth; his effort to obtain salvation by works; his conviction that all was not right;

his longing after that faith which casts out fear, works by love, and purifies the heart, and that *joy* which is unspeakable and full of glory. It would be pleasing to notice that change which took place in the brothers when they embraced Christ as their wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; but we must pass to remark that Wesley preached the faith which he received, and that around him souls were oppressed with sorrow for sin, cried out in agony, who shall deliver me? laid hold of the cross, looked up to the throne, felt the application of grace to their hearts, enjoyed the inward witness of adoption, and tasted the powers of the world to come. In his societies he declared the progress of grace in his own soul, and, like the royal Psalmist, cried, "Come, taste and see that the Lord is good." Weighed down under a sense of the value of souls, and burning with love to his fellow-man, he proceeded from the churches to the highways and fields, and proclaimed to crowds of dying, miserable mortals, the glad tidings of salvation. Strange was the sound, and joyful as strange; thousands heard entranced. Believing the report, they laid hold on Christ. Bristol, Bath, and Kingswood poured their neglected thousands at his feet; the scenes of Pentecost were revived on earth; and multitudes who were crowding the way to destruction, rushed into the paths of life. It seemed as though the harps of heaven had dropped down to earth, and earth, in her turn, had made a Sabbath day's journey toward heaven.

From those places he proceeded to Blackheath, Moorfields, Kensington Common, and New Castle-upon-Tyne, where thousands of anxious listeners crowded around him, and hung with delight and interest upon his lips. But his efforts were not confined to England; he proceeded to Ireland and Wales. His brother Charles soon came to his help; he went to the fields with hesitancy,

proclaiming his Master's word with trembling; but God's grace visiting him while he fed the hungry multitude, he took courage and soon walked shoulder to shoulder with his brother and Mr. Whitefield. This method of preaching, although adopted from necessity, the Churches having closed their doors upon these preachers on account of their strange doctrines, nevertheless had great advantages; it excited attention, brought the unlooked-for lost within hearing, and dispensed the word of life with almost matchless expedition.

The extraordinary success which followed the powerful preaching of these modern apostles, rendered it necessary to form the awakened and converted into classes for mutual edification and instruction, so that the piety and experience of each might be the property of all. These societies were at first independent of each other, but for want of a common bond they were soon dissolved. Toward the latter part of the year 1739, the united societies were established; and this may be regarded as the period from which the Methodist Church dates her existence. Let us never be unmindful of our origin. Had it not been for this expedient, the labors of Wesley, like those of Whitefield, might now have scarce been known. It was in these societies that the unwatchful were warned, the erring reproofed, the ignorant instructed, the vicious reclaimed, the mourner comforted, the fainting encouraged, and all blessed and built up in the most holy faith; while affection cemented each to the other, and revived those scenes of primitive Christianity which made the enemies of Jesus say, "See how these Christians love!"

It was not unreasonable that the friends of the converts should inquire as to the new doctrine which they professed, nor was it wonderful that some of the converts should voluntarily go forth and tell their neighbors what God had done for their souls. It was to be expected,

also, that in doing so they would attract attention and encounter cavils, in meeting which they would have to quote, explain, and enforce the divine word. Thus, unconsciously, they became preachers in deed and in truth. They gave full proof of their ministry, not by written documents, but by living testimonies—souls being pricked to the heart, and led to cry, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” Thus did Mr. Wesley supply the societies which he formed in his progress with the word of life; or, rather, thus did Providence form, at the same time, both a Church and a ministry.

Zeal is a characteristic of the Methodist Church. This is a very desirable element of Christian character. We would not encourage rashness—we would not discard expediency—but far be from us that torpor which afflicts so many—that deadness which makes a Christian silent from day to day, when neighbors and friends are walking upon the borders of the grave, the judgment, and eternal ruin. Such was not the character of the prophets, the apostles, the patriarchs, or the martyrs. Such was not the character of Jesus. Enough has been said to convince you that Methodism is not without zeal. She cries aloud and spares not; she lifts up her voice like a trumpet; she shows the people their transgressions, the house of Israel her sins. The grace of God has constrained her; it is as a fire within her bones; she feels “Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel;” she has cried out, “O, that my head were waters, that mine eyes were a fountain of tears!”

From Europe the work extended to the new world, where the revivals commenced among the Congregationalists in the northern states, the Friends in the middle, and the Episcopalians in the southern had all declined, and where reformation was needed as much as it was in Europe. Here Embury blew his trumpet in New York,

Webb in Albany, Pillsmore in Philadelphia, till Asbury made all the valleys from the ocean to the gulf vocal with the sound of free salvation, and laid broad the foundations of our Zion.

Methodism is characterized by self-denial. We doubt whether any people since the days of the Huguenots ever gave more evidence that they walked by faith and not by sight, than the followers of Wesley. They toiled night and day, summer and winter, with body and spirit. Writing, thinking, praying, preaching, they went from country to country, from city to city, proclaiming Jesus and the resurrection, like the apocalyptic angel that was seen flying through the earth with the everlasting Gospel. They deemed no ocean too dangerous to be navigated, no island too distant to be visited, no continent too vast to be explored in searching for the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Did Napoleon meditate the subjugation of the world to his own scepter? Wesley endeavored to take possession of all the kingdoms and powers of earth in the name of Zion's King.

Did they seek emolument? Alas! they deemed themselves fortunate if they obtained a subsistence. Their clothing and their Bible constituted their chief possessions. Each described his own situation as he sang that beautiful hymn commencing,

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness."

The green earth was their carpet; the clouds of heaven their curtains; the hill-top often served them at once for a pulpit and a pillow; the dews moistened their morning and evening sacrifices; and the rude storm at times received upon its bosom the impress of their fervor. Many might have said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Did they seek honor? They found persecution, scorn, and disgrace. Behold John and Charles Wesley, driven from the Churches without any judicial sentence, any ecclesiastical censure, any accusation, except that of preaching salvation by faith; exposed to the mob, though clothed with the robe of the sanctuary; insulted, reviled, abused; scorned by the priest and denied protection by the magistrate. If such was the treatment shown to them, what might be expected by their less respected and less gifted brethren? Much, but not so much persecution as they realized.

Persecution and reproach did not assail the ministers only, but their people. Domestics, servants, and operatives in mining and manufacturing districts, were often gathered as the fruits of their labors. These converts often exciting the anger of their employers, were dismissed from service, and, in some instances, not being able to obtain other employment, actually died of want.

We pass to speak of its triumphs. The efforts of Mr. Wesley and his assistants were crowned with unparalleled success. In a few years the work spread throughout England, Ireland, and Wales. It illuminated mines, coal-pits, and prisons; it shed rays over the palace and the cottage; it accompanied the army to the continent, and poured its light upon the forests of our own country. Prior to Mr. Wesley's death he saw a separate connection and ministry established, under his superintendence, in all parts of the United Kingdom, in the West India Islands, Nova Scotia, the United States, and New Foundland. The work received no check from his decease. Xerxes, when he surveyed his army from the shores of the Hellespont, was rendered gloomy amid his glory, from the reflection that not one of all the multitude he beheld would be found in existence one hundred years from that period. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* Mr. Wes-

ley, had he possessed prophetic vision, would have had different feelings when he marshaled his first little band against the world, and then beheld the glorious results of a century and a half of warfare. He and his generation have been gathered to their fathers, but God has preserved his name and his spirit, and the war which he commenced has been carried on with unabated vigor. Never has death mowed down the ranks as fast as the Lord of hosts has filled them up. There are now about three hundred Wesleyan chapels in England, besides other places for preaching and prayer; one thousand and fifty-six ministers; two hundred and fifty thousand, eight hundred members; and four thousand local preachers. In Ireland there are one hundred and sixty preachers; twenty-five thousand private members. In Canada there are about thirty-six thousand members, with an adequate supply of preachers. The Wesleyan missionaries are about five hundred and thirty-eight; and their chapels in the mission field three thousand, one hundred and seventy-seven, besides about ten thousand catechists, interpreters, local preachers, schoolmasters, and assistants, who are zealously and successfully employed in the missionary field. In the Methodist Episcopal Church there are about five thousand, four hundred and eight ministers; six thousand, six hundred and ten local preachers; and seven hundred and ninety-nine thousand, four hundred and thirty-one members, notwithstanding the division. To take a review of the power of the Church, we must number her books and periodicals, and her religious and benevolent institutions. In order to ascertain the amount of good which she has effected, we must read the history of the Christian Church—the history of the world—for the last hundred and thirty years; for Methodism has established itself in every continent and almost every island of the sea. It has proclaimed the Gospel in a

vast number of the tongues of earth ; it has taken possessions of many of its tribes and kingdoms ; it has operated a salutary influence upon all the ecclesiastical institutions with which it has come in contact ; it has even affected political institutions in both hemispheres. The toleration of the British Government toward Dissenters, and the preservation of the Established Church, are mainly attributable to her conservative influence. The mildness exhibited in the execution of law ; the emancipation of the press ; the spread of civilization ; the triumphs of temperance ; the diffusion of education ; the advancement of science ; the suppression of the slave-trade ; the extension of missionary effort, and the abolition of West India slavery, and every other improvement in the intellectual, physical, and moral condition of our race, is vastly indebted to the influence, directed or collateral, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In making this brief review of the triumphs of Wesleyan Methodism, we desire not to glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Thine, O Savior, is the power, and the wisdom, and the glory ; thine be all the praise !

We disclaim any intention to disparage sister denominations, or place the English Church in an unwarrantably-odious attitude for the purpose of self-exaltation. Nor would we willingly exaggerate the salutary influence of our own connection upon the moral condition of the world. We are not aware that we have wandered beyond strict truth. We would not, however, be unmindful that we are but a small element of the great mass ; and that we have received as well as given impressions. We can not conclude without denying that we have no intention to excite denominational partiality by presenting connectio-
tional institutions or doctrines in contrast with those of other Churches for whom we wish to cherish the kindest feeling. While we present a claim upon their sympathy,

and respect, and gratitude, we own that they have a claim upon ours.

Let us humble ourselves before God. Who are we, that God hath wrought so mightily for us? Dare we boast that we are better than others? Alas! should God inspect, would he approve? How little wisdom from above; how little growing in grace; how little groaning for redemption; how much of covetousness, of bigotry, of pride, has crept in among us! Have we not degenerated in zeal, in spirituality, in devotion, since the days of our fathers? Had our exertions been commensurate with our abilities, we should be tenfold greater than we are. If we now should put forth as much effort in proportion to our power as the primitive Methodists did, we should be, perhaps, the means in God's hand, of converting the world within the next century. Notwithstanding our sins and our lukewarmness, our worldliness, our relaxation of discipline, God has still been merciful to us; and while humbled for our degeneracy, we rejoice in his mercy; and, though penitent, we will abundantly utter the memory of his goodness. We will

"Crowd his gates with joyful praise
High as the heavens our voices raise."

The Blind Christian;

OR, A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

READER, did you ever sail the Potomac in the spring? Is it not beautiful? On a lovely morning in April I started with my friend P. from my lodgings in Washington to visit the tomb of the father of his country. We were soon seated on the deck of a comfortable steamer. The orb of day looked down from a cloudless sky, the fragrant breezes gently fanned, the birds sang their morning song, and the green banks seemed to look up and smile at the sun as he poured his warm beams into their beautiful bosoms. Reader, I am no poet; but I really think that I felt that morning a little poetic inspiration. How lovely is this world! How worthy to be the abode of a noble and holy being! How good is the Almighty! Whose heart does not inquire within him, what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits to me? If this sinful earth be thus charming, what must heaven be?

Before the vessel left port three respectable-looking gentlemen stepped on board, and soon joined us on the upper deck. By instinct, accident, the play of moral affinities, the operation of magnetic influence, or some other cause, we all became acquainted in about ten minutes. The strangers, like ourselves, were from the Buckeye state; two members of the house of representatives of the United States, and the third late a member of the state senate. Mr. X., having been many years a member, and being acquainted with the locality, served

us as guide, pointing out the navy-yard, and other objects of interest, as we descended the stream. Arriving at Alexandria, we found carriages ready to receive us, and were soon on our way. As we rode through the city we could not but observe that though it had some good buildings, and appeared to be well sustained by its flour trade, it was, nevertheless, rather shabby in appearance.

After a pleasant ride of five or six miles over a rough road, we arrived at the Washington estate, which, I believe, contains about three thousand acres of land, and is in possession of a distant relative of General Washington. In all my excursions through this region I was surprised at the condition of the farms. Much of the land appears worn out and abandoned, and that which is cultivated seems poorly attended to. If it were in the hands of Pennsylvania and Ohio farmers, would it not soon be reclaimed? Its vicinity to the great cities ought to prevent its abandonment, unless it be much poorer than I suppose. At the outer inclosure an old negro woman stood to turn the gate on its hinges for the sake of our *metallic* tribute of thanks. On leaving the carriage, our first object was to see the tomb. Looking through the railing of an open vault, we saw the sepulcher which contains the remains of George and Martha Washington. Adjoining was a closed vault, which, we were informed, contained the remains of about fifty of the distant connections of the great and good man. We found masons engaged in adding another slab to the number already there, in commemoration of a grand-niece of the illustrious soldier who died in the prime of life, and shortly after her marriage to a gentleman of New Orleans. I never was so forcibly reminded of the transitory glory of this world as when standing on this hallowed spot.

It was well for Washington that he had no descendants. Had he left children inheriting his superior powers, they would have constituted a kind of aristocracy; had he left a family of a different description, they would have diminished the veneration which the nation spontaneously accords to his name. There seems to have been a happy providence also in the period of Washington's death. Did he not close his eyes at the time best for his own fame?

Leaving the vault, we strolled about the woods and fields, and at length came round to the house. This is by no means an elegant structure, but it is spacious and well arranged. In the hall hangs the key of the Bastile of Paris—a prison-house of centuries—which was demolished during the French Revolution in 1789. This relic was presented to Washington by his friend Lafayette. In the dining-room is a beautiful marble mantle, on which is represented, in mezzo-relievo, a charming rural scene. I felt a kind of superstitious reverence as I dropped down into the old arm-chair. But I must not attempt to describe what doubtless has been painted a thousand times by much more happy pens than mine.

From the house we passed to the garden. This is inclosed by a brick wall, built under the direction of Washington himself, and is tastefully laid out in various geometrical figures, all bordered with box-wood. Within these beds are flowers of almost every description, many of which are in bloom in the month of April. The gardener, a good-natured, modest, but talkative old man, took great pains, and pleasure too, in showing every interesting object, and letting us into the domestic history of the General. "Do you see that wall? well, the General built that. Do you see these beds? well, the old General wrote to the king of Germany for a

gardener." . . . But why should I narrate the conversation of the old man, since a hearsay of a hearsay has no authority in law, and you may consult the witness for yourself.

The gardener appeared to be as much interested in us as we in him. When he led us to the green-house, and showed us the orange, lemon, and other trees loaded with fruit, besides various rare shrubs, among them an aloe fifty years old, he very gently intimated to us that gentlemen and ladies could be accommodated with oranges or lemons at a shilling apiece, and that they could be taken—if green—to our wives and daughters, and, moreover, that they would perfume our trunks on our journey and our bureaux after we returned home. The old orator! he knew just where to strike the wanderer's heart. Having provided ourselves with green limes, oranges, and lemons for our wives and daughters, as mementoes of the father of his country, and having sealed up the fountain which the ingenious gardener had dared to unseal, we passed out.

As we left the garden, we passed a hut, whitewashed and apparently clean and comfortable, on the door-way of which squatted "one of God's images cut in ebony." Time had wrinkled her cheeks, and frosted her temples, and chilled her blood, and palsied her limbs, and put out her eyes. She was one of the most wretched-looking objects I ever beheld. Her arms were like drum-sticks, her whole frame like a skeleton covered with skin, and her face destitute of expression—a mere blank; or, as Mrs. Royal said of Dr. C.'s, "like the but-end of a log of wood." By an invisible attraction, and without any consultation, we were drawn in a semicircle around the old woman, when the following colloquy occurred:

Mr. X. "Old woman, did you know General Washington?"

Negro. "Yes, sir, I knew him well."

Mr. X. "How old are you?"

Negro. "I don't know my age; but I was a smart girl at the time of Braddock's defeat."

Mr. X. "Have you any children?"

Negro. "Yes; but they are all down the river."

The old woman now turned querist, and raising her drooping head, she said, with a firm voice and a deep solemnity and interest, "Are any of you soldiers of Christ?" There was silence. One looked at another for an answer. At length Mr. Y. replied, with evident and perplexing embarrassment, "We don't know." As he stammered out his reply I thought of King Agrippa before Paul. Mr. Y. is an intelligent, amiable, honorable man; but he stands confused before old Quashee. "O, yes," rejoined the old woman, with a voice of commanding tones and flute-like melody, "O, yes, if you are soldiers of Christ you *know* it. The Lord does not do his work so poorly that his creatures don't know when it is done!" Another dead pause, and more embarrassment, increased by mutual sympathy. The old woman, as she waited for an answer, seemed to assume a new appearance. Her ebony countenance beamed with penetrating intelligence and Christian sympathy. I understood Solomon's declaration, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine." My heart, as I gazed upon her, whispered, "Glory to God!" and I verily believed, had my companions been "cedars of Lebanon," I should have tried a shout. Brother P. was the first to break the silence by saying to me, "Brother T., that is good doctrine."

Mr. X. "Old woman, are you blind?"

Now, he need not have asked this question. She had no eyes. Turning her sightless eyeballs toward heaven, she exclaimed, with emphasis, "No, blessed be God!

though I am blind to the things of this world, I am *not* blind to the things of the Spirit."

Methought the old woman's soul sustained the same relation to the world that her body did to her cottage. She was sitting at its door-way, her spirit's feet already resting upon the green of heaven, and her soul's eyes opening on its rainbow hues.

Mr. X. "Old woman, you are very old, and must soon die."

Negro. "Yes, blessed be God!"

Mr. X. "Well, you are old, and sickly, and feeble, and blind, and your children are gone, and you are a slave. I should think that, with your hopes of heaven, death would be desirable. Are you not anxious to die?"

Negro. "O, no, I wait God's time; I learn to suffer as well as do his will. I shall gladly go when he calls for me."

Mr. X. "What Church do you belong to?"

Negro. "In the language of this world, I belong to the Baptist Church; but when we get to heaven, I suppose my answer will be, I am a member of the Church of Christ."

Now, when you talk of moral sublimity, don't point to Alexander conquering the world, to Hannibal surmounting the Alps, to Cæsar crossing the Rubicon, to Wolfe dying in the arms of victory, to Lawrence wrapping himself in the American flag, and crying, "Don't give up the ship!" Here is a specimen of moral sublimity far superior to all that was ever exhibited upon earth's battle-fields—a poor, old, blind, diseased slave, sitting upon the rock of truth, while the waves of affliction dash in mountains at her feet; yet, looking up into heaven, and clinging to some beautiful promise, she gives glory to God, and smiles upon the world.

We departed silently from the old saint. I said within

myself, as I took my place in the carriage, "This, blessed Christianity, is thy triumph. Philosophy may teach man to endure excruciating torment without a murmur; it belongs to the Gospel alone to teach him to rejoice in affliction."

Supporting the Constitution.

THE day after Governor Boutwell had vetoed the Massachusetts Liquor law, as I was crossing in the ferry-boat from East Boston to the city, I noticed an old inebriate in fierce discussion with a gentleman at my side. His face was bloated and pock-marked, his hands were tremulous, and his knees unsteady; his eye, his attitudes, and his tones were all indicative of intense anger. He was not intoxicated, for it was but nine o'clock. His coat was thin and tattered; his vest much the worse of the wear. From one pocket of it protruded a dirty, well-worn spectacle-case, and from the other a large piece of cavendish tobacco. His pantaloons, well drawn up and well saved, had a patch on the left knee, and needed a patch on the right. He had an old cloth shoe on one foot and a leather one on the other. He was brandishing, in his right hand, a black, crooked walking-stick, and, as I soon found, was applauding the veto. He could not sit for excitement, but walked the cabin, every now and then putting the stick rather near his antagonist. I caught a few sentences, from which I learned that he was a defender of the Constitution. "Yes, sir," said he, "Governor Boutwell has done a glorious deed. General Jackson made a veto and immortalized his name, and the senate of the United States sustained him. Governor Boutwell takes his stand by the hero of New Orleans, the immortal vetoer, and the senate of Massachusetts sustains him by a vote of 21 to 19. Yes, sir, he has saved his

country; he is a second Washington, and posterity will encircle his memory." "Well," said the respondent, "I think the law would have done good—whisky does a great deal of harm." "'No sin, no sin;' it is one of the best things on earth in its place. Don't physicians use it? Don't — — — use it? I've seen the time when preachers and deacons used it, and they preached and prayed better than they do now, and were better neighbors. They used to have it in stores and harvest-fields. Why, a farmer could not raise a barn nor cut an acre of grain without it, and a doctor could not prescribe without it; and then, sir, there were not many drunkards; there was not one drunkard then where there are ten now. No, sir, it ain't the whisky, that is good enough. Why, I've tried it; I know it is good for children, and it's good for old people; it's good in the cold, and good in the heat; it is good outside, and it is good inside. I've tried it. When I am aguish I've put it in my hat, and put it in my shoes. Don't these fine ladies wash their faces in it, heh? Why, sir, you haven't been through what I've been, or else you would have found it board, and lodging, and washing." The gentleman archly remarked that he had known many to get a night's lodging by it, but as to the board and washing he was not so sure. Then alluding to the evils of intemperance, he roused up the old man again. "Well, sir, it is these youngsters; they don't know how to manage, that buy their liquor by the drink. That is not the way. I never could drink a sixpence worth at a time without drinking too much; but I buy it by the pint and take what is good for me, like a reasonable creature. No, no, the liquor don't do harm after all; it is just this *Church and state*. When they joined to break down our liberties the mischief began. This is the way all these drunkards are made; men just drink hard to show them that they don't

give up the Constitution, and that is the great question. It an't the liquor, sir, that we care about, it is the Constitution. There is my whisky, now, sir, take it if you dare. It is founded on the bill of rights—the constitution of eternal rights. What does it say?—‘life, liberty, and the pursuit of property.’ Sir, I won’t let you touch it, but would fight to the last. Look there that side, you see Bunker Hill, don’t you? That is a great preacher; it has preached liberty for generations more than all the preachers. Look that side, you see Dorchester hights, where Washington stood. Now, sir, do you understand that? If that law had passed, you would have seen the blood flow faster than it ever did in the days of the Revolution. Yes, sir, and the Governor would have called the Legislature together to repeal the law quicker than the Yankees put the tea overboard. Sir, we in old Massachusetts, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, will support the Constitution.” Well, the Governor has signed substantially the same bill; so the old liquor here will have a chance to fight for the Constitution. He may lose some liquor in the battle, but he does not appear to have much blood to spare.

But ladies have zeal for the Constitution as well as gentlemen; indeed, it seems to be the passion of the American people. While sitting in a barber-shop, at Cincinnati, some time since, under the razor, a well-dressed, portly negro woman opened the door. Her skin was of jet black, and shining; her ears were adorned with long earrings of gold; her step and manner indicated great self-confidence; indeed, her air and deportment were imperious, and but for her earrings and bonnet, I might have taken her for an Ethiopian eunuch of the Sublime Porte. “Can you tell, boy,” said she, with great abruptness and loudness, “whether there are any houses to rent in this neighborhood?”

The barber replied very dryly, "There are some rooms in this house to be rented."

"Boy," she cried, "do you take me for a country dorkie? Do you think I live in a room? No, sir, I asked not for rooms, but houses."

The barber becoming agitated, but still keeping razor in hand and pretending to continue his operation, remarked, "You had better ask how to get out of the city than how to get a house in it."

The woman, drawing nearer, and looking vengeance, cried, "Boy, what do you mean by insulting a woman of my quality?"

"Ah," said the barber, trembling like an aspen, "I know you very well."

The woman, stamping with her feet, shouted out, "Sir, I know what you mean. But when we live at Rome we must do as Rome does. The whites have been very kind to me; they have given me my freedom, and I am resolved that I will always be bold and courageous in promulgating the Constitution and the laws."

Now, the poor barber was a small and sickly man, and the woman could have thrown him from the shop as a boy could toss his top. I began to tremble for him. He very wisely made no reply to this eloquent declaration of independence, and the woman, after giving a few admonitions to the youth, took her departure. After she left, I inquired of the barber why he should treat so impolitely a woman of so decent an appearance.

"Ah," said he, "if you knew her as well as I do you would not ask. She is," he continued, "a free colored woman, who was owned by a southern planter, of whom she was a favorite mistress. When her master died he liberated her, and made provision for her support. Among other property he gave her a colored girl. Having moved to this city, the woman took her slave to

Kentucky and hired her out, and going over weekly to receive her wages, she took a cowhide with her, and, no matter what the girl's conduct had been, she took her aside and gave her a severe beating. When she was asked why she did so, she replied that she was determined to support the Constitution. The people at length informed her that if she repeated the operation they would support the Constitution on her back. Finding that she could not whip her slave, she took her down the river and sold her."

I have often thought of the zeal of this patriotic woman. How often do our demagogues manifest a similar zeal! They pity the poor people. They would gladly relieve and bless them, but, ah, the Constitution! And as they raise the cowhide over the bleeding backs of their constituents, and follow stroke with stroke, if you admonish them to pause, they cry, "Constitution, Constitution!"

A Sketch of other Days.

"Quod risum movet

Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet."

AFTER a fatiguing day's journey, we found night approaching, as we reached the summit of the mountain. We were traveling in a comfortable covered carriage, drawn by a span of spirited horses, and driven by an interesting young gentleman recently from England, who had proffered to drive our carriage, as he was, like us, desirous of seeking his fortune in the west. Scarce three months had elapsed since our arrival in America; and now we were on Laurel Ridge. The wild scenery around us, the approach of night, the song of the mountain bird, the rustling of the forest leaves, and a thousand strange noises, real and imaginary, that came up from the deep valleys, and down from the overhanging wood, made us nestle closely to the knees of mother. Ever and anon we turn an angle, and the feet of the horses strike the verge. There was then no turnpike across the Alleghanies. It was a period when western merchants transported their goods, and western bridegrooms their brides, on pack-saddles—about the time that the Ohio legislator took to the seat of government a winter supply of goose-grease for his boots, and Governor W. was hauling a load of apples from his farm to pay for his board during the session. As a stone, struck from the crumbling cliff by the revolution of the wheel, went crashing down the mountain, now striking the rocks, and

now cutting its way through the branches of the trees, till the sound, growing fainter and fainter, at length died upon the ear, the skillful driver cried out, "I can drive no further. Shall we not stop and wait in the carriage till morning?" "No," cried a voice from within, firmly, "we shall be in danger from wild beasts. Drive carefully till you come to a house."

"O, papa, I shall die! it is so dark," cried one little urchin. "Never mind, daughter, you have been in darkness before." "But the Doctor says he can't drive; and suppose we should tumble over that deep precipice—should we not all be dashed to pieces?" "Dear child, don't be alarmed, we are in the hands of God. His providence has thus far preserved us on the ocean, and on the land; let us trust it now." One little boy crept up to his mother, and placing his head in her lap, grasped hold of both her knees. "Mamma," said he, "you won't let me be killed, will you?" "Don't be alarmed; you are a good boy; you pray to God, and love him, I hope; and if so, he will take care of you." About eight o'clock we reached a house, the owner of which kept a tavern; and it was well that he did, for he kept nothing else. It was a two-story log building. In spots it was chunked, and was well daubed every-where except between the logs. Studding had been set around the front room, which contained the bar. In this was a rude counter, from beneath which protruded a barrel of whisky, and upon which was a bottle of the "good cretur," with a few tin cups. On the outside of the counter were some domestic benches, made of slabs, and mounted on hickory legs. This bar deserves commendation; instead of containing the "*seven* last plagues," it had but *one*. The floor was pretty well strewed with the shells of various nuts trodden into a black loam, and cemented with solutions of tobacco; so that it would have afforded an interesting field

for the examination of the geologist. It was a new species of alluvion.

The back room was kitchen, parlor, bedroom, etc. It was difficult to tell where the hearth commenced or where it terminated; but there were some huge logs burning on it, on the protruding ends of which it was perfectly safe to sit. The landlady was of a strange appearance. I instinctively shuddered as I beheld her. She reminded me of the Gipsies, from whom I was in the habit of running in my native land. The Doctor—our driver—soon came in with a smiling countenance, saying that his horses were well taken care of—"plenty of hay, oats, straw, and good stabling; this is a great comfort to me." The landlady inquired if we wanted supper; and being answered in the affirmative, she set about the work. As she had but one cooking utensil, a large skillet, she first made some rye coffee, and poured it into a vessel. Having provided the fluids, she proceeded to cook the substances in the same skillet. My mother, in *medias res*, approached her, and said, "Madam, if you will be kind enough to let me have some bread and butter for my children, I will put them to bed. We have had a fatiguing day's journey, and they care more about rest than food." The old woman was preparing to mutter some objections, when my mother, supposing that her reluctance arose from a fear lest the plan proposed might diminish her reward, remarked distinctly and emphatically, that she did not wish, by asking for a hasty repast, to reduce the bill. "O," said she, "wait: I'll get you a fust-rate supper. I ha'n't got no bread. Dad ha'n't tuck any wheat to mill for six months; and I ha'n't churned this week; but I'll make you a fust-rate supper." The skillet being emptied of its coffee, received a large bit of pork. This being cooked, the landlady proceeded to bake some buckwheat cakes; and to keep them warm, as she piled them on her

plate, she covered them with a fragment of blanket. Now, of buckwheat cakes we had never before heard. And O, what cakes! In regard to dimensions we have no complaint to make; but, as to color, they were—without the least exaggeration—as black as soot.

We gathered around the table, and joined papa in a devout acknowledgment of the Divine care and goodness, and an invocation of his blessing. Taking our seats in a good frame, the thoughtful among us were reminded of a certain passage of Scripture, Matt. xv, 11. Perceiving that we did not appear to partake abundantly, the landlady said, "Eat away, honeys; dad an't very perlite; every body helps himself here." "We are not hungry, madam," was the reply; "do not be troubled, madam; our fatigue, perhaps, has destroyed our appetite."

Landlady. "May be you'd like to have a little whisky to bring you to an appetite."

"No, no, madam, we shall do very well."

Rising from the table, mamma advanced to the hostess with a request for a candle, that she might put her children to rest. "We ha'n't no candles, marm. Is it a light you want? I can fix that in a minute." So saying she took the padlock from the door and filled it with grease from her skillet. "How is the wick to be made?" "Hold this, honey." Now, supposing her ladyship's dress to be a map—the upper part would be north, and the lower part south. So, taking the south end of her dress, which had suffered similar invasions before, she tore off a long strip of calico, and twisting it up, she inserted it in the padlock for a wick. "Now you have a light." When we had climbed to the upper floor, we found ourselves in a barn-like apartment, where the musketoos, the martins, the butterflies, the bees, etc., had free ingress and egress, regress and progress. Indeed, the winds of heaven might pass through the chamber

without bruising their "wings." In the roof there were openings through which you might see the "bands of Orion," or admire "Arcturus with his sons," or enjoy the "sweet influences of the Pleiades," or "lift up thy voice to the clouds." This apartment, however, was chunked at the corners, where stood bedsteads made of unbarked timber bound together with bands of twigs.

Children. "Now, mother, how can we endure this? We shall catch our death o' cold in this dreadful place."

Mother. "Don't be disturbed; I'll make you comfortable."

A trunk, containing some articles of clothing, and luckily one or two quilts, being brought from the carriage, all hands were employed with hammer and nails. Presently we had partitions, curtains, etc., "*opus fervet*," till we almost fancied ourselves at home.

Mother. "Children, now prayers."

The smaller ones kneeled around the mother's knees, and closing their eyes, and raising their little hands, joined with brother J. in an artless, sweet prayer, asking blessing on father, mother, sister, brother, the sailor, the traveler, but above all the innkeeper and his wife; and now rising and standing in a semicircle, E. repeated the hymn commencing—

"Earth has engrossed my love too long,
'Tis time I lift my eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies."

This ended, four merry little fellows hopped into bed.

Miss J. "O, mamma, how miserable I am! I wish we had never left England. With New York and Philadelphia we were agreeably disappointed; but here in the west I apprehend we shall realize more than we dreaded."

Mother—with Christian dignity.—"Dear J., how ungrateful to God you are! That fretfulness is very sinful."

The soul is an empire of itself, and depends little on external circumstances for its joy. The 'conscience void of offense' finds happiness in the wilderness as well as in the city. Recollect the sweet lines of your favorite poet—

'Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes;
Rivers unknown to song: where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where he vital breathes there must be joy.'

Moreover, you must not form a judgment of the west from this family. In Portsmouth you might find darkness and misery as deep and deplorable as this. You know but little of the world."

Miss J. "I do not wish to know *much*, if this is a fair specimen. I wish I was back in Queen-street."

"O, J., suppress that thought. You reproach your father. You ought to know that your papa's object in removing was to benefit his family. Our fortunes, though impaired, would have been adequate to the wants of your papa and I. It was to provide comfortably for you, and place you all in situations in which you might struggle with success for respectability, if not distinction, that we left our native land. You should bear in mind that the purpose of living is to do good. It is precisely in such scenes as this that we can best accomplish the great purpose of life. You have often, in your religious moments, desired to be a missionary; but now you have come into a semi-barbarous family, you sicken and pine for home. Providence may have sent us hither for good; and if we find the country to which we go populated with such families, let us take it for granted that Providence designs us for the highest human employment—that of missionaries."

Miss J. "But, mamma, what could you do with such a stultified, ignorant, dirty, old creature?"

Mother. "J., J., be careful. Call nothing 'common or unclean.' He who calls his brother a fool is in danger of hell fire; not because of any intrinsic demerit in the act, but because such a view of human nature is calculated to lead away from the Creator. If God bears with the sinner, so should we. But what is meant by the declaration, 'The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of heaven before you?' A more favorable field for the seed of the Gospel I have rarely seen. To these people Christianity will be new, and its hallowed influences fresh."

Miss J. "But, mother, you don't intend to stay and preach to them."

Mother. "I can leave the woman a Bible and a blessing."

A little head peeped out of the blankets, and cried, "Mamma, I think she needs a broom worse than a Bible."

Mother. "My dear boy, if she had a Bible she would not want a broom."

"Why, mother, they don't sweep with Bibles. Bibles don't make brooms."

Mother. "You're wrong, my son. In one sense Bibles do make brooms. We may sweep away sin and misery with Bibles. The Bible enjoins industry, sobriety, cleanliness, on the authority of God, and under the penalty of his eternal displeasure; and I have never yet seen a Bible where there was no broom. The true remedy for all the ills of life is the Gospel of God's dear Son. But here comes papa. I know he will indorse all I have said."

Papa. "Yes, that I will, my dear. O what a sloven! You must exhort her a little; but don't offend her; she

appears to be a good-natured creature. Well, we ought to be very grateful that we have life, and health, and shelter. The little Doctor has concluded to sleep in the carriage. I wish him a good night's rest. He is very fearful, and has drawn the carriage up very close to the house."

A voice from the bed: "An't these bad people? won't they kill us?"

"Dear son, you must not judge by appearances. Did you never hear me tell the fable of the mouse who went abroad to see the world, and ran away from an owl because it looked ugly, but ran up to a cat because she looked pretty? There is more danger sometimes from those who smile and dress well, than from those who live in cabins and eat coarse fare."

"At length we close our eyes of sorrow,
With pleasing visions of to-morrow."

We all slept soundly; but were awakened now and then by a voice from the carriage, crying out, "Landlord, I say, landlord, is that a bear?"

The morning came very soon. At daybreak we were up. After canceling the bill—by no means small—and purchasing some apples and chestnuts, we were on our way rejoicing, the little ones singing—

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

The older ones, looking down into the well-like valley, and admiring the rich foliage, and the fresh breezes, and the notes of the birds singing their morning songs, exclaim, "What lovely scenery! Magnificent, romantic America!"

A voice from the driver's seat sang—

"Ye cliffs in hoary grandeur piled,
High o'er the glimmering dale;

Ye woods, along whose winding wild
Murmurs the solemn gale—

Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivied shrine."

And a voice from within answers—

"Ah, why did fate his steps decoy,
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy?
O, take the wanderer home!"

When rosy-fingered Aurora had unbarred the gates of the east, and poured the dew upon the flowers, we were cheerily driving into a beautiful village.

The language of the interlocutors may not be accurately given; but the scenes are correctly though imperfectly delineated.

The writer, in penning the above, has been forcibly reminded of the following lines:

"Ye days that balmy influence shed,
When sweet childhood, ever sprightly,
In paths of pleasure sported lightly,
Whither, ah! whither are ye fled?"

Millerism.

THE history of Millerism is instructive. We enter into no argument concerning it—we triumph not over its advocates or disciples. In general, they were doubtless pious and sincere—many were intelligent and highly estimable. We do not blame them. Many causes conspired to their deception. Mr. Miller, though illiterate, is certainly a man of some thought and research, and his book is interesting and ingenious. He derived authority from several illustrious names. The doctrine of the premillennial advent is advocated by some very learned and pious divines. The period fixed on by Mr. Miller for Christ's second coming, was hinted at, not obscurely, by some distinguished commentators; and the data from which the Millerites reasoned were furnished by others. The delusion, perhaps, was not met in a proper manner. The ministry neglected it—the laity assailed it with ridicule and scorn. Had the pastor of each Church stood up and thrown light around him when the darkness was coming, and had the judicious laymen of every Church reasoned kindly with their erring brethren, Millerism would not have produced much agitation.

Let us not look upon Millerites as heretics. Heresy implies error relative to fundamental truth. Yea, more, hatred to the truth. Millerism, though not heresy, has produced disastrous results. It has injured Zion. Many of the leaders infused—we hope unwittingly—an unchar-

itable and denunciatory spirit into their disciples, and insisted on a separation from their brethren, who did not agree with them in relation to the period of Christ's coming. Schism is no small matter. He who for an opinion on a point not fundamental to Christian doctrine, or subversive of Christian character, rends the already torn and bleeding Church of Christ, will have a fearful account to meet at the bar of God.

It has strengthened infidelity. Our heart has bled as we have witnessed the contempt and scorn of the ungodly toward religious but mistaken men, and we have wept as we have contemplated the hardening of infidel heart, and the blinding of ungodly mind, and the searing of already blunted conscience, under the consequences of the new theory concerning the end of the world, when the secrets of all hearts shall be laid open.

It has strengthened the Papacy. A large portion of intelligent men are looking with favor toward Mother Church. The errors and fanaticism resulting from private judgment in matters of religion, are, in our day, so numerous and flagrant, and are productive of such agitation and uncharitableness, and conflicts of passion and of interest, that many are seriously debating the question whether it is not better to surrender the Bible, and the conscience, and the intellect, to the keeping of his Holiness, than to endure the evils of religious liberty. We are not of that number. We know that in the Mother Church error and delusion in the worst forms are to be found; and that even in relation to the end of the world, there have been, under the management of the Pope, mistakes as flagrant, and far more mischievous than Millerism. Still, if Romanism in the United States were to import and consecrate her "*relics*" with more caution, and conceal her design with more cunning, we should not be surprised to find her augmenting

her numbers by proselytism as well as by emigration and natural increase.

The effect of Millerism upon its disciples will, we fear, be woeful. Many, we apprehend, will become deists if not atheists. Those who may adhere to the Bible will probably cling to many mistakes which Millerism has brought with it; for error is rarely single. We might point out many false views which Millerism has fostered, if not originated. There are some of so serious a character that we can not pass them by.

Millerites with whom we are acquainted, think they were *supernaturally* instructed to believe their views in regard to the second advent, and the period of its occurrence. It is strange and unfortunate that every religious delusion pretends to inspiration. When a man sets up such a pretense, there are no resources in logic to meet his case.

Now, although we believe in intercourse between man and God, we look for no additional revelation. God's communion with man is to strengthen and comfort the soul in the Christian conflict. How are we to know whether a certain impression be from our own spirit, or from another created spirit, or from God? By these tests: Is it conformable to revelation? Does it render us more holy and useful?—increasing our love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, industry, frugality, etc.

Let our Millerite friends be careful of the *spirit* which they have indulged toward the Church and the world. The ancient Jews believed that when Christ came they would be gathered around a temporal prince, who should lead them forth to subjugate all nations, and make them the temporal lords of the earth. In such a spirit they could not receive the "Lamb of God." Have not our erring brethren—for brethren, and breth

ren beloved, we still regard them—been indulging a similar delusion and a kindred spirit? Have they not been looking for a temporal monarch, who should gather them into a palace, arm them with “two-edged swords,” lead them forth, not for the subjugation, but the destruction of all who differ with them, crown them with temporal dignity, and allow them to luxuriate in worldly prosperity? Is this the patient and humble spirit in which we should wait for the coming of Christ and the better inheritance?

We fear, too, that Millerism in a great measure *loses sight of the cross*, and aims to accomplish the great purposes of the Gospel by proclaiming the *judgment*. Now, although it may be necessary, in rousing attention, to proclaim the law, and to persuade by “the terrors of the Lord,” yet it is the “*goodness of God*” which “leadeth” men to repentance—it is by the mercies of God that we are to beseech men to present their bodies a living sacrifice—it is by that cross which is “a stumbling block to the Jew,” and “foolishness” to the Greek—which the apostle regarded as of so much consequence that he would know nothing else—that the guilty race is to be reconciled to God.

Is not Millerism too *presumptuous*? The Bible has many pages which to us are sealed. Although the history, doctrines, and precepts of holy Scripture are written so plainly that if they were pealed in thunder they could not be better known—so clearly and fully that all that is fundamental is obvious, even to the way-faring man—yet may there not be in some portions of that word which is “settled in heaven,” that truth which “reacheth into the clouds,” heights and depths we wot not of? Men of profound learning, unwearied research, mighty intellect, and deep piety, have been at a loss to understand many parts of the apocalyptic and

prophetical books. Commentators of distinguished abilities have given contradictory interpretations; and many hypotheses, defended with energy, learning, and zeal, have long since been exploded by the progress of events. Fulfilled prophecy is easily understood—unfulfilled prophecy was probably not designed to be perfectly understood till its fulfillment. Does it not accomplish its purpose if it creates a *general* expectation of the coming event? Would it not, in some measure, defeat its object, if all its lines could be distinctly traced beforehand, and its progress tracked as well over the pages of the future as over those of the past? Ages at a distance from the fulfillment might be unconcerned—those near might make artificial attempts at fulfillment. May we not consider prophecy as a casket of jewels, which time alone can unlock? Yet many talk of the darkest portion of Scripture as flippantly as a child does of its primer. They plunge into depths where the tallest minds have drowned, and where an angel would swamp—yet they vainly dream that their feet are upon a rock. They talk about “images,” and “horns,” till they at least satisfy their hearers that “little horns” can speak great, swelling words.

For our own part, we have always begged to be excused from such deep waters, on the principle that, though

“Larger boats may venture more,
Little boats should keep near shore.”

To us the fact that Christ will come, is in the sunshine; but the period and manner of his coming are in “clouds of heaven.” If I can be assured that I do his will, and am preparing for a mansion in his Father’s house, I shall be satisfied.

What can become of the Millerites? Let them return to the bosom of the Churches from which they have

strayed. Let the Churches welcome them back. Let us bear with their wandering, considering ourselves lest we also be tempted. Let us not advert to their errors or disappointment; if they force the subject upon our attention, let us argue with them moderately and calmly. There is such a thing as arguing too strongly, and making even error appear too monstrous and absurd. A man will consent to capitulate on honorable terms, although he would resist unto death if he knew that surrender would be disgrace.

Phrenology.

PHRENOLOGY deserves at least a *cursor*y attention. It has excited much interest in Europe and America. It numbers among its teachers many distinguished philosophers, and has attracted to its halls thousands of disciples. It is a frequent topic of discourse in every circle; it has enlarged our vocabulary, and has contributed many valuable discoveries to anatomy, physiology, and metaphysics. However, therefore, we may regard the science, whether as true or false, harmless or dangerous, it behooves us to bestow upon it some attention. Moreover, if it be well founded we shall be rewarded for cultivating it; and if not we shall confer a favor upon society by exposing its fallacies.

The treatment with which phrenology met, at its first announcement, both in this country and Europe, was unjust, and disgraceful to the age. It was held up to scorn and derision, and was characterized by every epithet of reproach which the vocabulary of contempt and wit could furnish. Even its amiable advocates were subjects of ridicule and persecution. Far be it from me thus to treat any system or its teachers. One might suppose that the world had learned a lesson from the opposition to Columbus and to Copernicus, the persecutions of Galileo, and the martyrdom of Servetus.

Ignorance and intelligence combine to oppose innovation both in science and religion; but surely this is not accordant either with prudence or the spirit of Chris-

tianity. If an innovation be pernicious, or an alleged discovery be unfounded, the better way is, to examine it calmly and carefully, and expose its danger or fallacy in the spirit of kindness. By opposition we give it undue importance, and multiply, instead of diminish, the number of its disciples.

I do not pretend to offer any thing new on this subject. My design is, briefly and candidly, to trace the outlines of the science, and to offer such inferential suggestions as may occur to my mind.

Phrenology is a modern science. Its founder, Dr. Gall, was born in the year of our Lord 1757; and his excellent disciple and coadjutor, Dr. Spurzheim, in the following year. Dr. Gall commenced that train of observation and reflection which led to the formation of his favorite hypothesis in early life. He is said to have observed that a fellow-student, who was remarkable for the memory of language, had prominent eyes; upon observing others noted for the same faculty, he discovered in them a similar configuration. From these facts he derived his first ideas in relation to his system. Having matured it, he commenced a course of lectures in Vienna, in 1796. At this period he prosecuted his observations and studies with an assiduity and perseverance worthy of the richest fruits. While he amused the living, however, he alarmed the dying; death, always terrific, appeared more horrible to the expiring inhabitant of luxurious Vienna, because his fancy painted Dr. Gall in its gloomy chambers decapitating its unresisting victims.

Phrenology spread with considerable rapidity through that city and various other parts of the empire. At length, in 1802, the Austrian Government issued an order prohibiting its further promulgation, upon the ground that it was dangerous to religion. This arrangement

may seem strange to us—but so it was. In 1805 Gall and Spurzheim set out together, from Vienna, to travel and lecture. The new science was at first well received in France, particularly among the elite of its versatile, volatile metropolis; but it soon excited the jealousy of the Government. It attracted the notice of the Institute, was examined by a commission appointed for that purpose, and received a considerable check from its masterly report. The influence of this report may be conceived, when it is stated that Cuvier stood at the head of the commission by which it was drafted. Gall, however, not discouraged, settled in Paris, and prosecuted his studies with ardor; but Spurzheim departed to spread the principles of the science abroad. He went from Paris to London, where, being favorably received, he lectured with considerable success. The distinguished anatomist and surgeon, Abernethy, then in the zenith of his glory, although he did not adopt the science, yet entertained an opinion favorable to the labors of Spurzheim. From London, Dr. Spurzheim went to Edinburgh, where he met with opposition from Dr. Gordon. This circumstance, however, redounded to his credit; for Dr. Gordon assailed him on a point where he was not vulnerable. It was in relation to the structure of the brain, and Dr. Spurzheim demonstrated the correctness of his statements in Dr. Gordon's dissecting-room, to the satisfaction of his own pupils. Dr. Spurzheim paid a second visit to Edinburgh, which, also, was rendered unpleasant by an altercation with Sir William Hamilton. He visited the United States in August, 1823, and died at Boston, November 16th, of the same year. Whatever we may think of the system, it is impossible to withhold our admiration of the man. He was the author of many valuable works, the chief of which are his *Physical Education*, *Phrenology*, and *Phys-*

lognomy on Phrenological Principles. He was temperate in his habits, and had a perfect command of his appetites and passions. It is said that he frequently retired hungry from a festival, because he could find no dish sufficiently *simple*. His intellect was of the highest order, and his heart was cast in the finest mold. He married an amiable widow lady of Paris; in the selection of whom, as his companion, he is said to have been influenced by the fact, that her life had been made up of a series of misfortunes. He considered that severe dispensations of Providence were necessary to develop the best feelings of the heart. He had enlarged conceptions of the divine Being, and had learned to regard all the events of the universe as promotive of general good. He did not, however, exclude the idea of human accountability, but believed that every event was the result of a wise law working out the designs of infinite wisdom and benevolence. Hence the prayer upon his heart and tongue was, "Father, thy will, not mine, be done."

Such is a brief history of the founders of phrenology. I proceed to notice the science.

The name is derived from two Greek words—*φρεν*, the *mind*, and *λογος*, a *discourse*—and imports the science of mind. A better term, and one which has been proposed by phrenologists as a substitute, is *craniology*; for it certainly concerns itself primarily with the cranium.

Formerly philosophers examined the *manifestations* of the mind, and in doing this each made his own consciousness the standard. Phrenology proposes to exhibit the mental powers, and to name, and bound, and describe their organs, and the laws which regulate them. It affirms that the brain is the instrument of mind—that it is not a single organ, but a *congeries* of organs—that in proportion to the size of the brain—*cæteris pari-*

but—is the power of the mind; and in proportion to the relative size of the organ is its power—that these organs are double—that each hemisphere of the brain—for it is divided *longitudinally* by a membrane—has organs corresponding to the other. (So that it is possible, I suppose, for a man to be asleep on one side, and awake on the other; or for one side of a man's head to be sane, while the other is *non compos*.) These different organs are supposed to act as other physical organs; so that they may be regarded as glands like the liver or the pancreas; and the desires and thoughts as the secretions of the gland, to be classed with the bile or the saliva.

Physiologists have divided the secretions into three classes; namely, excrementitious, recrementitious, and excremento-recrementitious. Should phrenology be established, there need be no alteration of this classification to accommodate the new intruders among the products of secretion—for surely some thoughts are worthy to be retained; some are of the mixed class, and others—not a few—are worthy to be thrown to Cloacina.

I have already remarked, that phrenology has introduced a number of new words. To this, however, there can be no objection; for if a man discover new ideas he is entitled to give them names. Dr. Spurzheim's arrangement is comprised in order, genera, and species, as follows:

Special faculties of the mind. Order I. Feelings, or affective faculties. Genus I. Propensities and desire to live, alimentiveness. 1. Destructiveness. 2. Amativeness. 3. Philoprogenitiveness. 4. Adhesiveness. 5. Inhabitiveness. 6. Combativeness. 7. Secretiveness. 8. Acquisitiveness. 9. Constructiveness.

Genus II. Sentiments. 1. Cautiousness. 2. Approbation. 3. Self-esteem. 4. Benevolence. 5. Reverence. 6. Firmness. 7. Conscientiousness. 8. Hope.

9. Marvelousness. 10. Ideality. 11. Mirthfulness. 12 Imitation.

Order II. Intellectual faculties. Genus I. 1. External senses—feeling, taste, hearing, smell, sight. 2. Voluntary motion.

Genus II. Perceptive faculties—individuality, configuration, size, weight, resistance, color, locality, order, calculation, eventuality, time, tune, artificial language.

Genus III. Reflective faculties—comparison, causality.

This is not precisely the classification of Dr. Gall. He, for instance, gave to the organ of acquisitiveness, the name of theft; to that of veneration, the name of religion; to that of destructiveness, the name of murder. Dr. S. maintained that the first did not uniformly give a propensity to steal—that its direction depends on the other faculties, and leads some to acquire *knowledge*; others, *fame*; others, *wealth*. He taught that the organ of religion did not lead us to worship God, but to *veneration* in general. It was found that Voltaire, and other infidels, had this organ in no small dimensions. So the organ of murder, according to his views, gives a tendency to destroy, and its *object* will be determined by the size and influence of other organs. Dr. Fisk had this organ large, and yet could not kill a worm without suffering pain. A phrenologist told him his destructiveness was all directed against Calvinism. This presents the science in a less objectionable phase. Dr. Combe, the author from whom the public generally derive their ideas of this science, has made some trifling alterations on Spurzheim's classification. For instance, he has substituted the name of wonder for that of marvelousness; veneration, for reverence; and wit, for mirthfulness; and has divided the sentiments into two species; namely, sentiments common to man and the lower animals, and sentiments proper to man.

To the believer in phrenology this arrangement of the faculties presents a melancholy fact, indicative at once of our earthly tendency and heavenly origin, and in harmony with our systems of theology. It is this: that three-fourths of the faculties have relation to the present life, while the residue, *only*, are made with reference to that which is to come. The moralist who wishes to satisfy himself of man's natural tendency to good, and his sufficiency to accomplish the end of his creation, devoid of supernatural aid, will find no proof of his theory in the science of phrenology—if this science be true, the doctrine of human depravity is inscribed, by the finger of God, in solid capitals, upon every human head. The infidel may, upon superficial examination, think that phrenology is at variance with religion; but he is in error. Why is there an organ of hope, if there be no future good on which—overleaping the grave—this organ may fix? or an organ of veneration, if there be no object of worship? or of marvelousness, if there be no invisible realities which demand our faith?

It is not my design to exhibit in detail the evidences which are adduced in support of this system. I will merely *glance* at the ground on which it is predicated. It is affirmed that as we ascend the scale of animated nature, we perceive a gradual enlargement of the encephalic mass, and find that each new organ that presents itself brings with it a specific faculty—that the mind may be diseased in one sentiment or faculty, constituting monomania, and that dissections in the hospitals in this country and Europe, show that in such cases there is lesion of the organ alleged to be appropriated to the perverted faculty.

It must be admitted that the phrenological analysis of mind commends itself by its simplicity, thus: 1. *Sensations*. These are internal and external, and are produced

by irritations of the physical organs, transmitted to the brain. 2. Perceptions. These are repetitions of the sensations in the central organ. 3. Sentiments, passions, or moral faculties. Some of them are necessary to man as a social and religious being, while others the brutes possess in common with ourselves. Lastly. Intellectual faculties. These elevate man above the animal, enable him to acquire and transmit knowledge, and will, if properly cultivated, prepare him for that ulterior state of existence to which he was destined. This chain is intimately connected. Without sensations we could have no perceptions; without perceptions we could have no ideas; without ideas we could exert neither judgment, memory, nor imagination. We may remark, in passing, that it is a law of the animal economy, that the more an organ is exercised, the more it is liable to disease. Hence, we find the most common form of mental alienation, is hallucination, or delirium—in which the sensations are disordered, or rather, in which the perceptions obliterate the sensations. The sentiments are next in order liable to derangement, in its various forms. Lastly, the intellectual powers are rarely deranged, scarce ever destroyed. I have seen but one case of fatuity, and but one of idiotism. The former differs from the latter in some particulars. But to return from this digression:

It may be inquired, what benefits are to result from phrenology, if it be true? To this it is replied, no truth can be unimportant. It has been proposed to employ it in directing the education of the young; in determining the choice of pursuits; in civil and criminal legislation; in the science of politics; and in the higher department of morals and religion. The principal use, however, to which it *has been* applied, is the ascertainment of our own character, and that of our neighbors.

Physiognomy was one of the earliest of the sciences,

and received attention from the most illustrious sages of antiquity. It signifies, in its ordinary acceptation, the study of the external signs of mental and moral qualities. It embraces two classes of indications; namely, those dependent on configuration and organization, and those resulting from gestures and motions. The former proclaim capacities of action, the latter indicate powers in action. The first belongs to the province of physiognomy, strictly speaking; the latter constitute pathognomy or natural language.

Aristotle, the father of physiognomy, maintained that signs of moral and intellectual qualities might be discovered in the whole body. In the study of physiognomy he surveyed the whole creation, and expected to find harmony between physical and affective characteristics throughout. The man possessed of slender frame, small muscular system, fine hair, delicate skin, light blue eye, feeble voice, he would pronounce to possess the timidity and vivacity of the hare; while he who had large frame, correspondent muscles, coarse skin, strong voice, and stately walk, he would set down as characterized by the courage and generosity of the lion. This system was long received without dispute among the learned. It was revived by Lavater in France during the last century, and was found capable of fascinating courts and commonalty both in England and on the continent of Europe, for many years, but its many inaccuracies gradually weakened its influence upon the public mind. Shortly after it ceased to excite attention, the system of Gall came before the world. Ancient philosophy had always supposed that the soul was not equally diffused throughout the body, but was concentrated upon one, or a *few* organs. The moral sentiments were generally distributed among the viscera of the abdomen. The sentient soul was located in the brain by Pythagoras, who was followed in

this by Plato, Galen, and Haller. Aristotle placed the soul in the heart. Van Helmont, differing from all previous inquirers, located it in the stomach. Drelincourt fixed it in the cerebellum, the posterior part of the brain; while Des Cartes seated it in the pineal gland. He probably was led to this conjecture in consequence of the location of this honored little structure. It is about the size of a small pea, seated in the brain, in a little bony depression which has been compared to a Turkish saddle. Moreover, two tender membranous threads extend from it toward the interior of the brain, which a warm fancy might easily convert into the reins with which it might be supposed that this little driver could direct the chariot of the mind. Physiologists had generally agreed, before phrenology was proposed, that the brain—embracing the contents of the cranium—was the organ most intimately concerned in the function of intellection. Sir Charles Bell had announced his wonderful discoveries in relation to the nervous system, by which it was demonstrated that the spinal marrow contained three columns of medullary matter on each side, and that each column was the seat of a peculiar power. The nerves given off by the anterior part, conferring sensation; those sent from the posterior part, voluntary motion; while a third class, given off by the middle column, combined to form, with others sent down from the brain, the great sympathetic nerve which presides over the functions of nutrition, digestion, respiration, and circulation. These discoveries afford a very strong analogical proof of the truth of phrenology.

This science teaches that the external head affords an accurate indication of the development of the cerebral organs—that the intellectual faculties are located in the anterior and lower part of the brain; the moral sentiments on the upper anterior portion; the faculties which

we possess in common with brutes in the posterior, lower, and lateral portions; and that certain faculties which tend to strengthen all the others, are seated around the crown. In examining the head, the phrenologist endeavors first to ascertain its size; he next proceeds to determine the relative size of the various regions of the head; and lastly, the developments of the different parts of each region, and the proportionate size of the organs to each other. In accomplishing this object, it is customary, after ascertaining the general size of the head, to divide it into two regions by a line drawn from the orifice of the ear upward to the vertex. The part anterior to this line is denominated the coronal, and that posterior to it the occipital region; if the former predominate over the latter, we are furnished with one ground for a favorable opinion. Before passing from the profile view, the phrenologist notices the vertical and the antero-posterior diameters. A line is then drawn from the middle of the forehead to the hinder part of the occiput, which divides the head into an upper and a lower apartment, if you will so term them, which have been denominated, respectively, the coronal and basilar regions; if the former predominate, he has another favorable indication. Another line is drawn from the angle of the eye vertically, and parallel with the first one described, with a view to ascertain the development of the intellectual organs, and to compare the perceptive with the reflective faculties. Finally, the phrenologist attends to the lateral diameter of the head, in order that, by a comparison of its height and breadth, he may know the proportion which the upward parts bear to the latter. The predominance of the former over the latter affords another reason for pronouncing the subject's head good.

If, now, the student supposes that he is supplied with an accurate measure of intellectual power, and an infal-

lible guide of innate propensity, he is very much mistaken.

1. Allowing all that phrenology claims, a variety of properties must be taken into view, besides the size and configuration of the cranium. Temperament, for example. This refers to the mixture of the primary elements of the physical constitution. While phrenology denies that mental or moral characteristics are predicable of particular temperaments, it nevertheless regards the latter as indicating different degrees of activity in the bodily organs. As this subject is often alluded to, it may not be amiss to show in what manner the temperaments may be distinguished. The sanguine is indicated by chestnut hair, blue eyes, plumpness, full and frequent pulse, an animated expression, great susceptibility to external impressions, a restless disposition to exertion, combined with perpetual energy. The subject is the man for action. Black hair, black eyes, brown skin, rigid muscles, prominent features, proclaim the bilious temperament, which is associated with considerable functional energy and general activity. The external signs of the lymphatic temperament are pale, flabby skin, fair hair, light blue eyes, soft muscles, feeble pulse. These are indications of weakness of body and mind. The nervous, or melancholic temperament, is proclaimed by fine, thin hair, delicate health, general emaciation, smallness of the muscles, celerity of movement in body and mind, exquisite sensibility, vivid thought.

The simple temperaments are rarely met with; two or more are generally conjoined. The temperaments described are those of which physicians usually speak; and, although the division originated in manifest and exploded error, yet, whatever may be the occult causes of physical differences, they *do* exist, and we believe they are connected with the characteristics we have described.

Now, although a man might have a head as fine as that of Luther or Shakspeare, if he had the lymphatic temperament, we should not expect him, under any circumstances, to defy the Pope, or produce the plays of the father of English poetry; nor should we expect one of the nervous temperament, whatever the size of his cranium, to cross the Alps, and undertake the subjugation of the world. On the other hand, a man of ordinary brain, with good temperament, may surmount obstacles, and achieve wonders. Another circumstance to be taken into account in estimating the power of the mind, is the influence of other organs besides the brain. The size of the heart, for example, is no inconsiderable circumstance. Courage is, in a great degree, dependent upon a consciousness of strength; the consciousness of strength arises from that glow of pleasant feeling which a healthful and vigorous action diffuses over the system—and this depends greatly upon the state of the circulation. The eagle has a larger heart in proportion to his body than any other animal. Bonaparte and Cæsar were below the middle stature. The difference in the size of men is not in the internal organs chiefly, but in the extremities. Now, as hearts are generally of the same size, and as the heart of a small man has less territory to supply than that of a large one, we may expect in the former more rapidity of the circulation, and, consequently, more activity of all the organs.

There is a small gland in the neck, which is sometimes enlarged, constituting the "full neck," that deforms so many ladies in the western counties of Pennsylvania. Although in our country this enlargement does not injure the mind, yet, in the Alps, where it prevails to a great extent, it usually produces, without impairing the function of any other organ, a state of imbecility, often terminating in complete idiocy. Let the phrenologist,

examine the head of one of these Cretans of good developments, would he not be misled?

2. The state of health materially influences the condition of the mind. Disease of the liver has a tendency to produce somber contemplations and gloomy forebodings. Let its subject be examined by phrenology, and if he have large organs of wit and hope, she will pronounce him mirthful and happy. But will her oracle be received?

Suppose, on the other hand, one who is defective in those organs which are said to diffuse joy over the spirit, and who has unfortunately fallen into the hands of consumption, to subject herself to the examination of the phrenologist who confines himself exclusively to the cerebral developments. Can his decision be relied on? No. The victim of consumption, whatever the developments of her cranium, goes to the chambers of death like the ancient sacrifices that were led to the altar crowned with garlands—joyous and hopeful.

3. Phrenology appears to be inconsistent with anatomy. There are no divisions of the brain corresponding to the organs on phrenological charts. True, the brain has its divisions—its canals, and depressions, and elevations, and foldings; but they have no correspondence to phrenological organs; indeed, the convolutions seem to be at direct variance with it.

4. It is inconsistent with analogy. This would lead us to suppose that the different organs are separate and various, in shape, color, and structure. The gland which secretes the bile is different from that which secretes the saliva. The instrument of sight is unlike that of sound. Might we not suppose that organs varying as greatly as those of benevolence and destructiveness, would be somewhat different in appearance, and in structural arrangement? Not more different is the organ which

propels the blood from that which paints the image of a distant object on its inner surface, than is the propensity which leads us to destroy from that which induces us to pity and relieve.

5. The highest authority is against phrenology. It must be admitted that many anatomists and physiologists have given their influence in favor of this science; but both in this country and in Europe, the most authoritative names are against it. Sir Charles Bell and Sir Astley Cooper, the highest authorities of the age, are both arrayed against it.

6. Granting the propositions of phrenology, there exists an insuperable obstacle to their application. We may be deceived in examining the external head in relation to the developments of the brain. In some cases the skull is thicker than in others. The cellular substance between the two tables varies in thickness. The soft parts over the skull, particularly the temporal muscles, differ very much in size in different individuals. In the forehead, directly over many of the organs of perception and reflection, are two small canals in the bone. In some cases these frontal sinuses are so small that you can not pass the finest cambric needle through them; and in others you may insert a goose-quill without much difficulty. We might enumerate other sources of fallacy. I can not forbear to allude to the fact, that the base of the brain can not be examined. To this it may be replied, that the non-exploration of one portion of the brain can not render valueless the information derived from an examination of another portion. If the brain were like a district of country—if one part exerted no direct influence upon the other—then, after having explored one half, we might proceed to make a map of it, without having penetrated into the residue. But the organs of the mind—granting a multiplicity—exert a

constant, powerful, mutual influence upon each other; so that it is impossible to obtain a knowledge of the capacities or tendencies of any one, without examining the influence which its associate organs may exert upon it, whether through sympathy, or dependence, or correspondence of function.

7. We have indubitable evidence that some faculties may exist without the organs which phrenology assigns to them. Many such facts as the following might be cited:

Doctor Harrison has reported the case of a man who received a blow upon the head, in consequence of which an abscess occurred, involving the whole of the organ of firmness. The subject—always noted for decision of character—experienced no diminution of this element of character from the disease and loss of the organ, which, according to phrenology, was the physical instrument indispensable to its manifestation.

8. It has long been charged that phrenology is defective in many respects. To this I have seen no satisfactory reply. If nature assigns to a lady who has an attachment to her children an organ of philoprogenitiveness, why not give a similar organ to her husband, if he happen to have an extraordinary delight in horses? or to her son, if he possess a preternatural fondness for dogs?

9. There are many facts which appear to be inexplicable upon the principles of phrenology. Take, for example, "conversion." A man undergoes a complete moral change, without experiencing any alteration in his bodily organs; but is conscious of an entire revolution in his motives, views, purposes, capacities, and propensions; he ascends from skepticism to faith, from despair to hope, from selfishness to benevolence. Every action, look, expression, evinces that he is a new man. It is not

an evanescent excitement, but a permanent influence which operates upon him. Let this, then, be viewed as a philosophical fact—how can it be viewed on phrenological principles?

10. It appears to me that phrenology is guilty of hasty generalization. Without pretending to condemn it, the inquirer may surely withhold his assent, on the ground that a sufficient number of facts have not yet been accumulated to warrant its deductions. Considering it merely as a hypothesis, I have no objection to it. I see no impropriety in making it a directory to future observations, to be adopted or abandoned according as they shall annul or confirm its postulates. But certainly it is not yet established.

The mind is as ethereal as the atmosphere: it comes, we know not whence, and goes, we know not whither; no eye so keen, no intellect so profound, as to command a view of the ten thousand occult influences which operate upon it to work out any given issue. Facts must be accumulated for ages before we can safely induce general principles in a science like this. Phrenology is liable to other fallacies besides premature generalization. When we make observations for the purpose of establishing a particular hypothesis, we are liable to overlook important facts which have an opposite tendency; or, if forced to survey them, to underrate their value. In medicine, in politics, in philosophy, the most absurd and extravagant theories have been suggested in almost every age; yet each has had its able, learned, and zealous advocates; each, too, has appealed to facts in its support. Aristotle, Brown, Lavater, Des Cartes, Symmes, etc., attracted general attention; called forth advocates, and rallied disciples by thousands around their standards.

Whatever opinion we may form of phrenology or physiognomy, we should not be deterred from relying on

our own sound common sense, rather than lips, noses, or bumps, in forming a judgment of ourselves or our fellow-men; nor should we be prevented from a diligent effort, in humble reliance on divine grace, to cultivate our minds and purify our hearts. Do you wish to study your own soul? Examine your own life by the aid of memory—explore your own heart by means of conscience. Do you desire to ascertain your fortune? Go not to chiromancy, but *resolve* on industry, perseverance, and morality, and read certain respectability, if not *distinction*, as that which awaits you. What though phrenology be true, and your good organs be well developed—if you be idle and immoral, you will never attain to usefulness or eminence; while, if your greatest developments be evil, you may repress them, and, at the same time, bring out and enlarge those organs which will be productive of good. We know that all men are not alike; yet there is hardly any obstacle which may not be overcome by vigorous resolution and unremitted diligence. How Demosthenes succeeded, need not be explained. Socrates appeared to be formed by nature for a morose, vicious, vile wretch. He resolved he would not be such. He brought his passions into subjugation, and made himself the very reverse.

Animal Magnetism.

ANIMAL magnetism originated with Mesmer, a regularly-graduated Doctor of Medicine of the University of Vienna, who seems to have been prone, in early life, to investigate the occult and the mysterious; for his inaugural thesis was, "On the influence of the planets on the human body." About the time that Mesmer took his degree, father Hehl, a Jesuit, and teacher of astronomy, who did not exclusively confine his mind to heavenly contemplations, was employing steel plates, impregnated with magnetic virtues, in the cure of disease. Mesmer borrowed the Jesuit's plates, and operated on a new plan, and with more astonishing results. But the old Jesuit was not to be choused out of his mystical discoveries; he claimed all the honor for himself; and after a desperate but bloodless battle, drove Mesmer from the field, who, however, being young, acted on the principle,

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

He went on curing, and what he lost in credit he made up in noise. But father Hehl followed so close upon his heels, that he was obliged to run away from Vienna.

It was well that this necessity was laid upon him; for thereby he was induced to go to Paris, the garden of humbugs. No sooner had he announced his arrival there, which happened in 1778, than all Paris was in motion. Saint and sinner, peer and peasant, beau and belle, crowded around the magnetizer, and attested the power of his

enchantment. Mesmer thought it important to make a convert from the medical ranks, and was not long in finding the desired instrument in M. D'Eslon; but this D'Eslon, like the fox in the fable, who, while he set the bird to singing, stole the cheese that dropped from her mouth, picked up about \$400,000 from the magnetizees, to the no small discomfort of the magnetizer. Poor Mesmer now appealed to government for sympathy and redress, and was not long in moving the tender mercies of the Queen, who, in consideration of his services to humanity, offered him a life rent of twenty thousand francs, and a further sum of ten thousand francs, to enable him to provide accommodations for his patients. But this Queen was somewhat wary; and with a caution which redounded "to the riches of her liberality," she stipulated for a committee to be appointed by the government, to report upon the proceedings. Now, this miserable committee changed the spirit of Mesmer's dream; and when the Queen was looking from the window of her palace to see him come forward for *l'argent*, behold it was found that money had become sour grapes to his palate, and that, with wonderful expedition, he had quitted France to drink the waters of Spa. Here he remained, obstinately refusing to pour any further light upon the opening intelligence of the world, till some of his faithful followers presented him about sixty thousand dollars, to induce him to bestow upon them his wonderful secrets. This melted his hard heart, and induced him to return to Paris, where the contributors of the aforesaid sum formed a society for the gratuitous propagation of the sublime doctrine which Mesmer had promised to plant in the depths of their souls. Hereupon arose a dispute, Mesmer contending that the society had no right to make his mind as free as the sun, that pours his rays alike upon the evil and the good. As the magnetizer found

the *Societes de l'Harmonie*—for so the institution was called—rather refractory, having safely deposited the sixty thousand dollars in his pocket, he was seized with a feeling of retirement, and left France that he might “go to his own place,” saying, as he departed, “Farewell, Animal Magnetism!” No doubt sunny France became darkened as this great light descended from her vine-clad hills. There is a tradition that, as he passed along the road, the cattle lowed, and seemed to say, “Farewell, Mesmer!” and the sheep in the pasture came toward the roadside, and bleated, as if to say, “Farewell, Mesmer!” and the waters, as they moved onward their streams of pearly tears, murmured, as though saying, “Farewell, Mesmer!” Even the wheels of the carriage caught the general sympathy, and at every revolution seemed to say, “Farewell, Mesmer!”

Animal Magnetism is probably one of those few sciences which was commenced and perfected by the same mind. Mesmer, like Aristotle, was a master, and his disciples, we think, have made no improvements upon his doctrine or his practice. We even fear that their rude hands have injured the science. They have certainly simplified the apparatus, and in this respect diminished its charm. Mesmer did not operate in the vulgar method of passes and re-passes, but with complicated and scientific machinery. Look into this room; in the center is an oaken wash-tub a foot and a half high, filled with iron filings, pounded glass, and bottles of magnetized water, arranged “*secundem artem*.” This tub is covered with a piece of timber, from which protrudes, through perforations, long, bent, polished, movable rods of iron. This is the *baquet*, or magnetic tub. Around this you see the patients arranged in successive rows, each one handling a rod connected with the tub. One holds his rod to his sore eye, another to his bruised nose, another to his

hard heart, another to his wooden leg, or according to the part to be healed. But, hold! they all seem to be united. O, yes, they are all bound together with a cord passed round their bodies, so that the magnetic stream may pass from one to the other. And now, behold! they become very solemn, and all, old men and children, young men and maidens, put their thumbs together. This establishes a double communication. Look at that beautiful young lady singing and playing so prettily on the piano-forte, in the corner of the room. She plays on a magnetized instrument, and with magnetized fingers; and every wave of sound sends its healthful influences into the patients. But who is that man that is loose, with an iron rod twelve inches long, walking round the circle, and holding his rod sometimes before the faces, and sometimes over the heads of his patients, and sometimes laying his hand on their breasts? That is Mesmer. Mark how various the effects! This one feels pain, and another ease; this one takes a chill, and another a heat; this one coughs, and another sneezes. Now, this is scientific. No wonder Paris moved! 'Twas enough to work amazement,

“Or unsphere

The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.”

“But,” observes an inquiring reader, “you will admit that there are some mysterious facts connected with Mesmerism.” Certainly. To facts well authenticated I humbly bow, even though I may be unable to explain or comprehend them. But when alleged facts are at war

with established facts in philosophy, and common sense views of nature, we should require indubitable testimony before we admit them. There are some things in animal magnetism I do not doubt; such, for instance, as that a cataleptic condition may be induced in some persons by the magnetizer. "How do you account for the reported cases?"

1. By animal sympathy. It has long been said that the wild beast may be subdued by steadily looking him in the eye, and that refractory horses have been tamed by experienced masters in the same manner. The late Dr. Rush, and many other physicians distinguished for their management of the insane, were accustomed to calm the raving maniac by fixing a steady gaze upon his fiery eyeball.

2. By imagination. This is a wonderful faculty, and its power in the treatment of disease has never been fully understood. We give a few instances. When the news of the discovery of nitrous oxyd gas, and of its wonderful effects, first reached Philadelphia, the Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania manufactured some of it, and gave an invitation to the literati and physicians of the city to witness its powers. A sly student entered into the laboratory the night before the exhibition, and emptying the chemist's receivers of the strange gas, filled them with atmospheric air. This innocent mixture was duly transferred to the gas-bladders, and then to the lungs of the daring men who stepped forward to breathe it; when, lo! it produced all the wonderful effects which had been described in the English papers as resulting from the inhalation of the nitrous oxyd gas. One became amorous, another clamorous, a third outrageous, and all sufficiently ridiculous.

The Government of France once appointed a committee, consisting of Baily, Lavoisier, and Franklin, three of

the greatest philosophers of the age, to examine the claims of Mesmerism. The following is an extract from their report:

"That it [animal magnetism] is wholly inappreciable by any of the senses, or by any mechanical or chemical process; that they tried it upon themselves, and upon many others, without being able to perceive any thing; that, on blindfolding those who seemed to be most susceptible to its influence, all its ordinary effects were produced when nothing was done to them, but when they imagined they were magnetized; while none of its effects were produced when they were really magnetized, but imagined nothing was done; that, in like manner, when brought under a magnetized tree, nothing happened, if the subjects of the experiment thought they were at a distance from the tree, while they were immediately thrown into convulsions, if they believed they were near the tree, although really at a distance from it; that, consequently, the effects actually produced were produced purely by the imagination; that these effects, though some cures might be wrought, were not without danger, since the convulsions were often violent and exceedingly apt to spread, especially among men feeble in body and weak in mind, and almost universally among women."

An effort was made, some years since, to introduce animal magnetism into England. Mr. Perkins invented what he denominated metallic tractors, an instrument for condensing and applying animal magnetism; and having obtained a patent, and received certificates, as he stated, from many of the first literary characters in Europe and America, he trumpeted abroad their fame. But Dr. Falconer, an eminent physician of Bath, brought Mr. Perkins's speculation to a speedy termination. Having made tractors of wood so nearly resembling the metallic ones that it was impossible to distinguish between them

by vision, he made experiments upon a large scale on the patients in the hospital, and produced the same effects with the fictitious as with the genuine ones, thus proving the power of the imagination.

3. Embellishment. They who are fond of the marvelous, when they are provided with the body of a wonder, are strongly tempted to add wings to it, that it may waft itself abroad, and they generally find the credulity of their friends capable of appreciating their labors.

4. Knavery. He has studied the character and history of the world to little purpose, who does not know that man, though "made upright, has sought out many inventions."

If there is any thing in animal magnetism more than can be accounted for by these means, I have yet to be informed of it. But the inquiry arises, are not many deservedly-distinguished physicians believers in animal magnetism? Yes, and we strongly suspect that with such we should agree: 1. As to the facts. They would not be likely to receive facts but upon authentic testimony. 2. In disapproving the magnetizer who perambulates the country to profit by the credulity of the multitude. We might, however, dissent from their deductions. No fault more common than hasty generalization.

I am not unreasonably opposed to animal magnetism. It has its uses. It enables the magnetizer to provide for his family, congregates the people, and melts down their spiritual essences into a homogeneous mass, creates strong pulsations in many a sluggish heart, and sends new thoughts scampering round many an empty cranium. Still, as it is best to use humbugs as not abusing them, I would humbly suggest that our credulity should be bounded by the following lines:

1. No one can be a magnetizer without being *plus*.
2. No one can be a magnetizee without being *minus*.

3. No magnetizer can operate successfully through Mt. Vesuvius or the Atlantic Ocean.

4. No magnetizer can enjoy free trade with the unseen worlds.

We remarked that Mesmer's disciples have made no improvement; but it is proper to qualify the observation, for, in some respects, they are in advance of their master. We understand they have a method of influencing their subjects, so as to, without

"Hornpipes, jigs, Strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels."

A very edifying exhibition of this kind is said to have occurred not long since.

We are also informed that a magnetic performer has in process of construction a magnetic organ, composed of human souls, with the will of a magnetizer for the bellows. Reader, go to hear:

"And O, sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string—
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek!"

Miss Martineau and Mesmerism.

FROM our youth we have been taught to *bow humbly before established facts*, and restrain our ignorance, and prejudice, and fancy from erecting barriers to our faith; but when alleged facts are strange, we should receive them with caution. If presented to our senses, we should examine them carefully—if reported to our faith, we should scrutinize the testimony: in both cases bearing in mind that nature's laws are uniform; that their obvious results have been matters of observation ever since Adam was created; and that it is easy for depraved beings to falsify and deceive.

We should *generalise cautiously*. In natural philosophy, a single experiment is often an adequate induction, because we can see all the circumstances which affect the result; but in meteorology, physiology, and mental philosophy, where a thousand causes may operate without our knowledge, we must accumulate facts, and multiply and vary experiments, before we deduce a general principle.

It is well to bear in mind that fashion exerts her tyranny not only in dress, but in religion and philosophy. From the days of Lord Bacon, philosophy steadily advanced toward materialism, till the time of Kant. Then commenced a reaction, which, having advanced to transcendentalism in Germany, has recently made itself felt in England and America. Now we are moving rapidly toward spiritualism: the infidels, who, a

few months ago, resolved mind into blood and brains, are now prating about the "*Psyche*," and the "*Nous*," and the "*tertium quid*," without so much as glancing at matter.

We reject nothing simply because it is *new*—we adhere to nothing simply because it is *old*; but upon the borders of the "new dispensation" we pause to make our observations, ready to hear, willing to communicate, and waiting to hail with joy all real intellectual progress. In a becoming spirit, as we trust, we sit down to an analysis of the interesting pamphlet before us. The fair authoress writes to prove, from her own experience, the truth and remedial value of Mesmerism. It is evident to the reader that she is a lady of taste and *fancy*. She is also possessed of learning, and apparently interested in the extension of knowledge. Nor is she wanting in candor; for she says that she was "a believer upon testimony, before she witnessed any Mesmeric facts." She states that she was afflicted with a chronic disease, but suppresses the name of her malady. This is unfortunate. There are certain diseases readily cured by the imagination, as the doctor said when he sent cobwebs to his aguish patient. She admits that she supposed all along that Mesmerism would give her partial relief—indeed, she seems to have looked to it from the first as the *pis aller*, though as forbidden fruit, which she must, like mother Eve, watch her opportunity to pluck. Let this be borne in mind; for he who looks for a ghost must be dull indeed if he do not find one, as a result of his looking.

In regard to the *cure*, as well as the disease, we are somewhat in the dark; but the reader is prepared for future developments: "My Mesmerist and I are not so precipitate as to conclude my disease yet extirpated," etc.

Miss Martineau starts with a

FALSE PRESUMPTION.

She maintains that the strangeness of facts is a presumption in their favor. There must, then, be a strong presumption in favor of the systems of Jemima Wilkinson, Joanna Southcott, Doctor Sangrado, and Joe Smith. She says: "On the first trial I did *not* fall asleep; but I did feel something very strange." At this time Mr. Hall, a *strange* Mesmerizer, was operating by "passes over the head, made from behind—passes from the forehead to the back of the head, and a little way down the spine." Amid *such* passes, no wonder she felt something strange.

The following sentence affords a clew to the

EXPLANATION OF THE CURE.

Speaking of her strange visions, she informs us that they occurred "between the expiration of one opiate and the taking of another." Here is the thread of the labyrinth. Miss Martineau was an opium eater. After resorting to Mesmerism, she gradually laid aside her opiates, in proportion as her faith increased; and at length, having abandoned them altogether, was restored—as many a Washingtonian—to health. "The appearance has rather given way to drowsiness since I left off the opiates." No marvel.

Miss Martineau is guilty of much

SOPHISTRY.

She falls into the fallacy of *non causa pro causa*. She was Mesmerized, and she recovered. This is all she knows; but she is not content with stating these two facts. She assumes that the one is the cause of the other. She mistakes the *post hoc* for the *propter hoc*, as

did the Florentine, who, having taken pills, found his lost horse, and supposed that the medicine was "good to find horses." The skillful sophist always *avoids a direct assertion* of what he intends *waduly to assume*. "I am careful," says Miss Martineau, "to avoid theorizing on a subject," etc., and then adds, "but it can hardly be called theorizing to say that the principle of life is fortified by the Mesmeric influence," etc. "I am no orator, as Brutus is," says Anthony, in the midst of the highest oratory.

Mark the following: "The numerous cases recorded of cure of rheumatism, dropsy, cancers, and the whole class of tumors—cases as distinct and almost as numerous as those of paralysis, epilepsy, and other diseases of the brain and nerves—must make any inquirer cautious of limiting his anticipations and experiments by any theory of exclusive action on the nervous system." This may do for some; but *we* would much prefer that it should be *proved* instead of *assumed*.

Miss Martineau uses adroitly the fallacy of *argumentum ad verecundiam*, which consists in an appeal to the authority of great names. She quotes La Place and Cuvier; but their testimony amounts to little. The former said, "Applying to Mesmerism his own principles and formulas respecting human evidence, he could not withhold his assent to what was so strongly supported." If we knew in what degree of comprehension the term "Mesmerism" was used by La Place in this passage, we should know what his testimony is worth. The opinion of Cuvier—if we translate him correctly—is, in substance, that certain results leave but *little doubt* that the proximity of two animal bodies, in certain positions, and with certain movements, have a real effect, independent of all mutual participation of the imagination. Thus far the illustrious predecessor leads: thus far the humble

editor follows. Not a word in either authority about eures, visions, or clairvoyance. But suppose that both these distinguished Frenchmen, at a time when all Paris was in motion about Mesmerism, had given their assent to it, in all its length and breadth, could they thus have established its pretensions? Judicial astrology, even in the dawn of the seventeenth century, could boast such advocates as Cardano and Kepler. Lord Bacon, the greatest of modern philosophers, believed in charms and amulets. If the question were to be determined by the weight of authority, it would be easily disposed of. In a recent number of the *Medico Chirurgical Review*, M. Brachet—than whom a higher authority on subjects connected with innervation can not be cited—speaking of hypochondriacism as the only disease to which Mesmerism is applicable, says, “In our opinion, animal magnetism, even when divested of all the apparatus of charlatanry, is, on the whole, more likely to do harm than good in the disease under consideration. If such be our opinion of magnetism, we need scarcely say that we equally discredit all the recorded wonders of somnambulism, the exhibitions of which are now almost entirely *limited to rogues*, whose only object is to attract the public notice, and rob their *silly dupes*.”

Miss Martineau embraces the whole *magnetisme animal*, not excepting

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Of this she gives a case. One of her domestics, a maid of nineteen, who had been frequently Mesmerized, had a cousin at sea. A report arrives that the vessel he sails is lost. Contradictory accounts of particulars reach the village. The sailor's mother, who lives adjacent to Miss Martineau, goes to Shields to learn the truth; and, on her return, calls upon Miss Martineau to relate the

news; but, when she enters, the maid is enjoying a *seance*; and while the old lady narrates the facts below stairs, the young one narrates them above. The latter avows that she did not obtain them from any body. She had, however, been out on an errand, and the news had reached town. Which is the more probable, that the maid saw, sitting at New Castle, what occurred long before, between Gottenburg and Elsinore, or that she told a falsehood? We are not perplexed with the horns of this dilemma. Indeed, this maid is no *negative quantity*, and was, perhaps, often *plus*, while her Mesmerist was *minus*. "When asked, repeatedly, whether she could read with her eyes shut, see things behind her, etc., she always replied that she does not like that sort of thing, and will not do it—she likes 'higher things.'" That's a lady. But suppose she told the truth: had this girl, in a natural sleep, dreamed the facts, as they occurred, should we have drawn the conclusion that in this condition the soul is clairvoyant, or supposed that her dream was an ordinary one, suggested by the strong anxiety of the subject for her cousin, in connection with the reports of the shipwreck, and which, by a natural coincidence, had its fulfillment? Consider such a case alone, and it is wonderful; but view it in connection with the thousand failures, and it ceases to astonish. That there are failures, Miss Martineau is witness. Speaking of this maid, she says, "We have tried her clairvoyance by *agreement* with friends at a distance, strangers to her, and have *failed*, as we deserved." The maid's clairvoyance did not operate on strangers. Now read: "One evening she burst into a long story of a woman who lived in Tynemouth two hundred years ago, who made cataplasms for the feet of a lame monk;" but, asleep as she was, (?) she caught herself, and added, "that she once read this in a book, and just thought of it." Pretty clairvoyance! We could

equal this ourselves. The girl, perhaps, has no difficulty in regard to strangers when there is no *agreement* in the way. Many, in clairvoyance, appear most happy when among strangers and at great distances. The "learned blacksmith" is said to be making discoveries in the moon, having sent a boy, in a state of clairvoyance, into one of the school-houses of that satellite, and obtained the characters in which the "man in the moon" writes his letters. Similar discoveries are in progress here. Brother S. was puzzled the other day with a long manuscript left with him to be printed. In what language was it written? Some said German; and up it went to the office of the Apologist; but down it came, repudiated with indignation. Many of us could testify that it was neither Greek, nor Latin, nor French; and our learned friend, Doctor E., could swear that it was neither Hebrew nor Syric. Finally, it was shifted into the packing-room, and there pronounced to be Welsh, there being no Welshman in the Concern to contradict it. When the owner called for his book, brother S. returned the manuscript, and with much *sang froid*, said, "We don't print Welsh." "Welsh!" cried the astonished stranger, "it is not Welsh. I have been in a clairvoyant state for three weeks past, and this, [pointing to the manuscript,] is the result."

Miss Martineau discloses some of the

TENDENCIES OF MESMERISM.

No wonder that infidel philosophy is pleased with it. Compelled to believe in a spiritual world, infidelity would shame us out of all concern for it. Miss Martineau is apprised of the tendency. The following is one of her precious "*whens*:" "What becomes of really divine inspiration, when the commonest people find they can elicit marvels of prevision and insight?" To this

"when" we add a few "ifs." What respect can we have for the soul, if it can be "thrown as a toy into the hands of children, and other ignorant persons, and of the base?" what regard for religion, if conversion and regeneration can be produced with the thumb and fingers? what concern for the eternal world, if an infidel, by a pass of his hand, can send the spirit rushing through its portals, and bring it back at will? What aspirations for a glorified state, if, as Miss Martineau supposes, "the highest faculties are seen in their utmost perfection during the magnetic sleep?" By the light of this new science the Bible is "reading made easy." But avaunt, nonsense and blasphemy. If Mesmerism, however, should deprive us of confidence in the Bible, it would substitute for it a faith of more ample dimensions, which could pause with veneration before judicial astrology, magic, necromancy, witchcraft, the legends of saints, and the temptations of holy anchorets, and even evoke from the tomb the ghosts which Knowledge, the great exorcist, supposed she had long since sent to their everlasting rest. We do not, as does his Holiness, blame Satan with Mesmerism; but we are sorry when deacons and elders bless God while the operator runs his fingers over the cranium of some hysteric maiden, rousing, one moment, veneration, and the next amateness.

But Miss Martineau shall *serve* us before we leave her. As high priestess of the temple she speaks as follows: "I believe there is no doubt that the greatest of all injuries done to Mesmerism is by its itinerant advocates. This appears to be admitted by every body but the itinerants themselves; and none lament the practice so much as the higher order of Mesmerists. . . . If they have not the means of advocating Mesmerism without taking money for it, they had better earn their bread in another way, and be satisfied with giving their testimony and

their powers—so far as their knowledge goes—gratuitously at home.” Farewell, Miss Martineau.

Before we close, we must say that we have many *scientific* friends who are philosophical and sober inquirers into Mesmerism. We hold ourselves in readiness to hear *their* facts, examine *their* arguments, and receive with gratitude whatever they may present which is calculated to increase the knowledge or the happiness of mankind; but there is a *class of men* for whom we have neither time nor ink to spare.

Witchcraft, etc.

A BELIEF in the interposition of supernatural creatures in the management of human affairs, seems to have prevailed in all ages. *Astrology* was one of the earliest forms of superstition. This art, now generally neglected, has left its traces in some of the metals and their preparations—in the character—originally the symbol of Jupiter—with which the physician commences his recipe—in the practices of catharticizing and bleeding at particular seasons—the annual opening, on the sixth of August, of the pit, whence is obtained the Lemnian earth—*terra sigilata*—etc.

Divination was practiced, primarily, in particular places; subsequently, independent of any locality. First came the *μάντις*, who, on great emergencies, revealed the future; then the *bacides*, and the *sibyllæ*, pretending to derive their knowledge from sacred books; then the most grand of all impositions, the *oracles*, followed by the *soothsayers*, or petty diviners, and *fortune-tellers*; next augury and the interpretation of signs by experience or routine. Nor was the interpretation of dreams omitted. Traces of divination are found at this day among the followers of Jemima Wilkinson, the Gipsies, the thousands who give attention to the death-watch, or the movements of birds, or lucky and unlucky days, or dreams, or the *sortes sanctorum*—in imitation of the *sortes Homericæ* of the Greeks, and the *sortes Vigilanzæ* of the Romans—a mode of judging of the future by

opening the Scriptures at random, and forming an opinion from the passage on which the eye happens to fall. Many have been plunged into despair, or elated through false hopes by this means.

Enchantment is the employment of words, gesticulations, or characters, to produce extraordinary phenomena. This form of superstition was held by many ancient nations. Originating, probably, in the east, where the magi were objects of veneration, it traveled to the west, notwithstanding the prohibitions of Roman emperors. By this art the Egyptian magi sought to diminish the influence of Moses. The splendid discoveries of Roger Bacon, who, in natural science, was far in advance of his age, were, by many of his cotemporaries, ascribed to it. We have sometimes met with men who pretended to cure diseases, stop blood issuing from wounded arteries, etc., by the enchantment of words. We have also found—a greater wonder—intelligent persons who credited their pretensions. *Amulets* and *talismans* are not unfrequently met with now, even in Christian countries, especially in Ireland; where many a mother ties a “gospel” around her child’s neck to avert the dreaded influence of the fairy. The coral which the infant presses to his gums and the beads which the lady suspends from her neck are relics of a practice introduced by soothsayers.

Sorcery originally meant divination by lot; but in the middle ages it was employed to designate the magi, or the eastern and more respectable wizards.

Necromancy signifies prophesying by means of the dead. We have an instance in the history of Saul—the raising of Samuel by the witch of Endor. This art was practiced in Greece and many other ancient states, particularly Thessaly, where it was attended with unusual horrors. Under the Christian dispensation a milder

form of necromancy has prevailed; namely, that of performing rites to call forth the voices of the dead from their graves. Traces of this superstition are found at the present day, even in refined society, in the tendency so prevalent to consider the last words of the dying prophetic.

Exorcism is the art of casting out evil spirits by adjuration. It has been practiced in all ages among pagan nations. It existed even among the ancient Jews to a considerable extent. In the third century it was practiced by the Christian Church at the baptism of heretics and heathens, under an impression that they were possessed; and, upon the adoption of St. Augustine's views of original sin, it became a uniform accompaniment of baptism. Traces of it exist at the present day in the Lutheran Church, while in the Catholic it is found as a preliminary to baptism, and a means of allaying storms, relieving the possessed, and killing vermin.

A *witch* is one who performs miraculous feats by the aid of evil spirits. Witchcraft is of modern origin, though the term occurs in the Scriptures. Many commentators, however, contend that the Hebrew word *charasp* signifies poisoner, and they appeal, in support of this translation, to the Septuagint, which renders it by *φαρμακός*, the Greek word for poisoner. The word used in Galatians v, 20, is *φαρμακεία*, from a word signifying drug or poison, and, we think, means those spells and enchantments which were used among the ancients to cure or to produce disease, to excite love, or hatred, etc. Early in the Christian Church the opinion prevailed that the gods of the heathen were evil spirits, who had blindfolded the nations and led them astray to destroy them. Hence, true prophecy was accorded to ancient oracles, but traced through them to Satanic agency. It is easy to perceive in this opinion a foundation for the modern popular

notion of witchcraft. The foundation being laid, it received perpetual accretions from the introduction of exorcism at the baptismal font, the worship of saints and relics, and the numberless errors of the ages of increasing darkness which succeeded the first few centuries of the Christian era. The study of the classics was calculated to strengthen the popular superstition, for their brightest pages glitter with demons; and Plato distinctly asserts, that "God has no immediate intercourse with men, but all the interviews and conversations between the gods and mortals, are carried on by means of the demons, both in waking and sleeping." No wonder that ignorant monks in their lonely retreats, with their imaginations stimulated by physical phenomena, which, in their profound ignorance of natural science, they knew not how to explain, should fancy they saw the devil or his imps, and even attempt to describe his Satanic majesty's horns, tail, and cloven foot. Although in the fourth century the Council of Ancyra, by denouncing as heretical the belief in magical transformations, and some of the fathers, by discrediting the stories of witches riding through the air, attempted to arrest the progress of witchcraft, yet the superstition continued to increase till, in the twelfth century, it was matter of religious faith, and of ecclesiastical and civil legislation.

The crusades, which threw a flash of light over Europe, gave to this superstition but a temporary check; while the Reformation, so fruitful in blessed results, served rather to strengthen than weaken the popular notion of witchcraft. The most dreadful persecutions, on this account, followed the track of Calvinian orthodoxy. Luther thought he routed the devil himself by throwing an inkstand in his face, and it is affirmed that, at a later day, even our own Wesley, whom we so much

admire and love, said, "To give up witchcraft is to give up the Bible."

Such men as Hale, the brightest ornaments of the English bench, patiently witnessed the processes by which witches purged themselves; calmly listened to the evidences of their guilt; and formally condemned them to death at the stake. In passing, we can not refrain from alluding to a good story of Sir Matthew: "He was presiding on the trial of a witch. She had cured many diseases by a certain charm, and the evidence of guilt seemed conclusive. But when the judge himself looked on this charm, behold! it was a scrap of paper inscribed with a Latin sentence, which, in default of money, *he, himself*, while on the circuit, had given, many years before, in a merry mood, to mine host by way of reckoning." When the natural sciences began to be cultivated the belief in witchcraft gradually withered, though it is not yet extirpated entirely. We believe there have been three trials for witchcraft, before the civil magistracy, within the limits of this state. One, if we have not been misinformed, occurred in Seneca county, and was occasioned by the combustion of a wagon, in which a man was carrying quicklime. A shower came up while he was on the way, a part of which, falling in love with the lime and agreeing to enter into the solid state in union with it, evolved sufficient caloric to do the mischief, which was ascribed to the witch. We have heard of sheep and oxen being burned, in our own day and country, in order to drive off witches who were supposed to have occasioned pestilence among flocks and herds. Who has not heard of the interference of witches in domestic affairs. A lady in manufacturing soap, after much pains sometimes finds the grease upon the top of the kettle and the alkali at the bottom. Now, instead of putting in some lime to deprive the

alkali of its carbonic acid, considering her kettle bewitched, she heats her poker, and plunges it in again and again, and next day inquires for some old lady in the neighborhood who had been badly burned. In some parts of our state you may find horseshoes over many a door. We have often met with sensible men who fully believed in witchcraft, and whom we could much more easily supply with asafetida than convince of their superstition. We are reminded by a discourse, by the late Dr. Wilson, that witchcraft is, sometimes, more than a vulgar delusion, and we must treat the subject seriously. We confess we were not a little surprised at the Doctor's sermon. This gentleman, in our estimation, was one of the ablest divines in America. Deservedly was he honored for his age, his piety, his talents, his learning, and his long and valuable services. This discourse is founded on Galatians v, 20—a passage which, in our humble opinion, has no reference to what men now generally understand to be witchcraft. The Doctor says, "A witch is a person who practices some kinds of curious arts in order to gain profit or applause, or to confirm men in erroneous opinions." If so, there are, undoubtedly, many witches in Cincinnati especially on Main and Fifth streets. But the Doctor certainly does not mean to class among witches men who merely practice curious arts for profit or applause; for he specifies divination, enchantment, necromancy, sorcery, exorcism, and soothsaying as the *modes* by which witchcraft is practiced.

The Doctor's first argument is founded upon the declarations of the Jewish civil law against witchcraft. His second argument is based on the words in Samuel: "For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft." A third is the reason assigned by the prophet Nahum for the destruction of Babylon; namely, she was "the mistress of

witchcrafts." "A fourth on the promise of the prophet Micah, 'And it shall come to pass in that day, saith the Lord, that I will cut off witchcraft out of thine hand, and thou shalt have no more soothsayers,'" and his last upon his text.

Having advanced his proofs, the Doctor gives examples; namely, Joseph's divining cup, the enchantments of the Egyptian magicians who withstood Moses, the raising of the witch of Endor, Simon the sorcerer, the damsel of Philippi, the seven sons of Sceva of Ephesus, and some modern instances noticed in the sequel.

The author next explains how this sin originates. His theory is, that God sends witchcraft upon men as a punishment for rejecting the truth: thus an evil spirit was sent to Saul when the Spirit of God forsook him.

He then proceeds to give some modern examples of witchcraft. He names the Papacy, a certain European prince, the Shakers, the Mormons, the followers of Mesmer, and Swedenborgianism. The discourse is closed by an exhibition of the Gospel as the only remedy for witchcraft.

Although the author's definition does not embrace the distinctive feature of modern witchcraft—demoniacal agency—yet his whole discourse implies it. The various species enumerated are supernatural arts; and the instances adduced, both ancient and modern—according to his interpretation and opinion—imply infernal aid. Speaking of the case of Saul, he says, "*The woman, by her art, brought up Samuel, who conversed with Saul.*" Of modern instances the Doctor speaks as follows: "You may talk about ignorance, credulity, shrewd guessing, imagination, sympathy, collusion, and sleight of hand; but none of these, nay, all of them put together, can account for the well-attested miracles of the Papists and the Shakers, the phenomena of Mesmerism, and

the spiritual cognitions of Emanuel Swedenborg. They must have been produced either by the power of God or by the power of the devil; for they are evidently above the power of man. You can not deny the phenomena. To what power, O Christian, will you ascribe them? With the Scriptures before you, how can you be at a loss? These are the spirits of devils working miracles, showing great signs and wonders."

Never having given much attention to witchcraft, we must speak doubtingly. In regard to ancient witchcraft, was it not an offshot of idolatry—the rendering to the creature or the phantom that fear and trust due only to God? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that the divine Being would punish this crime by delivering the transgressors to their own delusions, than by giving them, or evil spirits, power to disturb the laws of this beautiful universe? Is there any case recorded in the Bible which can not be explained without supposing real miracle by diabolical agency? In the case of Samuel, there was a real miracle; but did not God, not the witch, call Samuel from his rest? The witch was astonished and alarmed by the phenomenon. Suppose that diabolical agency, in producing natural results, was permitted in ancient times, have we reason to believe that it exists now? We know an opinion has prevailed among those who believe that devils had great power upon the earth in ancient times, that at the advent of Christ that power was restrained. But let us look to the Doctor's modern instances.

Now, we marvel that, at the very period when the phlegmatic German mind is roused against an attempt to revive the impositions connected with the pilgrimage to the Holy Coat of Treves, and while thousands are rushing at the risk of reputation, fortune, livelihood, and perhaps life to the new Catholic German Church, a

Protestant clergyman should assert that the Holy Coat really does perform miracles. Prove this, and Ronge can be silenced—prove this, and the mother Church will be satisfied—she will not be troubled with the charge of witchcraft.

The prince to whom the Doctor refers, was, doubtless, Alexander Leopold Hohenlohe. We are curious to know to which of his cases Dr. Wilson would refer as miraculous. Was it the case of Princess Matilda? If so, we should insist upon the claims of Heine, her machinist. The Doctor will not surely take us into the Bamberg and Wurtzburg hospitals, which keep such a fearful account of the Prince's failures, and of the interference of the police in relation to his experiments. Nor will he excite our credence by a history of the Prince of Hildburghausen's eyes. True, there were wonderful cures performed by Hohenlohe; but it might be well to compare his successful with his unsuccessful cases, and to inquire into the influence of the imagination in the cure of disease. If any decline such investigations, let them take the opinion of Pope Pius VII, who certainly had more doubts on the subject of the Prince's miracles than Dr. Wilson.

The Doctor gives his opinion that Swedenborg was a bad man, but that he had intercourse with the spiritual world. The disciples of Swedenborg will, we apprehend, be, of all others, the least disquieted by this opinion: what more can they ask than the concession it contains? Now, we can only say that our opinion is directly the reverse of the Doctor's.

In the wonders of Shakerism and Mormonism, we see nothing but the workings of cunning and impudence upon ignorance, stupidity, and superstition; and we regret that so high an authority as Dr. Wilson should admit that they were miraculous.

Mesmerism ingrafts itself upon somnambulism, and

needs but little acuteness, and jugglery, to accomplish its feats before a credulous multitude.

But we must dismiss the pamphlet, by saying, that we hope nothing we have written will be deemed disrespectful to Dr. Wilson.

The work of Mr. Dendy, the title of which is, "Philosophy of Mystery," is a very interesting book; its style is easy, its language chaste, and its discussions are both amusing and philosophical. Its object is, to explain, by well-known physical and physiological laws, the various stories of specters, scenes in magic mirrors, second sight, prophetic dreams, somniloquence, somnambulism, etc. We commend it to the attention of the superstitious, especially to such as consult fortune-tellers, or allow themselves to be disquieted by natural phenomena; to those, also, who fear to pass a graveyard in the night, or go into the cellar without a candle or a whistle; or who narrate to their children foolish tales of fairies, and attempt to govern them by threatening to send evil spirits after them.

We were once troubled with vain, superstitious fears, but we have scattered them, partly by looking into the natural sciences, but chiefly by gazing upon God's word. In these magnificent and harmonious revelations, we have learned that there is an eternal Being, infinite in power and wisdom, who has created the universe, and who preserves, governs, and blesses it; that his tender mercies are over all his works; and that he is every-where present, exerting his fatherly care and goodness upon the meanest of his creatures, and swaying a scepter, holy, just, and good, over those beings he has made in his own image. To fear *him* is the beginning of wisdom; to fear any thing else, real or fanciful, in heaven or earth, or under the earth, is the basis of all vice and folly. It is delightful to reflect that the universal Father himself

communes with his rational creatures. This was a doctrine heathenism could never reach, but which the Bible has brought to light with life and immortality. Reader, feel after God, if haply you may find him, for he is not far from any of us. It is the perversion of these grand and celestial doctrines by wicked men, who wished not to retain God in their knowledge, that has caused all the idolatry and superstitious fears and fancies of men. May God turn a pure philosophy and a pure language upon our hearts !

Revenge.

WOMAN is designed to be the companion and helpmate of man. In a few respects she is his inferior—in many his equal—in some his superior. Designed for relations and duties somewhat different from those of man, it was to be expected that peculiarities would be impressed upon her form, her intellect, and her heart, by the hand of nature. Descriptive and picturesque anatomy have pointed out the distinctions between the sexes in form and feature; but mental philosophy has failed to expose, with equal nicety, the differences between their mental and moral constitutions. I do not pretend to enter upon this wide and inviting field, but merely to direct attention to one little spot within its limits. It is supposed that resentment is more easily excited and more lasting in woman than in man—that the female is prone to take offense—indisposed to forgive. “Woman is revengeful,” is a sentence I have often heard from the pulpit, the highway, the fireside, and the bar. If this allegation be true, it is not difficult to account for it. Vanity is the stronger in the softer sex. Secluded from the world, denied the pursuit of fortune or of fame, woman’s chief happiness is to be derived from the approbation of her friends. Moreover, when offended, being the weaker vessel, she has not the opportunity of retaliation. Man, when injured, rushes into battle, and spends his passion with his blows. Woman can not do thus. How natural, then, for her to “let concealment, like a worm in the

bud, feed on her damask cheek!" How natural for her to suffer rather than to make others suffer!

Mythology attributes the destruction of Troy to the revenge of Juno, excited by Paris awarding the prize of beauty to her rival, Venus. The Roman poet ascribes all the calamities of the Trojans, flying their country under Æneas, to the lasting resentment of the wife of Jupiter. The same master-hand paints Dido, with her dying breath, imprecating curses upon her lover, and by her prayers doing her utmost to hand down her revenge to future ages. He represents her as bearing her resentment to the shades, and scorning to notice the soothing words of the sympathizing Æneas when he meets her in realms below. Was it Herod or Herodias that thirsted for the blood of John the Baptist? There is surely no impropriety in putting the lovely and the beautiful upon their guard against this feeling. Bear with me, fair one, while I assign a few reasons why it should not be indulged.

1. Revenge is barbarous. This passion is found most vigorous in the rudest condition of mankind. It is the son of the forest, whose wigwam is mid the den of wild beasts, who cries out, as he plunges his hatchet in the brains of his victim, "Revenge is sweet." It is in the highest walks of civilized society that man bends over his prostrate enemy with bowels of compassion, and as he binds up his bleeding wounds, exclaims, "Forgiveness, O how sweet!" The Muses, whom the ancients regarded as the civilizers of mankind, namely, Eloquence, Poetry, Music, etc., have a refining, humanizing, softening influence. The Muses of Christian civilization, namely, Love, Joy, Peace, Long-Suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Temperance, can not breathe in an atmosphere of resentment. Just in proportion as you ascend the scale of civilization do you find revenge subsiding. Just

in proportion as resentment is indulged, do men plunge themselves down toward the rudest barbarity. The African who, when insulted, meekly pardoned, saying, "I write insults on the sand—favours on the marble," was far more civilized, in the true sense of the word, than his proud insulters.

2. Revenge is beneath a good heathen. It is related in classic story, that two brethren quarreled, and were reconciled. Afterward one, boasting, said, "Remember that I began the *disagreement*." The other said, "Remember that I began the reconciliation." Which, think ye, did the heathen suppose to be the better man? "May I perish," said one, "if I be not avenged of you!" "May I perish," said the other, "if I do not compel you to love me!" Heathen history has transmitted the story for the everlasting admiration of the latter. This was a maxim among the ancient Greeks: "To revenge is barbarous—to forgive divine." It is related of Lycurgus that Alcander, having put out one of the eyes of that great man in a seditious tumult, was delivered to him to be punished according to the dictate of his own feelings. The magnanimous legislator, notwithstanding his avocations and designs had given to his disposition much of severity, received the youth with kindness, treated him with tenderness, forgave his offense, and, having reformed him by wise counsel and humane example, brought him into the theater, saying, "As you well remember, I received this man from you an abuser and violent—I return him humane and well-disposed." The heathen multitude were lost in admiration.

3. It mars beauty. The step loses its elasticity, the spirits their vivacity, the heart its buoyant bound, the cheek its crimson, and the whole countenance that indefinable, attractive expression which speaks a soul at ease. I have seen the lovely lass, whose lips seemed formed

only for accents of peace, whose eyes seemed to be the windows of love and joy, and whose whole form one might imagine a fit tenement for Gabriel, should he become incarnate, suddenly transformed into a creature more unlovely than the swine, under the influence of such a passion.

4. It destroys happiness. There is nothing which can do this more effectually or speedily. Burns describes the "tooth-ache" as the "hell of all diseases." This surely—revenge—is the pit of all tormenting passions. Under its influence reflection is suspended, pleasing emotions paralyzed, the senses benumbed, the heavens curtained, the earth shaded, every avenue to enjoyment closed, and reason often dethroned. If I wished to describe the bitterest cup in the well of bottomless perdition, I would write "revenge." Were I to represent the hottest flame in the furnace of Satan's soul, my brush should paint—revenge. Did I seek completely to "devilize" and damn a soul on earth, I would ask no other element than this. What is hell but the opposite of heaven? What is Satan but the opposite of God? What the torment of the lost but the opposite of the raptures of the blest? What is the element of heaven?—of God?—of heavenly rapture? Love.

5. It is inconsistent with Christianity. If you are a professor of the religion of Jesus Christ, you must be governed by the Gospel. Remember that precept which has been called the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." If you offend another, do you wish that you should never be forgiven? Do you value the means of grace? Do you love the place where God's saints assemble—the abode where God's honor dwelleth? Does not your soul at times cry out, "How lovely are thy tents, O Jacob?" "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" "My soul

longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of my God!" Has not your heart often said, "Sweet is the day of sacred rest!" and while holding communion with the Most High, and laying your sorrows at Immanuel's feet, how often have you exclaimed, "In such a frame as this, my willing soul would stay!" Then do not forget that the privileges of the sanctuary are not allowed to the heart that entertains revenge or hatred. "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." You have no right to mingle in the songs of Zion, to participate in her devotions, or listen to her consolations—you have no business at the mercy seat, no interest in the bleeding victim, no access at the throne, even of grace, till reconciled—you have no right so much as to offer a broken heart to your God. Back from the altar—back, back from the sanctuary—back, back, back from the presence of a pardoning God. Go find and forgive thy brother, then come and offer thy gift. Would you cease to pray? Would you pray for eternal damnation? But one of these things you must do if you are revengeful. If any would pray he must pray after the model of our Lord's prayer. One of its petitions is, "Forgive my trespasses as I forgive those that trespass against me;" but you do not forgive; therefore, your prayer is that you may never be forgiven. What a fearful attitude for a man to assume—pray that eternal woe may be his portion! Suppose you should cease to pray, would the case be different? Jesus has said, "But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." This principle of the Divine government is forcibly illustrated in the parable recorded in Matthew xxviii.

Have you ever felt the weight of your sins? You have sinned against an infinite God, violated an infinite law. Your transgressions will influence the universe, perhaps forever. You have incurred an infinite punishment, and while under condemnation you have been pardoned. Can you ever think of entertaining revenge for a trifling offense committed by a fellow-mortal? Look at the example of God. It is the highest privilege and noblest perfection of a mortal to imitate the Almighty. Though he is holy and just, and hath a right to inflict summary punishment upon the wicked, yet he bears long with them, sending his rain and sunshine upon the just and upon the unjust. Look at the example of Jesus. When reviled, he reviled not again. Though God incarnate, he suffered himself to be hunted as a partridge upon the mountains. When requested by his disciples to bring fire out of heaven to consume his enemies, how beautiful and instructive his reproof! "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." When he might have summoned legions of angels to guard him, "he is led as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. In the very agonies of a cruel death, aggravated by the reproaches of those for whom he died, he spends his last breath in prayer for his murderers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." If ye have not the spirit of Christ, ye are none of his. O, be ye followers of him, as dear children; "be ye kind, tender-hearted, forbearing, and forgiving one another, as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Recollect that you must die. Perhaps the destroyer may come suddenly, and afford you no opportunity to seek the friends with whom you are at variance, to effect a reconciliation. How would you like to die with resentment in your heart? Could you rejoice in passing over

Jordan—would you be prepared to sing with the blest, or swell the carols of angels?

Remember that your friends must die. How would you feel at the funeral of a dear friend, from whom, in some unlucky hour, you had become alienated, should he die prior to a reconciliation? A and B were dear friends. They disagreed, and for months were at variance; at length they were reconciled, and loved each other more fervently. B suddenly expired, and A accidentally visited the family of B on the day of his interment. As he stood by the coffin of the deceased, surrounded by the widow and children, O how he sighed and wept! But his tears were tears of joy. "O how glad am I," said he, "that we were reconciled!" Woman, have you a dear friend whom you have not forgiven? Hasten to a reconciliation, lest she die suddenly, and you weep tears of unavailing sorrow at her grave.

Allow me, before I close this paper, to give some general directions for avoiding offense.

1. Do not make a friend an offender for a word. How often do we speak inadvertently! It can not be expected that every one should, at all times, exercise the caution and prudence of a philosopher. Should we do so, how much would the pleasure of social intercourse be abridged!

2. Make allowances for peculiarities, for education, and for surrounding circumstances. Amid the cares, and duties, and anxieties of busy life, how many causes of irritation hourly arise! How often, when the wife is indulging in resentment for an unkind expression which her husband made in a moment of anxiety, would she weep with pity, could she read the cares which oppress his heart, as he labors with intense anxiety to provide for those he loves!

3. Consider how many benefits you have received from

those whom you regard with animosity. Perhaps she who has offended you has watched your pillow in the hour of sickness, night after night, listening to your whispers, administering to your necessities, bearing with your peevishness, and praying for your recovery. Perhaps the very book you hold in your hand is a token of her friendship—the very dress you wear the gift of her affection. And are favors to be forgotten, while offenses are treasured up? Is gratitude to be excluded that *revenge* may become a guest? For years, it may be, you have lived on terms of intimacy, cultivating friendship with mutual offices of good will; and shall one offense be the grave of all your attachment? Are you related by ties of blood, and do you yet despise each other? Let not this day's sun go down upon your wrath. It was an admirable practice of the ancient Jew never to lie down upon his pillow without forgiving all his foes.

4. Consider well your own faults and infirmities. It was a quaint but admirable conceit of an ancient genius, that every man carries a wallet upon his shoulders, and that into the pocket before him he puts the faults of his neighbor—into that behind he puts his own; so that the former are objects of contemplation *always*—the latter *never*. It generally happens that they who are most prone to take offense, and least disposed to forgive it, are not very mindful of the feelings of others. Should the measure which they mete be measured to them again, they would have but few friends.

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us,"

we should find, perhaps, as much occasion to ask forgiveness as to forgive.

5. Never take an offense unless you are certain it is intended. We should put the most favorable construction

upon every action and expression, viewing all things in the light of that charity "which vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up," etc. If we do this, we shall find but few offenses. We frequently convert innocent, well-meant remarks into offenses, by the manner in which we notice them. Apollodorus, about to retire from the court of Augustus, said, "Remember, Cæsar, that when you are angry, you do not speak, nor do any thing, till you have distinctly repeated to yourself the letters of the alphabet." This is an admirable direction. I have heard of a Turkish prince, who, when tempted to be angry, repeated, deliberately, the Lord's Prayer. Much may be done to regulate the temper by repeated and persevering efforts at self-control. I know it is difficult to overcome the proud heart, and Solomon says that he who achieves this work is greater than the conqueror of a city. Yet we should not be discouraged from the attempt by its difficulty. A physiognomist once pronounced Socrates the "most brutal, drunken, and licentious old man he had ever seen." The pupils of the philosopher, knowing him to be the reverse of all this, insulted the physiognomist; but Socrates, interposing, said, "The man's principles *may* be correct, for such *were* my propensities; but I have overcome them by my philosophy."

St. Paul, in his convicted state, cried, "For the good that I would I do not, but the evil that I would not that I do." "I find, then, a law, that when I would do good evil is present with me." "But I see another law in my members, warring against the law in my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members." What the apostle could not do, we may despair of accomplishing. Let us go, then, to the cross of Christ, and crying out in the bitterness of our souls, "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from

the body of this death?" we shall have reason, with rapture, to exclaim, "We thank God, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

A Mother's Love.

TIS a name that charms the savage ear—that softens the warrior's heart—it is the sweetest name on earth, save "Jesus." How *strong* a mother's love! How her eye watches at the cradle of her fading babe; and when it dies, how does her heart plunge! Let an angel tell. I have seen her at the coffin, taking her last farewell—lingering, and kissing the cold clay, and kissing it again, and placing her cheek to its marble brow, and breathing between its livid lips, and refusing to give it up till torn away by friendly hands; and I have almost prayed that she, too, might die, and follow the bright and beauteous little spirit to heaven.

How *enduring* a mother's love! When all other earthly affections are forfeited and withdrawn, a mother's love still burns. When man has hardened his heart, and crimsoned his hands; and when every eye turns from him, and every heart sickens at him, and every man is impatient to have him removed from the earth, of which he has rendered himself unworthy, a mother's footsteps are heard at the door of the dungeon, and a mother's lips bear the burning message to the wretched culprit, that there is yet one heart that can feel for him, and one tongue that can pray for him. I have often thought it was well that Sarah's faith was not tested as Abraham's. I fear that her heart would have burst when Isaac, ascending the mountain, said, "Here is the wood, and there is the knife, but where is the lamb?" There is,

perhaps, no passage in the Bible that affords more consolation to the penitent than that in which God's love is represented by a mother's.

Mother! How many delightful associations cluster around that word!—the innocent smiles of infancy, the gambols of boyhood, and the happiest hours of riper years! When my heart aches at the world's wickedness, and my limbs are weary, and my feet bloody, traveling the thorny path of life, I am accustomed to sit down on some mossy stone, and, closing my eyes on real scenes, to send my spirit back to the days of early life. I sing my lullaby, or watch my goldfinch, or catch my rabbits, or walk the streets of my native city, or look over the green; I hear the shrill bugle, and view the prancing cavalry, or go down to the dock-yard, or walk along the sea-shore, or prattle with my brother, and kiss my sweet sister—I feel afresh my infant joys and sorrows, till my spirit recovers its tone, and is willing to pursue its journey. But in all these reminiscences my mother rises. If I seat myself upon my cushion, it is at her side—if I sing, it is to her ear—if I walk the walls or the meadows, my little hand is in my mother's, and my little feet keep company with hers—if I stand and listen to the piano, it is because my mother's fingers touch the keys—if I survey the wonders of creation, it is my mother who points out the objects of my admiring attention—if a hundred cannon pronounce a national salute, I find myself clinging to her knees. When my heart bounds with its best joy, it is because, at the performance of some task, or the recitation of some verses, I receive a present from her hand. There is no velvet so soft as a mother's lap, no rose so lovely as her smile, no path so flowery as that imprinted with her footsteps.

Mother is a name connected with my useful knowledge. When I follow a refreshing channel of truth to its source,

I find her, like Moses in Horeb, smiting the rock from which the fountain flows. I trace my earliest *religious impressions* to my mother's lap. I well recollect the tearful, prayerful anxiety with which she taught me of Jesus, and salvation, and heaven. Cherished recollections enshrine our Lord's prayer in my mind, so that infidelity never had power to invade its sanctity. The hymns my mother used to sing come over me like sounds from the upper world, drawing tears unbidden down my cheek. When God laid his afflicting hand upon me, who, then, was first at my pillow in the morning, and last at my couch by night? If I heard one at the hour of midnight carefully open the door, and steal softly over the carpet to my bedside, and draw aside the curtains gently, as though an angel touched them, I knew who it was; and as she put her head down to my pillow, and whispered, with subdued emotion, "What can I do for you, my dear boy?" my struggling brain radiated a more genial influence over my body, and every little nerve seemed to recover a temporary health; and when my eye was becoming glassy, and my muscles were moving without the will, and my limbs were growing cold, and the silver cord was loosening, and the golden bowl breaking, there was one who could not leave my chamber—whose sunken, sleepless eye watched over me; and when, at last, physicians had exhausted their resources, and had given me up, there was one who forsook not my pillow; and, as she whispered in my dull ear, "Edward, I have not given thee up—I have yet a remedy, and a blessing from God for thee," the fainting heart beat up new courage, and all the little pulses awoke, and the chilled limbs grew warm—and I yet live, a monument of a mother's love. I have sometimes thought that, should I ever become a lunatic, I should be an idolater, and, drawing my mother's image, I should kneel down before it. "Lay

me down," said the poet, "when I die, upon the grass, and let me see the sun." Rather, would I say, lay me down to die where I can see my mother. Let the last sensation which I feel in the body, be the impression of her lips upon my cheek; and let the last sound my departing spirit hears, be the voice of my mother, whispering "Jesus" in my cold ear. Mother, shouldst thou pass to thy rest before me, I'll kneel on thy grassy couch, and sing that sweet hymn I first learned from thy lips:

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign."

A Sister's Love.

SEATED, last Sabbath, in the altar of a crowded Church, and sympathizing with a large assembly which was rather impatiently waiting for the arrival of a distinguished preacher, my attention was suddenly attracted by a gentleman who advanced slowly up the aisle. Time had whitened his temples, care had plowed his cheek, and affliction had evidently opened the fountain of his tears, and spread over his countenance that softened expression on which the eye of the musing soul loves to rest. He bore in his arms an infant, wrapped with unusual care. Throwing one covering after another over his arm, he at length disclosed the treasure so carefully concealed. It was a babe of extraordinary beauty. Its brow was of marble whiteness, its cheek of rosy hue, and its sparkling eye of almost unearthly luster. How *beautiful*, thought I, is the human form! This is an abode worthy a new-made angel—this is a temple fitted for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. How *innocent* the human infant! No unholy thought has disturbed this intellect—no unworthy purpose has agitated this bosom—no transgression has polluted this character; and though “engendered of the offspring of Adam,” yet, thanks be to Jesus Christ, the “free gift” descends upon it, and, if translated to heaven, it could share the bliss, and swell the song of the upper sanctuary. Were the Savior in this temple, doubtless he would take it in his arms and bless it, saying, “Suffer little children to come unto

me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

How *dignified* is the human infant! Here is but a little particle of perishing dust, yet who can tell what destinies it may wield! Within its bosom there slumber passions whose outbursting may convulse the nations. Beneath its skull there lies an intellect that may illuminate the world, comprehend the universe, adore its Author, inscribe its name in eternal histories, and shine in everlasting and progressive glory among the highest order of the heavenly hierarchy. No wonder that it has an angel, who beholds the face of its Father in heaven continually. And can we, on earth, behold it with indifference? Blessed creature, thought I, I will pray for thee, that thou mayest be guided by a divine hand through this world of sorrow to the realms above. How *helpless* the human infant! All other creatures have some ability for defense or escape, some judgment in relation to nourishment and danger; but man, the lord of the lower world, comes into existence entirely dependent upon the ministry of others.

I perceived that this child had been clad with unusual care—its unstained garments were as snow—its head-dress evinced a taste and care quite remarkable—exhibiting a striking contrast with the coarse and careless garments of the father. Alas! here is the father, and there is the babe, but where is the mother? The scarf of the old gentleman answered the question. He had recently come up from the chamber of death, where he had deposited the mother of his child. As he turned his eye to the seat where the dear departed used to listen to the Gospel, a tear issued, unbidden, from its spring, and his countenance seemed to say, "O, Mary, Mary, would to God I had died for thee!" But what kind bosom received this motherless babe, and what soft hand wipes away

its tears? These inquiries were readily answered. A blooming maiden, clad in deep mourning, followed the old pilgrim's footsteps. She was no sooner seated than she received the lovely infant to her arms, and bending, as if to escape observation, pressed it to her lips; and then her eye gazed intently upon its playful features, and her soul grew enraptured by its smiles. Though deeply interested with the discourse which followed, I could not forbear, occasionally, to survey the countenances of that lovely and interesting group. Never did mother's countenance more vividly represent maternal tenderness, nor helpless infancy more clearly portray filial dependence, contentment, and affection. I had often seen the triumphs of a sister's love—I had often witnessed and experienced a mother's unfailing, intense attachment, but never before had I beheld the blended influences of a sister's and a mother's love. What, thought I, will be the affection of this pair, should Providence spare them till the infant ripens into manhood?

The sermon being ended, the candidates for baptism were invited to come forward. The first who stepped within the altar was the aged patriarch, bearing his infant boy, and followed by his lovely daughter, who, instead of the mother, stood at the baptismal font. I involuntarily recurred to the mountain of Moriah, and thought of Abraham offering up his son Isaac, and then my imagination advanced a little, and painted the sister of Moses, watching her brother in the bulrushes; but the real exceeded the beauty of the imaginary picture.

I had seen woman, lovely woman, at the hour of danger, and on the day of trial—I had witnessed her at the cradle of her first-born, in the chamber of the sick, and by the pillow of the dying—I had attended her as she followed the departed partner of her bosom

to "the house appointed for all the living;" yet never did I behold her in a more interesting attitude than on that day.

The Christian.

THEY are mistaken who imagine that the Christian religion is unfavorable to magnanimity. The Gospel is a fruitful source of true greatness. Every genuine believer is a specimen of the moral sublime. His imagination is kept glowing by the constant presence of an object, in comparison with which the united glories of all the angels in heaven would be but as the glimmering of the glow-worm. He perceives that every word he utters, every action he performs, bears itself onward to the last day, and to the eternity which must follow. His plans, his purposes, have an endless sweep. He stands in the midst of a world of care and folly, looking steadily to the rescue of immortal souls from sin and death, and the acquisition of an eternal crown.

It is not the performance of a few great actions that confers an illustrious name. It is the governing plan of the agent. How do we form an idea of an epic poem? Not by the imagery, the episodes, the diction, but by the plot—the connection of parts apparently disunited, into one harmonious and beautiful whole. Here is shown the genius of the writer; here kindles the imagination of the reader. Why is the cataract so full of majesty? Because, with all its currents and counter-currents, in the calmest hour, it heaves its mighty sheet of water to the foaming bed below. Why are we charmed at the history of an illustrious warrior? It is not his forced marches, his long campaigns, his hazardous voyages, his hair-breadth

escapes, his midnight battles, the streams of blood pressed from human hearts by his footsteps, the thrones and scepters crumbled by his touch, the prostrate nations bowing at his nod; but the union of all these things to the accomplishment of one object, the concentration of power in the hands of the victor, that excites our admiration and astonishment. Why is it that in this unity of purpose there is sublimity? Because it is a characteristic of the Divinity; and mind was formed to admire God. Look into the universe: behold gravity pressing the humblest plant to the bosom of the earth, and putting forth its hand to bind the universe in one. Look into providence: all events concur to a common end. Look at redemption: if the seer prophesy, if the altar bleed, if the tabernacle rise, if the temple lift its spires on high; if Jesus come, if he burst the tomb, or heal the sick, or cleanse the leper—whether he lives or dies, or rises or ascends, or sends his ministers to the ends of the earth—a common object is kept in view, the release of earth from the dominion of hell.

Although we are predisposed to admire unity of purpose, we can not consistently estimate human character without regarding the motive by which its plan is directed. If actions are to be estimated without reference to motives, there is no difference between the lion wetting his dry jaws with the blood of his victim, and Bonaparte surmounting the Alps. But if character is to be estimated by the motive of the agent, then where shall we find a character truly great, except it be that of the Christian? How shall we estimate a motive? Not, surely, without reference to man's nature and relations. He is a moral, rational, and immortal being; a subject of God's government. Can that plan be approved which is founded in disregard of God's laws, which overlooks the endless life that lies before us? Nay. Where, then,

shall we find dignified character? In the miser who spends his life in gathering gold which he knows not who shall scatter, while he descends to the treasure of eternal woe which he has heaped up for himself? in the warrior, who writes his name upon the scroll, to be wiped out a few days hence, while he himself descends to shame and everlasting contempt? in the sensualist, who buries his soul in the sepulcher of his senses, to have a resurrection in the flames that are never quenched? or in him who pleases conscience, obeys God, avoids hell, gains heaven, and plants souls as guiding stars in the celestial firmament.

With what admiration do we contemplate Pericles in the Peloponesian war, contrary to the wishes and judgment of every man, woman, and child in Athens, resolving not to march out to meet the foe, but to fortify the city, and wait the approach of the enemy before the walls! He goes not into any assembly of the people, that he may not be forced into any measure contrary to his own judgment; but as the pilot of a vessel in the ocean, buffeted by the midnight storm, having arranged every thing carefully, and drawn tight the tackle, exercises his own skill, disregarding the tears and entreaties of the terrified and seasick passengers—thus he, having shut up the city and occupied all places, and stationed his guards, *followed his own plans*, caring little for those exclaiming against him. Although his friends kept urging him by their entreaties, and his enemies assailed him by their threats and denunciations, and many sang scurrilous songs to bring him into disgrace, stigmatizing him as a coward, and as betraying the public property and honor to the enemy, yet he steadily pursued his way, and wrought out the salvation of the city. And yet, the humblest son of God possesses a unity, and energy, and integrity of purpose surpassing that of Pericles. It is not

because he has no avarice that he does not rake together the glittering dust; it is not because he has no propensities that he does not plunge into sensuality; it is not because he has no ambition that he does not pluck honor from the cannon's mouth, or wreath his brow with the civic crown; it is not because he has no pride that he rebels not against the heavens. No; but because he, by the grace of God, puts forth his hands and binds the passions of his soul. It is not because he is unentreated and unassailed that he pursues his plan. Friends persuade, foes denounce; one slanders, another sneers; now he is called cowardly, now enthusiastic, now unfeeling, now hypocritical. Earth spreads its temptations all over her beautiful bosom; his own senses are avenues to temptation—his passions are allies to his foes; devils surround him with a determination to destroy, yet he pursues his way. No wonder that angels are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation. The faithful Christian is worthy to be a spectacle to earth, and hell, and heaven. Methinks an angel might delight to leave the blaze of the eternal throne, to help him up the heights of glory.

Life on the Ohio.

I THOUGHT, as I took my seat in the boat, now I can explore both the outer world and the inner—creation and her Lord. Around the stern sits a group of sedate gentry, engaged in reading. One, who has a newspaper before him, looks like a shrewd, sagacious politician; but on his brow care and disappointment have left their traces. Another—a Dutchman—is reading aloud, as boys in some mismanaged Lancasterian schools do. In front of the fire is a ruddy, jolly, keen-eyed youth, reading *Telemaque*; and here is a pale, emaciated young man who, seated in a retired corner, seems to have lost all consciousness of passing events, or surrounding scenes, in poring over a little volume, which I ascertained to be "*Cicero de Oratore*." When he laid his book aside he seemed absorbed in melancholy contemplation, as if meditating an ode to consumption. A short time before and after meals, he paced, alone, the guards, or the hurricane-deck; and though generally gloomy, sometimes his eye kindled, and an arch smile played upon his countenance, which he strove, by drawing down his hat, and bending forward his head, to conceal. His restraint at table indicated dyspepsia, and his occasional cough was premonitory of pulmonary disease. I thought him proud and morose, but upon entering into communion with him found him quite communicative. He was a martyr to books: slowly and steadily he had traveled many paths of learning; and though now his health required that he

should surcease, he knew not how. He readily assented to the declarations of friends relative to his danger, and in every paroxysm of pain, he *felt* that all their fears for him were grounded; yet when alone, in his study, thirsting for the refreshing streams of literature, a strange infatuation misled his solitary reasonings relative to his health, and he bent again over the lamp. His hands are cold, and if he do not soon rush from his present associations and pursuits into healthful employment, his heart and head ere long will be colder than his extremities are now.

"Love is stronger than death." The student enamored of science rushes forward, though as certain to encounter death as the soldier marching to the cannon's mouth. If that youth go down to a premature grave, will he be guiltless? Under the influence of ill-regulated passions, he transgresses nature's laws, and cuts short that life which God has bestowed for important purposes. We can not decide, but leave him in the hands of the Almighty, who knows the influences which his own providence has brought to bear upon him, and the delusions which encompass a student's mind. He trusts, we learn, in Christ, and, sickened with this world, pants and prays for a purer one. Whether the love of God and of Christ, in such measure as it *should* be enjoyed, would not rouse him to a life of more activity and usefulness, is a question we leave to him, hoping that he will not defer its decision till it is too late.

Let us take a walk to the outer end of the cabin. Seated around the card-table is a group, which, had I time, I should like to paint. They are now playing "to kill time;" but if we pass them about seven o'clock this evening, we shall see each one with his tumbler and his purse at his elbow. In our boats are printed regulations, one of which forbids the occupancy of the cabin for any

amusement after ten o'clock, P. M.; but rising on one occasion at two o'clock in the morning, I found the table surrounded with gamblers, quarreling about the money, and, as I passed out to the wash-room, I was called up to settle the dispute. In this company there is one face that makes me shudder. I dare not ask his name. His features are too familiar, and yet I want to entertain a hope that I am mistaken. As I look upon his pale, but intelligent countenance, my mind rushes back to my earlier and better days—to the scenes of my youthful gambols—the school-house on the village green; the church where we held our moot-court and rude debate; the old haw-tree, through whose branches, on the summer eve, the noisy prattle and loud laugh of joyous innocence rose up to heaven; the winding banks of the Kilbuck, on which, with our sisters, we gathered walnuts, and crab-apples, and plums; the spring, three miles in the woods, from which the “friend of my better days” brought clear, cold draughts, in the depths of winter, to cool my parched tongue, when he thought I was dying; the sugar-camp, where we stole sweet kisses from rosy lips, which we hope no more to see till we look for them in the choirs of the upper sanctuary; and the old graveyard, without a vault or a monument, where we read, on plain head-stones, the names of the loved ones that we buried, and the simple “annals of the poor.” I thought of that sweet woman, the companion of my mother, the jewel of the Church, the idol of the neighborhood—of her death-bed—of the last embrace of her darling boy, and the prayer of her breaking heart, when her eye had ceased to weep. I must pass, or betray my weakness. Is not that he? God can hear my prayer as I walk. Let me alone here upon the upper deck, where the fresh breeze may fan me—but up comes a student from Hanover, introduces himself as the son of a Methodist

preacher, and joins me in walking. We enter into conversation about the election, the annexation of Texas, the ancient states, the Catholic question, and I feel relieved.

How beautiful is nature! It is delightful in the evening and morning to survey the banks of the Ohio, as you sail. There are many fine farms and improvements, but some barren spots, also, which, to my astonishment, I found occupied. In some instances I understood the owners were becoming rich by the manufacture of the "fire brick;" in others, every thing indicated indolence.

But let us take a glance at the deck passengers. Here is an aged Dutch woman traveling alone; but she has an arm able to protect herself, and evinces no small disposition to use it. And here is an elderly gentleman with Morse's school geography in his hand, muttering the names of the states; and there is a poor family which appears to be worthy of a better fate. I dare not trust my imagination to depict their feelings. Hark! there is a fight among the deck passengers—let us start.

Stopping at port, we find opportunity to take a glance at the officers and crew. The captain is a very important character—too important to have much to say. If you want to ascertain who he is, you must inquire him out. The mate is the potentate below stairs, and the clerk above.

Hark! two negro boatmen are quarreling. What is the "ultima thule" of their billingsgate? "You lie like a steamboat captain." I know no object on which I can look with more pity than firemen and deck hands. Poor fellows! "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head." The ox, and the ass, and the land, have their Sabbaths, but thou hast none. Every drop of that opi-

ate dealt out to thee from day to day to alleviate thy burden, serves only to increase thy sorrow and thy sin. All our hands, I see, are negroes, except two—the one a Choctaw, the other a white boy. The former is a noble-looking son of the forest, with piercing hazel eyes, long, coarse, black hair, high cheek-bones, well-developed muscles, and erect form. I thought of the statue of the dying gladiator as I marked, through his tattered garments, his broad ribs and ample chest. I observed him, for several hours, handling freight; he was sly and sullen; not a word did he exchange with any one; the laugh, the murmur, the repartee, the reproach, made no alteration in his countenance. He has been driven from his hunting grounds, and the graves of his fathers, upon the sunny banks of the Yasco. He has imbibed the vices, without the virtues of civilisation. No wonder if his heart burn with indignation, save when the fire-waters drown his sensibilities. The little boy, apparently twelve or fourteen years old, is a fine, manly fellow, with a keen eye, ample forehead, cheerful spirit; he is a universal favorite among the hands; he lifts as heavy a load as the stoutest negro, and works as if for life. I stepped up to him, when the following dialogue ensued: "What is your name?" "I. S." "Where does your father live?" "I have no father." "Where does your mother live?" "I have no mother." "What are you doing here?" "I am apprenticed to the mate to learn the trade of boating." A new idea, indeed. "Unfortunate," said I to myself, "can I not do something for you? What a school are you in! Without father, without mother, without Sabbath, without beginning of instruction or end of labors; in no company but that of the outcast Indian, or oppressed African, listening to the dialect of profaneness, and drinking thy daily rations, what will be thy fate?"

But let us take a glance at the ladies' cabin. Among the many mirthful faces, is one pale and sad. She is a widow, and a bereaved mother, traveling, with the cold remains of all her family, from a land of strangers to her home. A few years since she was a joyous bride, with fair prospects for a long life of uninterrupted happiness.

Her husband was once a merchant, and had a home—a home where he planted the evergreen, and taught the woodbine to climb the piazza, and the vine to creep around the lattice of the arbor—a home where age found its solace, and youth its amusement; where poverty received charity, and wealth bestowed respect; where the ties of brother, sister, parent, uncle, were rendered stronger each successive day. The commercial revulsion, which swept the country as the simoon does the desert, prostrated his business, and blasted his prospects. Disease invaded his breast, and rapidly undermined his health. But the strange delusion which usually attends consumption accompanied him—hope lingered in his heart when despair would have been more suitable. He thought a change of residence would conduce to his restoration, while it would afford him more salutary and lucrative occupation. When I first entered his new abode, his countenance was cadaverous, and his form emaciated, yet hope still burned within him. His wife, with a countenance indicating the deepest anguish, was pressing her dying babe to her bosom.

My next visit was to attend the only child to the house appointed for all the living. After some persuasion, I prevailed upon the dying man to allow me to invite a physician to his chamber, when all the resources of the healing art, under the administration of science, and the suggestions of generous sympathy, were brought to his aid, but they could do no more than soften the pangs of

dissolving nature, and strew flowers around the pathway to the tomb.

One evening, as I stepped into his chamber, he told me that he was better, and desired me to accompany him home as soon as the weather became favorable: "For," added he, "I want to die at home, and be buried among my kindred." The next evening I was called to see him expire. His last words were, "I die in peace. Bury me in N."

My heart sickens with the ills of life—let me reflect. Is life, as I see it, in its varied shades, a blessing or a curse?

1. There is more joy than sorrow, health than sickness, hope than despair. This is demonstrable. Misery results from disorder. Where there is more misery than joy, disorder prevails over order, and the tendency of things is to destruction. But the tendency of the world is to improvement. How many days has yonder Indian made the woods echo with the expressions of pleasure, and triumph, in the gigantic pastimes of his wilderness! How oft has his spirit drank in joy at every sense on the mountain top, or in the coppice, or gliding down the stream in his light canoe? Who shall tell the many joys that have gladdened the heart of that widow in the bower or the field, the garden or the hearth, the home of innocence or the hall of mirth? Who knows what is in reversion for her? If there is an excess of happiness over misery, is not that equal to so much unmixed happiness? Let the former be represented by ten and the latter by five; is not $10-5=5$?

2. A thousand streams of joy may visit the heart which the eye of an observer can not see. That poor African is no stranger to the purest, deepest joys that the human heart can know; the thought of the loved ones for whom he labors, in that rude cabin on the

bank, may sweeten all his toils, and weave his dreams with flowers.

3. Trials are useful; they develop our powers. That orphan, lifting the bar of iron to his bleeding arm, is acquiring a capacity of endurance, a grappling energy, a knowledge of human nature, a scorn for poverty, and an undying ambition to rise above his lot, that may one day lift a crown to his head. That deformed girl may yet have reason to be grateful for her deformity. Byron might never have soared into the loftiest regions of poetry, had he not been ridiculed for the malconformation of his foot. Lord Bacon remarks, "Whosoever hath any thing fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn." Trials bring the sinner to reflection. Look at those poor gamblers; the prayer of the dying mother was not vain; reason may be roused, conscience awakened, the Holy Spirit sent back; a thousand arrangements of divine Providence may be necessary, and in train, to bring the prodigal home. He may pass through deep waters, but every wave that rolls over him may be sent in mercy. Trials are necessary to the Christian. The world lights up its bowers, and sings its siren song, and spreads its bed of poppies, and bids us sleep. The rod which rouses us when to slumber would be death, is sent in love. Hence, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Trials are necessary to the cultivation of every Christian grace—such as mercy, charity. O, what a field is the world! How rich will be its harvest! He who sails our rivers and lakes, will learn to sow the Gospel beside "all waters." Trials wean us from the world, draw us aside to commune with God, and direct our eyes to heaven. Welcome, trial—thrice welcome! "These light afflictions, which are but for a season, work out

for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen."

Self-Examination.

"MR. EDITOR,—I feel unhappy; and presuming that you can sympathize with distress, I take my pen to communicate with you. I know that I am an intelligent, accountable, immortal being. I believe in God—I believe in his word; but my faith is mingled with doubts. This is one source of my unhappiness. I can sometimes see a Savior, and at other times I see nothing but darkness in the direction of the cross. I am in the condition of one of old, who cried, 'Lord, I believe: help thou my unbelief.' I have hope in Christ; but being deficient in faith, my hope is feeble and wavering. More like a cable than an anchor, it will do in a calm, but is of no consequence in the storm. When the Christian rides in safety I am tossed by the winds on the waves of despair. Let but misfortune or sickness overtake me, and though I feel for my hope, I find it has fled. I love God—I know that I ought to love him—I try to love; but at times I find my love languishing, and realize that

'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.'

If I were in a state of indifference, I could have ease; but as it is, I am restless. The world drives me upon religion, and, comfortless, religion drives me back upon the world. I have no Christian joy. I believe I am conscientious; and, although I frequently commit offenses, I grieve over them. My best hours are gloomy—

my consolations poor; but my self-reproaches are regarded as evidences of humility, and I stand higher in the estimation of my friends than many a better Christian. I know that, in consequence of original peculiarities, variations in health, external circumstances, and diversity of education, Christians, with equal degrees of grace, may be expected to differ in character. While some are content only when sounding abroad the high praises of God, others say,

‘In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven and then my God I find.’

But I do believe I ought to be free from condemnation, steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, rooted in charity, enjoying communion with saints, with angels, and with God. I trust I can say that I wish to fulfill my obligations to God and man, live a useful life, die a happy death, and enjoy eternal life in heaven. What direction and comfort can you give me? I am soon to die, and what I do must be done quickly.

“Yours, etc.,

—.”

Our sympathies are excited. We pity any one in the situation of our correspondent. Let her at once admit the melancholy fact that she is a lukewarm Christian. Let her feel that this situation is one of peril—perhaps even more dangerous than that of the unconverted one. “I would that thou wert cold or hot; but because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth.” Lukewarmness, in consequence of its profession, its formal services, its languishing grace, and lingering hope, is fortified against the appeals of the Gospel; while infidelity and irreligion have no shelter from reproof, or warning, or exhortation. Hence, the Pharisees were in a condition less hopeful than that of the

most desperate sinner: "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of heaven before you." Delusion on the subject of religion is, of all things, most woeful. Better never dream of heaven than be at last as the foolish virgins, or as he at the feast that had not on the wedding garment. If we cherish a delusive hope, we are lost. If we abandon it, we shall probably obtain a better one. Let no one who entertains the feelings of our correspondent despair. God is love. Jesus hath died; the Holy Ghost moves upon the heart that mourns over its depravity and longs for a better state. How encouraging is the parable of the prodigal son! God is our Father. He sends messenger after messenger to invite us home. His providence concurs with his ministry and his Spirit to urge us to his bosom. He hangs the heavens with robes for us. He holds out a crown of life. He follows us in all our wanderings. When he is resisted, he yearns over us with bowels of compassion, and cries, "Turn, sinner, turn, for why will ye die?" Confess, then, thy sins; embrace Jesus, by faith, as your wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; rise up and look out upon this beautiful world; consider the goodness and mercy which have followed thee all the days of thy life; look around for the poor, and the fatherless, and the suffering, that you may relieve them; look up to heaven as thy home; look into thy soul and say, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God," and soon will the grateful inquiry arise, "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits to me?" soon, too, will thy soul cry out, "Draw near, all ye that fear God, and I will tell thee what he hath done for my soul. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he separated my sins from me."

Treatment of Youth.

A WRITER proposes the formation of societies among the young for the promotion of morality. He has, doubtless, derived his hint from the temperance and other societies, which, during the last twenty years, have operated upon community with so much power. In regard to the proposition I am very doubtful. Whether children could be thus organized; whether, if organized, they would possess sufficient intelligence to understand their rules, or sufficient virtue to enforce them; whether such organizations would reach the root of the evil he seeks to remove, are questions to be settled.

We are constrained to admit the melancholy fact on which the writer presumes; namely, that crime is increasing, and particularly among the young. Large cities furnish melancholy evidence of this every month and year. How is it to be accounted for? Is there not a relaxation of family government and a neglect of parental instruction? I think it very clear that there is; not merely among the poorer classes, but among all ranks; not only in this country, but in Great Britain. Till lately, in all civilized countries, the parent's will was law; that law was generally obeyed, and if violated, the violation drew upon the transgressor a suitable penalty. Men were not then wiser than Solomon, nor was the rod an abandoned instrument. There was, somehow or other, a philosophy prevalent which led men to think that parents were in some measure accountable both to

God and man for the conduct of their children, and the fate of Eli and his family seemed to be in remembrance. The idea of children doing what is right in their own eyes was not at that time brought forth, and the circumstance of a youth of fifteen going down the river, or getting into a stage for old Virginia, without informing his parents where he was going, would have created quite a sensation. But now parental authority seems to have been discussed among the family. Indeed, the children of this age have virtually, if not formally, declared their independence, and the parents appear to have tacitly acknowledged it. Moreover, the former seem to have organized a government strictly democratic—not a federative, representative democracy, but a real one, such as Athens had when every man went to the hall of government with his weapon on his shoulder to make the laws.

The writer is a republican; he loves the word, and loves the thing; he believes that the power of the people should move the government, but not the power of the "little people." It is true, we must have this power more or less felt under any form of government. It was felt at Athens. Who does not recollect the old sorites: Themistocles governs Athens, his wife governs him, her children govern her; therefore the children of Themistocles govern Athens. But this mode of governing was less direct and more persuasive than that which now prevails. The boys did not show their hands so much in it. Now, in some families, the parents live merely by sufferance, and their will must be sanctioned by a majority of the family before it has any authority.

There is, consequently, a want of school and college discipline. We are not in favor of the old system in all its severity. The rod, we think, should be rarely

used in any case; and, perhaps, it may be dispensed with altogether in some cases. When children have been well trained at home they can be easily governed at school; but it unfortunately happens that relaxation of school discipline has supervened upon a restraint of parental authority, so that it is no wonder that colleges often explode, and that men who have any experience in the government of the young dread the management of institutions of learning. The boy frequently goes to school when and where he pleases. He takes a fiddle, or a whistle, or a jews-harp with him, and intends to amuse himself as seemeth him good; and if the tutor should make any objection to his course, he must do it in the way of "moral suasion," and very sweetly, too, or the little democrat will gather up his books and withdraw his patronage, and then woe be to the master! He will be denounced as dull, and unfit to govern. In former times, if a child ran away from school, he learned how to run back again. The writer has some of the milk of human kindness, and knows that children have minds, and are capable of reasoning, and being reasoned with; that they have hearts, also, and are susceptible of impressions, and that moral suasion is an excellent means of governing in many cases; but he does believe that children should be *made* to respect authority and do their duty, when they can not be *persuaded* to do it. It is cruelty to suffer them to pursue their own way. What is to become of our country if children are not trained to obedience?

There is, we fear, in our times, a lamentable neglect of family instruction. How few even inquire regularly into the progress of their children at school, or endeavor to impress and illustrate in a familiar manner the knowledge which they acquire! The neglect is still more apparent and deplorable in regard to *religious* instruc-

tion. Under the Mosaic dispensation, as well as under the patriarchal, the father was a quasi priest; he was imperatively bound to attend to the religion of the family: "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Hence to the Jew it might be said, "From a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures." Both the precepts and example of the primitive Church teach us, that she did not absolve the parent from the obligations to instruct his children which the previous dispensation imposed. Our Puritanical forefathers used to instruct their "little ones" in the doctrines and precepts of Christianity, and familiarize their minds with all the impressive history, and prophecy, and parable of the holy Oracles. Mingling instruction with the reading of the Scriptures and the offering up of prayer at the morning and evening sacrifices on the family altar, and devoting a portion of the Sabbath to religious instruction, meditation, and worship at home, they taught the young not only by proxy, but personally. Thus were ideas of God and heaven, and redemption and obedience, inducted into the opening mind, with all the aid of parental authority, and all the charms connected with the sweetest scenes and the tenderest relations of earth.

The Sabbath school, that institution which has blessed its thousands, may, nevertheless, have done the Church a disservice by weakening the parent's feeling of obligation to teach his own offspring. No institution can be a substitute for parental instruction. I trust I am no croaker. I am not inclined to search out the evils around me merely to utter complaints and lamentations; but I really fear that in the particulars mentioned we are receding from the ground we formerly occupied; and

at the hazard of calling down prejudices upon my own head, I respectfully invite attention to the fact.

Voluntary associations for the accomplishment of specific, moral objects, have done much, and we have favored them to the utmost of our little ability; but, after all, our hope is in the Church: "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, murders, fornications, etc.; and any thing which does not cleanse the fountain must fail of purifying the streams. To God we must look to change the heart. But we must use means; and there are none better than those of his own appointment, among which stands, first, "the word of his grace," applied primarily by the hand of the parent; and, secondly, by the "foolishness of preaching." In regard to the children of irreligious parents, the Sabbath school is of especial and indispensable importance. Let all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, while they neglect not family instruction, redouble their zeal in favor of this blessed seminary of religion. It is the great auxiliary of the Church.

Is not a reform needed in our higher institutions of learning? It is time that the Bible was made a prominent part of collegiate study. If students were taught as much about the garden of our first parents as they are of the gardens of Alcinous, and should devote at least a tithe of the time now allotted to the study of the voyages of Ulysses and Æneas, to an examination of the travels of Paul; if they were to linger round Jerusalem a portion of that period which they spend in Phœnicia and the island of Calypso; if they would sometimes go with our Savior to Calvary, instead of accompanying the Argonauts so often, in their search for the golden fleece; in short, if they would spend a part of their time now devoted to fables to the study of truth, there would be less need of inverting the course of collegiate

instruction, as the writer suggests; that is, of putting ethics first, instead of last.

Do not understand that we undervalue classical studies. All we ask is, that the Bible may be ranked among them, and receive its due share of attention. This may be the case already in some institutions, but it is not in all.

Medicine and Physicians.

A CERTAIN negro preacher says, "When you see Dr. M. riding out on his white horse and Dr. F. galloping after, then death come. Brethren, the more medicine he take the deader he dies."

There is more truth than poetry in the statement. Untold mischief is done daily by the practice of medicine. One mode of doing it consists in *anticipating disease*. Many persons, for instance, give calomel and bleed in the spring or fall to prevent the approach of disease; and their apology is, "A stitch in time saves nine." They forget that no stitch is wanted where there is no rent. What better condition to resist disease can they expect than health? Another form of quackery is *to give medicine by guess*; and the apology is, "O, it is perfectly innocent; if it does no good it will do no harm." This is a great mistake. Nothing can be called a medicine which does not increase, or diminish, or alter the functions. Hence, if it do not good it must do harm; for every change which is wrought in the system must be from health to disease, if it be not from disease to health. But suppose the nostrum be as harmless as bread pills, if medicine is really needed it may be destructive by causing delay. Functional derangement has a tendency to produce organic change; and when this has occurred the patient is, to a great degree, beyond the reach of medical art.

Another mode of empiricism is to use *the same remedy*

for every disorder. That this is wrong must be evident to any one who will but consider the variety of diseases, the many types which each assumes, and the influence which climate, constitution, habit, temperament, and the different states of mind produce upon the sick.

If *quack medicines* could be abolished, what immense mischief would be prevented! They are a fraud from beginning to end. They are not composed of what they purport to be. They are not accompanied with certificates of the failures and injuries which attend them. They are composed of the cheapest instead of the dearest drugs. *If we had no "Domestic Medicines," we should have fewer imaginary diseases.* Let a man, whose family is in ordinary health, commence reading a "doctor book," and he will be very likely to fancy that his whole family is diseased. To awaken his fears one symptom out of thirty is enough. If children were not doctored out of the world, they would be as likely to live as other young animals. Alexapharmic potions and cordial juleps work wonders among the children—for the doctor and the sexton.

If quacks could go to some other business, the valley of the Mississippi would soon be filled up. But there is no hope of getting rid of this class of gentry. Quackery is too easy a mode of becoming great, and wise, and rich. If a man would be a lawyer, or a clergyman, he must study, or his deficiencies will soon drive him from the pulpit or the bar. If a man would be a shoemaker, it is not merely necessary to give him a piece of leather and a lapstone; he must serve an apprenticeship. If a man would mend watches, he must know how they are made and what they are made of. But to be a quack, a few gallipots, a little ingenuity, and a great deal of impudence is all that is necessary. You can mend a brain or a heart without knowing where it is. We read

of a celebrated quack in London who used to cure people by putting a fish-hook down the throat and drawing it up. He used to show his patients the blood upon the hook, and assure them that it was drawn right from the heart. Another said that palpitation of the heart was owing to the twisting of a worm, and that he could expel the "cretur" by a vermifuge; but I must quit, or I shall tell things incredible to all but physicians.

"But frankly let me ask you," says a reader, "what shall I do to avoid disease?" Our advice is that of the Venetian consul, "Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the body open, and bid defiance to the doctors." "What shall I do," says another, "when I feel it approaching?" Avoid fatigue, extremes of temperature, and exciting passions, and then do as Bonaparte used to, bring the refractory stomach to terms by diminishing its allowance. "What shall I do when disease actually invades?" Get advice; but be careful to whom you apply for it. Let him be sober, intelligent, honest, experienced, and *devoted* to the profession of medicine.

I verily believe that there is much more harm than good done by medicine. Not that I think we have no useful physicians, but that they are unable to atone for the mischief done by domestic, empirical, and unskillful practitioners. If the country could be divided into two equal halves, and all the physicians—male and female—white and black, regular and steam, with all the medicine, quack or otherwise, could be removed to one-half, and all practice forbidden in the other, I have no doubt that there would be much less sickness in that half emancipated from the dominion of *Æsculapius*, than in the other. O, if nature could only be let alone, what wonders would she work! The French treat upon the expectant plan, and the British upon the aggressive. One hospital gives a grain when another would give an

ounce. One gives calomel when another would give rice-water. Here a physician treats typhus with ptisans—there one treats it with the lancet, and here another stimulates—all equally eminent; yet all systems have about the same proportion of deaths and recoveries. The most wild theories have their advocates; the most monstrous practice its success. Homeopathy, hydro-pathy, steam, Swaim's panacea, and Harlem oil, has each its day. What is the explanation? Nature works for all; and unless very much abused, she will accomplish wonders for each. So far as the healing art is mechanical, it is indispensable; nor would I insinuate that the physician is not needed to allay fear and excite hope—to surround the patient with all the charms of the *Medicina Mentis*. Moreover, in many cases, if wise and skillful, he may alleviate disease and save life.

The Horrors.

A FRIEND from one of the lake counties of Ohio writes us as follows:

"DEAR FRIEND,—‘I wonder,’ said a good lady the other day, when speaking of you, ‘if the Doctor can’t tell us what is good for the horrors!’ As you never have this troublesome complaint, you can probably give us something theoretically on this subject. Will you please so do?
W. J."

The term "horrors," we suppose, our correspondent uses in the generic sense, comprehending all grades of mental depression, from "brown study" to *tedium vitæ*. If so, he pays us too high a compliment in supposing that we are wholly exempt from the disorder. He would not have done so, if he had seen us the other day, when a gentleman stepped up to us and said, "Stranger, an't you troubled with the *dyspepsuary*?" We are not aware that the disease in question is hereditary. However, the lass of sallow complexion, spare habit, and dark eyes should be on her guard. At the request of our friend, we make a few observations on the causes and cure of the affection.

Its causes.

Disease, particularly of the digestive apparatus, is a common cause. In civilized life, owing to bad habits, few appetites are healthful—few hearts beat, for any length of

time, the proper number of pulsations—few brains radiate the proper nervous influence in due proportion; and such is the intimate connection between the soul and the body, that the one can not be disturbed without, in some degree, disquieting the other. A young gentleman, afflicted with disease of the liver, started from Cincinnati to return home. His first day's journey was performed under a cloudy sky, and through a gloomy forest. When he dismounted at night, he wrote to his friends in this city that he was dying; and after giving general directions as to the disposition of his goods, he requested that they would remove his remains to Cincinnati. The next day was delightful. His spirits having recovered, he continued his journey; and while his friends were preparing to bury him, he was at home, *complaining* of being much better.

Debt is another common cause in this country, where every body is eagerly pursuing wealth, and where the credit system, so generally adopted, affords facilities to enterprise and speculation. Some conscientiousness, however, is necessary, that this cause may produce horrors.

Prosperity. We read of one who, when his fields had brought forth an abundant harvest, was plunged into distress, and cried out, "What shall I do?" He knew not where to bestow his fruits and his goods, and resolved to put himself to additional trouble, by tearing down old barns and putting up new ones. A Grecian philosopher once received a present of silver from a friend. After sitting up two nights in succession to guard it, he returned it, saying that he must decline so troublesome a charge. During the period of the South Sea speculation, when fortunes were often made and lost in a day, insanity became prevalent; but its subjects were the successful, not the unfortunate. It is pretty

certain that the speculation of our time and country has done more harm, both in character and happiness, to those whom it has enriched, than to those whom it has beggared. To most men it is hard to dispose of surplus wealth, and harder still to keep it. Every additional dollar increases care, responsibility, and trouble. "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

Bereavement. What an affecting picture of horrors is the following: "And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." How completely did bereavement overcome David! The king, the warrior, the chieftain seems buried in the father when he hears the news of Absalom's death. "He went up to the chamber of the gate and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Disappointment. The tree that has defied the storm, may wither under the gnawings of an unseen worm. How many a one droops of whom it may be said, "She never told her love!"

The mind is apt to prey upon itself when not actually employed. Some of the worst cases of melancholy are found in individuals who, after a life of activity, have retired to enjoy themselves, but have carried with them no taste for study or the invigorating pastimes of the forest. Itinerant preachers and lawyers on the frontier, who ride from county to county, and judges who have long traveled "a circuit," are very likely to be the subjects of this affecting state of mind, when they retire from duty. Home for them has not sufficient excitement.

Late hours and dissipation; but this concerns not the ladies.

Sin. We believe Mr. Wesley was right when he said that melancholy is often nothing more than the influence of the divine Spirit upon the soul, convincing it of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come. Conscience had much to do with the handwriting upon the wall which shook Belshazzar, and with the ghastly face of Symmachus, which rose from the fish upon the vision of Theodoric, and in a few days drove him to his tomb. The gloom which invested the solitude of Charles IX, of France, can be explained by the Bartholomew massacre, while the tears which fell from the eyes of Queen Elizabeth in the seasons of silent retirement in which she indulged toward the close of her brilliant career, can be accounted for by some bloody tragedies of her reign.

But we must refer to the *means of cure*.

Medicine, where it is necessary; but the cases which require it are few.

Endeavor to make a proper estimate of all things—of time, eternity, the soul, the body, the present world, and that which is to come. Seneca said, "I enjoy my friends and goods as not possessing them. I lose them as about to receive them again." How small do the fluctuations of fortune appear to the dying man, or the wise man!

Sensible, cheerful society—I do not mean trifling or boisterous. Excessive mirth is usually injurious to the hypochondriac; for it is unsuitable to her ordinary feelings, and even if it arouse her from her despondency for the moment, it will be followed by deeper depression. There is generally much conscientiousness and a strong tendency to self-reproach in melancholy persons. It is often necessary to yield much to them, and when it is requisite to resist their caprices, it should be done, though with firmness, yet with great kindness and sympathy. Let every thing be done to excite gratitude, to

awaken hope, and to arouse within the soul joyful but serene emotions.

In most cases, little can be done without *regulated diet and exercise*. If the subject be intemperate, let her become sober; if an epicure, she must refrain from the pleasures of the table; if idle, she must employ herself in useful labor or healthful amusement; if she has trimmed the midnight lamp, and slumbered beneath the rising morn, she must learn to sink to rest with summer sun, and brush the dew from morning flowers. Sometimes it is necessary to change the patient's occupations and pursuits, and send her on a journey with an interesting object in view.

A diary should be kept by the hypochondriac, from which she would learn how groundless are many of her suspicions and her apprehensions of evil, and thus begin to shake off, instead of harbor, the gloomy thoughts and forebodings which harass her.

We must bear in mind our ill deserts, and reflect how much less we suffer than we deserve.

If we feel our sin, we must repent and believe. Religion is the grand panacea for human ills. Greatly do they err who would drive the gloomy mind from religious reflections. Though false religion has often made men maniacs, true religion has an opposite tendency. If you wish to derange a timid, desponding, and convicted mind, there is no surer way to do it than by alluring it to the scenes of fashionable folly, and depriving it of religious society and books. The only cure is to be found in the exhibition of the Savior's cross.

Finally, a most excellent remedy, in all cases, is to go to the bedside of affliction, or the home of poverty and distress, and endeavor to relieve the sufferings of others.

Drunkenness and Insanity.

DOCTOR W., a reputable professor in the Medical College of Ohio, has written a lecture to show that drunkenness is insanity. Were the question strictly professional, we should not dare to controvert the Doctor's position; but as it is one which any man may investigate, we venture our opinion. The Doctor is so sensible a man that we hesitate to differ with him; and yet he is so amiable that we do not fear to give him any offense by freely expressing our dissent when we do not agree with him.

We should be better pleased with this lecture were it more discriminating. *Drunkenness* has several stages. It is defined an immoderate indulgence in some intoxicating liquor. But what is an immoderate indulgence? What group of symptoms is essential to drunkenness? When gentlemen "grow warm in wine," and feel an increased activity of the bodily and mental powers, particularly of the tongue and fancy, are they drunk? If so, and the Doctor's position be correct, it may appear that the foundation of our civil institutions, and the best pages of our literature are to be ascribed to the insane, and that our Government, at present, is under the management of persons deranged. Do not let us be understood as in favor of wine-drinking, when we advert to the lamentable fact, that, in many parts of the civilized world, physicians practice, lawyers plead, statesmen legislate, and even clergymen preach under the stimulus of the

wine-cup. There is another stage of drinking in which the individual loses his sense of propriety, becomes garrulous, and discloses peculiarities and thoughts which in his sober moments he carefully conceals. There is a third stage, characterized by dizziness, considerable loss of consciousness, and want of due control over the muscular system. A fourth and last stage is marked by extinguishment of consciousness, and apoplectic sleep. Why did not the Doctor precisely define what he means by drunkenness? *Insanity*, we suppose, is used by Professor Wright in the generic sense. He does not, however, say whether he wishes drunkenness to be considered a distinct species of insanity, or identified with dementia, mania, or some other acknowledged form.

Till we have defined the terms of a proposition, it is impossible to determine whether they agree.

If the term insanity be understood in its etymological import, that is, unsoundness or unhealthiness of mind, and if drunkenness be confined to those stages of inebriety in which the mind is considerably disordered, "drunkenness is insanity." But the term insanity is a technical word, and is doubtless so used by the Professor, who, if we understand him, thinks the drunkard is to be treated *morally, legally, and medically*, as a lunatic. If we misapprehend him, the controversy is a merely verbal one: if not, we differ with him.

Now, it must be admitted that insanity is often induced by intemperance; that it often causes intemperance; and that there is a distinct form of it denominated, from the bottle, *mania a potu*, which evidently renders the individual *non compos*, and fit for the mad-house. It must be conceded, also, that there is an analogy between the respective symptoms of drunkenness and insanity. But is there not a broad distinction between the two conditions, as usually described?

Can the drunkard be held and treated as a maniac, *morally*? The maniac is unaccountable. Is the drunkard so? We think not.

Let us consult,

1. Conscience. In the organization which God has set up within the soul, there is a principle which approves when we do intentional right, and reproves when we do intentional wrong. Where is the drunkard whose conscience leaves him at ease? The maniac may kill, the melancholist may attempt suicide, but neither are pierced by the stings of conscience, either while committing these violations of law, or subsequently reflecting on them. If the drunkard were irresistibly inclined to drink, either by illusion or impulse, would *his* conscience kindle the fires of remorse?

2. The common sense of mankind. When did mankind satirize and reproach the maniac, or fail to satirize and reproach the drunkard? We have heard the lover and the poet ranked with the lunatic, but never, till recently, with the drunkard. When the wise men of New England met to consider the means of reforming society from its intemperate habits, they proceeded upon the presumption that the inebriate is competent to subdue his propensity for intoxication. Though Samuel Dexter, Ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Nathan Dane, author of the ordinance of 1787, and Isaac Parker, Chief Justice of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, presided successively over the Massachusetts Temperance Society, during the first few years of its existence, they did not venture to suggest that it was based on a wrong principle, and that lunatic establishments were the proper instruments of the temperance reformation. These, however, were temperate men, and had no experience in regard to intoxication. How, then, did the Washingtonians proceed when they undertook to finish the work their pre

decessors had begun? Did they discover all at once that they had been insane all their lives, and that their intemperate fellows were maniacs, whose only hope was in medical management? Did they frame their addresses as though the drunkard were incompetent to reason, and an object of pity, but not of blame?

Men never have legislated for the punishment of lunatics, but they have for that of drunkards. Take a few examples. By a statute of Connecticut it has been ordained that, if a man is "found drunk so as to be bereaved and disabled in his reason and understanding—appearing either in his speech, gesture, or behavior, he shall be subject to a fine, for the use of the town, of one dollar and thirty-four cents." New Jersey and Delaware have passed similar laws, the former providing for the punishment of offenders in the stocks, in case the fine be not paid. The English statutes impose fine for drunkenness, and, in default of payment, require punishment in the stocks. All legislation on drunkenness regards it as a misdemeanor, or crime, not a misfortune. Laws have made the contracts of the idiot void, and those of the maniac voidable at his election, or that of his guardian, but have never so made those of the drunkard. If the legislators of the civilized world have, from age to age, been unable to distinguish between crime and insanity, alas for human reason! Courts of justice have never condemned the maniac, but have inflicted all forms of punishment upon the drunkard, for acts committed in a state of intoxication.

8. The Bible does not treat the drunkard as guiltless. A few quotations will suffice to show this clearly: "If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them: then shall his father and his mother

lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place; and they shall say unto the elders of his city: This, our son, is stubborn and rebellious; he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die: so shalt thou put evil away from among you, and all Israel shall hear, and fear." Deuteronomy xxi, 18-21. Is comment necessary? Gluttony and drunkenness, so far from excusing the stubbornness and rebellion which they excite, seem to be regarded as aggravating the criminality of the offender. "Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God." 1 Corinthians vi, 10. Maniacs are no where, in the book of God, classed with thieves, and declared ineligible to heaven.

Now, is it reasonable to suppose that the world has been upward of four thousand years in a state of delusion on a plain question of crime or innocence; of vice or virtue—a question, too, perpetually before them? Is it possible that the voice of God within us is not to be trusted? Is it possible that the divine Lawgiver can err? Let me not be told that this is a question on which modern science has thrown new light. It is a plain question on a point of morality—one of the very subjects which the Bible was intended to teach.

But the inquiry may arise, is not the mind disordered during intoxication? If so, why not regard the drunkard as no more accountable than the maniac who acts under no greater delusion? The accountability lies behind the condition, in the act of voluntarily and knowingly inducing a state of mental disorder. If a man choose to place himself in a condition in which he loses self-control, he is accountable for acts he may commit in that state. This is a principle too obvious to admit of

controversy. The only question is, whether the drunkard's appetite is controllable. All the foregoing reasoning is calculated to show that it is.

Ought the drunkard to be treated as a maniac, *legally*? It is a maxim of the law, that an insane person can not bind himself by contract. Suppose this maxim be applied to the drunkard. What a pause would ensue in the commercial world! What caution would be necessary in making a contract! What a nullifying of bad bargains! What endless litigation! The maniac is subject to the custody and treatment of others. Suppose a man, in a state of intoxication, be considered a lunatic. His friends, prior to using personal restraint, take the precautionary steps prescribed in most states for determining the question of insanity. The jury is summoned; but before they assemble *the man is sober*.

Is the *appetite* manifested by the *habitual* drunkard considered proof of insanity? Then *he* might be condemned to the custody of his friends, or of the public officer, and his property might be placed under their control. But how often would it happen, under such an arrangement, that the *most successful* business men in community would have their concerns placed under the management of the least successful!

It is a maxim of the law that the insane is unaccountable. Let this apply to the drunkard, and crime would flow over us like water. No man would commit a crime without intoxicating himself. Indeed, most criminals do now prepare themselves for crime by strong drink. When a certain mother gave a rifle to her son and said, "Shoot the sheriff," he said, "I can't." She gave him the bottle, and, after waiting a few minutes, said, "Now shoot." He took aim—but his hand trembled, and again he said, "I can't." "Drink again; drink deep," said the mother. A few minutes longer, and he said, "Now

I can," and, seizing the rifle, he accomplished the deed. How easy would crime be, if its usual preparative were its sufficient excuse!

Can the drunkard be treated medically as insane? Shall all persons intoxicated be deemed proper subjects for medical treatment, and be held, during the fit, under lancet, and blisters, and emetics? Would they derive any benefit from this management, or be less liable to renew their potations? But perhaps the Doctor would say, let the *habit* of intoxication be regarded as proof of insanity, and let the habitual drunkard be confined in the asylum till it be overcome. There is reason to fear that relapse would occur so soon as the individual was liberated; for being taught that he was a maniac, his reason, his self-respect, and his conscience, would all, in a great measure, lose their power, and, consequently, the great bulwarks to temptation would be weakened or torn down.

But suppose this method would be effectual in reforming the drunkard: it might be well to consider whether it would not be attended with too much expense, both of means and of principle. The whole community would be in some measure involved; for the opium-eater, the wine-tippler, etc., must be considered intemperate, and the drunkenness of passion deemed as much entitled to medical treatment as any other. The world would not hold the asylums necessary for us. But this would not be the greatest difficulty. Man would be degraded from the lofty position in which his Creator has placed him. He has been called into the arena, and bid to struggle with temptations, with the assurance that he is competent, by grace, to the conquest of his spirit.

If we misapprehend the Doctor we shall be corrected; for his graceful and nervous pen is ever ready to defend what his mind approves.

In conclusion, we must express our regret that we have not space to give a synopsis of the Professor's cases and arguments. Suffice it to say, that they have proved sufficiently cogent to convince a great many intelligent men.

The Deformed Maniac.

WHEN I first entered the alms-house at —, after passing through the entrance-hall, I paused awhile on the platform, which commanded a full view of the court, whose *coup d'œil* was gloomy and repulsive, reminding me of descriptions of the feudal residences of middle ages. This court was surrounded on all sides by high, dark, and dirty walls, affording a glimpse of the street only through the hall, from which I had emerged. A few blades of grass struggled here and there for a precarious subsistence; filth and gravel contended for the mastery all around the building; and a small mound surmounted by an old sun-dial, looked in surly solitude upon the scene, telling the poor sufferers, who gazed upon it from the windows on all sides, that time was rapidly measuring out their days of sorrow. In this court were a few convalescent subjects and a number of harmless maniacs. One of the miserable group attracted my special notice. His countenance appeared a perfect blank, save when his attention was fixed by a sick man conveyed across to the clinical wards, or the groans and shrieks of some manacled lunatic, whose hideous countenance he saw through the iron grating of the cells that occupied the basement all around the court. Even then his gaze was but momentary. He had a violin, but its strings were broken; like his own mind, it could make no music. His spine was hideously curved. It would seem that the spiritual lightning which had riven his soul, had been

unable to accomplish its errand without twisting his body into zigzag lines, to mark its course. Notwithstanding his repulsive appearance, there was an air about him which plainly told that his manly features had once been fired by a noble soul. Sometimes I fancied I caught a glimpse of his returning reason, as he seated himself upon a stone, and looked up to the deep blue sky, which alone remained of all he saw, to remind him of former happiness. Sinful as I was, my rebel knees were ready to bend in thankfulness to God, that a like woeful stroke had not fallen upon myself, and my grateful heart earnestly besought Divine protection from the most dreadful of human maladies. Weeks passed by, and every time I crossed the court, in my way to the lecture-room, and the wards, the deformed maniac was before me. If I spoke to him, he turned aside with some incoherent expression, and a demeanor evidently importing his conviction that he was under some direful spell, which rendered him unfit for human intercourse.

It was not long ere I learned that he was a lone being. No father calls at the office, or stops the physician in the street, to make kindly inquiries after him; no mother sighs for him at her fireside, or weeps for him on her pillow, or stealing to an upper window in the building, fondly watches his movements, to cheat her heart with some delusive hope, or retires to the silent closet to relieve her heavy heart from long pent-up agony, by a rush of tears, and a prayer to the God of mercy for his restoration. No sister sends him unexpected delicacies, to show that one being upon earth cares for him. He has no brother to throw over him the shield of protection—to rescue him from the hand of neglect or unskillfulness, or to vary the methods of cure, or to change the gloomy and monotonous scenes which encompass him, and open to him as much of the loveliness of nature as he may,

with safety, enjoy. It is said that the maniac hates the worst the objects whom, in his sane condition, he loved the most; and that any thing calculated to awaken the idea of home, is detrimental to his case; but, methinks, if any sound could disenchant the soul that has long wandered stultified within the walls of an asylum, it would be the voice of that dearest earthly relative, whose attention no sickness can wear out—whose fondness no coldness can repel—whose affection no poverty or misfortune can diminish, no unkindness, or ingratitude, or folly, or even guilt, can alienate; that one who forgives when all others revenge, who extenuates when all others blame, and who remains when all others desert—whose love, like the ivy on the oak, flourishes in all its greenness after the wintery blasts have stripped off every leaf, and twines its tendrils around the branches in the bosom of the storm, nor releases its hold even when the roots are upturned; but this poor maniac had no wife.

In the course of a few months the professor commences a course of lectures on mania and mental alienation, and sends for subjects, from the lunatic department, to illustrate, as he advances, the different forms of intellectual disease, interrogating each, till he has satisfied his class, and then dismissing him. In due time, the deformed one in the court was brought forward; urged into the area with difficulty, he moved from side to side, eagerly looking for a passage out. As he glanced upward around the amphitheater, crowded with students taking notes, and heard the doctor speak of a particular case of insanity, which, he seemed to understand, was his own, he fired with indignation, and then rushed like a tiger to the passage; put two strong men pushed him back. He then looked intently, first at the lecturer, and next at the students, when the doctor paused and said, "Don't get your back up; it is high enough already." He could

restrain his indignation no longer; but, turning to the pupils, exclaimed in a strong voice, "This doctor struts about the wards of this house, lecturing on mania and mental alienation. Gentlemen, it's a humbug; he can't analyze the sentiments of a flea." A loud laugh reverberated through the skylight as he completed his argument *a fortiori*.

The doctor having ordered him out, by way of recovering himself, or of atoning for the inhumanity of the remark which called for the maniac's assault, gave us a sketch of the unfortunate man's history. I dropped my pencil, and resigned myself to the story, of which I can now only give an imperfect outline.

He was the son of a wealthy merchant, who had but two children, the maniac and an elder brother. The latter was a prodigal, and had, by ingratitude, extravagance, and intemperance, alienated the feelings of his father, his only surviving parent, who, at his decease, left his large estate entirely to the younger son, whose prudence, affection, and virtue, were above all praise. Shortly after the decease of the father, the favored son sends for his elder brother, and, after an affectionate embrace, explains to him the nature of the will, and assuring him that he knew nothing of the contents till informed by the executor, says, "I have a proposition to make to you. If you will reform, I will relinquish to you one-half of the estate." I will not venture to describe the mutual embrace and the tears of gratitude which coursed down the cheeks of the one, or the tears of joy which flowed from the eyes of the other. Weeks rolled round, and the drunkard was a sober man. You have seen the unsightly worm weave its chrysalis, and lie motionless, apparently lost forever; presently it emerges a beautiful butterfly; instinct with life and radiant with beauty, it skips from flower to flower, and is the brightest and happiest thing of a joy;

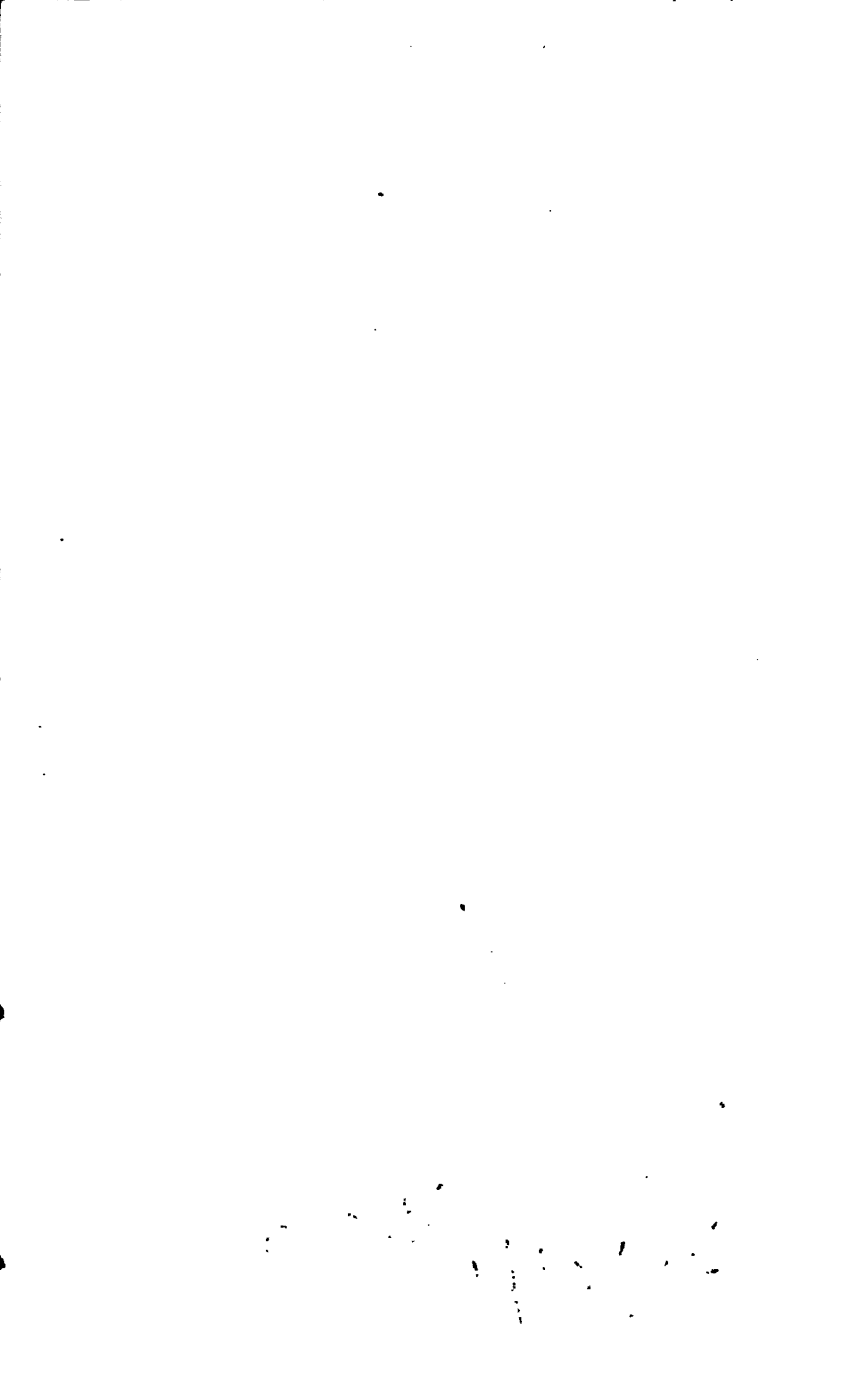
ous and beautiful universe. Thus with the prodigal, "when the dead is alive and the lost is found."

The estate is divided. The younger brother having no business—trained only to the enjoyment of fortune—concludes to visit foreign shores. Taking leave of his native land, and expecting to be gone for years, he places a power of attorney in the hands of his reformed and grateful brother, with directions concerning his part of the estate. He is soon borne upon the billow. I can not follow him. Let the reader gaze with him, if he will, at the pavilions and gardens of the Tuilleries; stand with him upon the Alps, or the Appenines; look up by his side at the Pantheon, the column of Trajan, the pillar of Pompey, or the arch of Constantine; let him sail with him up the Nile, or listen to his flute on the summit of Sinai, or see him musing upon the walls of Jerusalem, or searching upon the banks of the Tigris for the remains of ancient Nineveh. Years revolve, while he pursues his wanderings, fondly dreaming of the pleasure which he is laying up for himself in distant years, when Providence shall give him a happy fireside, shared by her whom neither towering Alps, nor ruined cities, nor smitten Horeb, nor solemn Sinai, nor even the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, can induce him to forget, though he has never uttered his love. Months after months he hears pleasing accounts from his brother, by whom all his drafts are cashed. At length he returns, with bounding heart, to his native city. Walking up the street, he meets a bloated sot—his brother! The tale may be finished by the reader's fancy. The reformed drunkard had relapsed; and in drunkenness, gambling, and debauchery, had spent not only his own living, but the estate of his brother, whom he had all along deceived by writing false accounts and paying drafts. What can the generous youth do? His for-

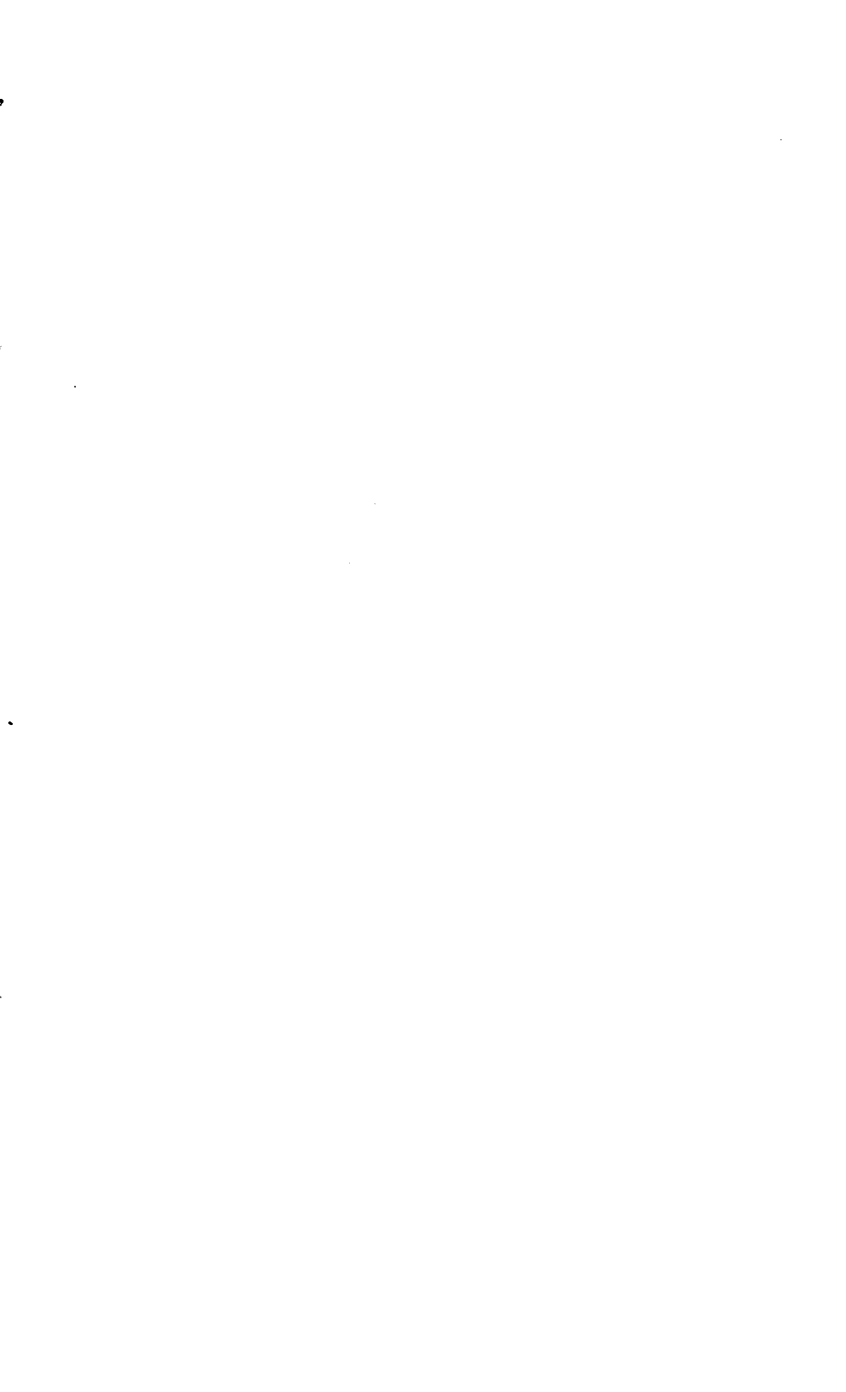
tune gone, his brother ruined and disgraced, his loved one the wife of another, his parents in the grave, and the friends of his better days frowning upon him lest he should appeal to them for help. He has no trade or profession; he can not dig—to beg he is ashamed.

From an enemy we can bear almost any thing; but to be betrayed by a familiar, a brother, one with whom we have taken sweet counsel, and in whose company we have walked to the house of God—one who had grown rich on our bounty, and honorable on our influence—to be betrayed, too, with a kiss—O, Father of mercies, save the reader from such a fate! What became of the generous youth? Did he not sink? Nay, his manly spirit girded itself for the hour. He resolved upon the law for a profession, and, entering an office, studied so intently, that sickness invaded his feeble frame. One disease followed another, as he lay upon his cheerless and forsaken pallet, and he was no longer permitted to divert his mind, by books, from the painful past or the dreaded future; at length his noble frame became deformed. At this point his mind gave way. O that, like Job, he could have said, from the depths of his afflictions, "Now I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!"

THE END.









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